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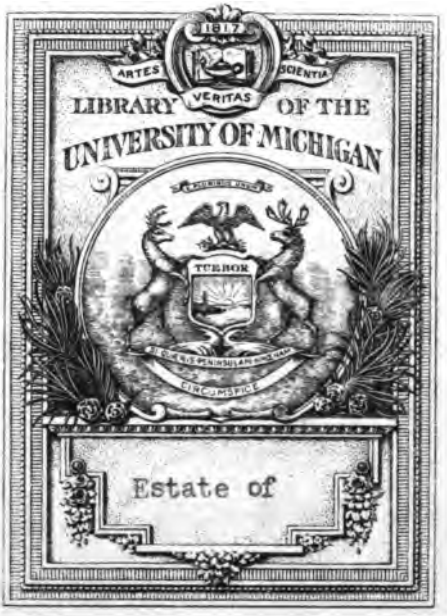

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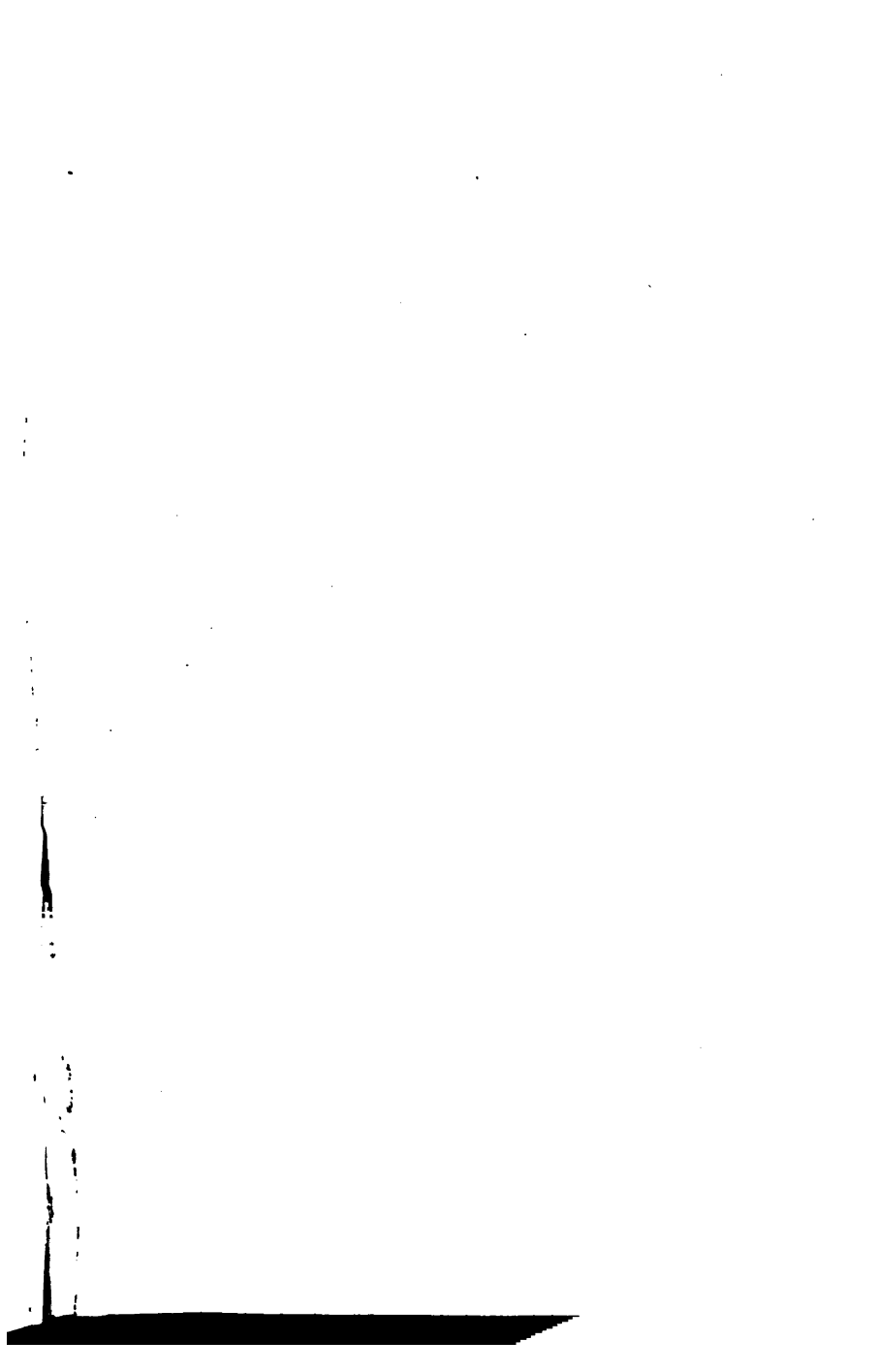

A SCORE

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PREFACE.

"BEAUTY in art," says Tieck, "is not a thing so poor and finite that it can be exhausted by *one* man's life, and its prize falls not as though by lot to only *one* elect; its light rather is split up into a thousand rays, the reflection of which is cast into our enraptured eyes, in many forms, by the great artists put by Heaven into the world."

And with a variation of the same idea he says in another place: "It is a beautiful thing to create anew from his surviving works the artist who vanished from the earth long, long ago, and to follow back all the various shining rays and find the focal point from which they emanated, or rather the heavenly star in which they had their source."

It is because of this prismatic many-sideness of men of genius that we can never have perfect or complete biographies of them, but each new student of their lives views them from a different standpoint and finds some fresh lesson, or is able to communicate some new fact.

Such is the justification of the following series of brief sketches of Famous Composers. They are simple and unpretentious; but they embody, so far as was

possible, the results of the latest investigations: it is hoped that they will be found at once instructive, accurate, and interesting.

It is surely worth while for the young to appreciate and love the best in music. Music is sometimes regarded as effeminate. Nevertheless it is man's simplest and most natural speech. In all times and among all nations music has been cultivated and honored. Martin Luther said: "Music is a fair and glorious gift from God. I would not for the world renounce my humble share of it." Even the naked savage of Queensland lies, at close of day, on his back, and, beating time with two sonorous sticks, intones the fierce or sweet and melancholy songs of the Bush.

St. Chrysostom beautifully describes this universal love for music. He says in his homily upon the Forty-first Psalm: "Verily it hath always been our nature to delight in tunes and songs, and so great usefulness and propriety do we find therein that even infants at the breast are pacified with them when they wail and are in pain. For nurses, as they carry them in their arms, pacing to and fro, are wont to croon lullabies, and thus soothe their vexations. Travellers, likewise, under the heat of the midday sun, as they spur on their jaded animals, do so with songs, relieving the troublesomeness of the journey. Nor travellers alone, but also husbandmen trampling the grapes in the wine-press, harvesting the crops, and tending the vines, or while engaged in

any other labor, often sing. Sailors also, as they push the oars, do the same. And indeed women also, as they spin and weave their complex figures at the loom, often while alone by themselves, and no less often when together, sing some melody. Thus then do women and travellers, and husbandmen and sailors, wishing to be consoled by song for whatever labor they are forced to undertake; and for this reason, that the mind endures the more easily trying and difficult tasks if it can hear songs and tunes."

Baini, who quotes this eloquent tribute to music, together with other praises by still more ancient writers, declares that the fields have always resounded with the songs of the ploughman.

That would hardly be true of our matter-of-fact American fields. For such musical fields we should have to seek Italy or Russia, or perhaps some fair Southern plantation where the negro with his essentially tuneful, merry nature, laughs at fate. We are not as yet a musical people, but the standard of our taste is all the time rising, and the love of good music is steadily growing.

It is hoped that the young especially will be stimulated by these brief biographies to seek to study and enjoy what is highest and best in the divine art of which this score of Famous Composers are so nobly representative.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA	9
HENRY PURCELL	30
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH	49
GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL	81
CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK	118
FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN	146
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART	175
LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN	207
GIOACHINO ROSSINI	237
CARL MARIA VON WEBER	258
SCHUBERT	283
LOUIS SPOHR	305
MEYERBEER	327
MENDELSSOHN	347
SCHUMANN	375
FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN	400
MIKHAÏL IVÁNOVITCH GLINKA	432
HECTOR BERLIOZ	451
FRANZ LISZT	489
RICHARD WAGNER	517

PALESTRINA.

PALESTRINA.

(GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA.)

1514-1594.

IN the year 1798 the French occupied Rome, and Mesplet, the Commissioner of Fine Arts, gave a grand concert in the palace of the Vatican as a tribute to the French nation. An orchestra made up of the best players in the city, and a chorus comprising the finest singers of the various Roman chapels, were brought into service.

The first piece on the program was the overture to Gluck's *Iphigenia.* This brilliant selection was followed by an unaccompanied *Benedictus* from an ancient Mass, sung by four solo voices from the Sistine Chapel.

The other singers were appalled at the probable effect. What a contrast between the fiery harmonies of "the Bohemian restorer of dramatic music" with which the hall was still echoing, and the quiet flow of religious themes more than two centuries old! A general pallor overspread all the faces of the singers from the Sistine Chapel, and the whisper went round, "What an unfortunate arrangement!" One who was present thus described the scene: —

"But now the four men assigned to the piece are ready to begin. All is silence. After the second note the audience were amazed: each and every one seemed to be transported into a new universe with new heavens and a new earth; new melodies, new harmonies, new

sounds, new accords, new successions; we of the Chapel did not recognize the well-worn *Benedictus.* Is it angels singing? Are they men? Is it human music? Is it a divine concourse of imperceptible sounds? A general ecstasy seized the audience. When the composition closed with the last unexpected cadence, there arose an indescribable tumult of applause. The great hall and the adjoining rooms, filled to overflowing with hearers of every age and sect, of every mode of thought, rang with unheard-of enthusiasm for the novelty of such tones, and all had to confess that this was music, that this music was the music of the mind and of the heart, and that it was as far superior to the *Overture* as the *Overture* was superior to the uncouth sounds of barbarous nations."

The *Benedictus* performed on that gala occasion was composed by Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, called the Prince of Music, and the spectator who so graphically described the effect produced on that brilliant audience was Giuseppe Baini, "Roman priest, Capellan Cantor, and director of the Pontifical Chapel," whose enthusiastic life of Palestrina, written in beautiful Italian, was until a few years ago the repository of all that was known about the great composer.

Palestrina is the name of a place, and Palestrina is the name under which the world honors one of the noblest and most unselfish sons of art. Indeed, in hearing the name, one thinks not of the place but of the man who in receiving it as a distinction came to confer a distinction upon it, the birthplace being glorified by the humble birth. Palestrina, the place, is to-day only a "collection of narrow and filthy alleys," visible from

Rome as "a grayish mass of houses on a chalky spur of the Apennines," about twenty miles from the Palatine Hill. Until very recently it was a hiding-place for banditti, and the unguarded pilgrim to the birthplace of "the Homer of music" was not unlikely to pay tribute to enterprising but illegal tax-collectors.

In the days of old the town was known as Praeneste, its foundations antedating Rome itself, to which it was a formidable rival. Afterwards it was famous for its nuts and roses, and for its temple to Fortune, there called *Premigenia*, matron of matrons, who was consulted by women from all over Italy. This temple was the largest in Europe, and a landmark from the sea. Around it clustered the villas of the Roman nobles who liked the coolness and salubrity of the air. Here the Antinoos of the Vatican was discovered, and, among other precious relics of antiquity, the finest old mosaic in existence.

In the Middle Ages it was the possession of the Colonna princes, whose castle, more than once destroyed by jealous popes, crowned the heights and overlooked a prospect unequalled in the world.

Nearly four hundred years ago there lived in Palestrina a well-to-do peasant named Pierluigi Sante, or more properly Sante Pierluigi, who certainly owned a house and vineyard, and possibly cultivated a small farm. His wife's name was Maria Gismondi, and she is thought to have had some small property of her own. They had two sons, one of whom was Giovanni Pierluigi or John Peter Louis, who afterwards came to be called the "very angel of composers."

The date of Palestrina's birth was for a long time dubious. It was supposed that the town records were

destroyed by the Spanish and German soldiers under the Duke of Alva. Baini, who did not think it worth while to make a thorough investigation, devotes much space to proving that he was born in 1524, but Cicerchia, one of Baini's pupils, after a careful search, discovered documentary evidence that the date was ten years earlier, as indeed had been suspected by Kandler and other later biographers.

An Italian writer relates a pretty legend about Giovanni coming down to Rome to market with his father. He tells how, as he went, after the manner of beggar-boys, singing along the street on his way toward the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, of which he afterwards became chapelmaster, he was overheard by the director of the music, who was so delighted with his voice that he took him under his instruction.

Unfortunately there is no basis of truth in this anecdote. The boy must have early shown great aptitude for music, and as singers at that day were almost certain to secure lucrative positions at the courts or in the private chapels of opulent princes, his parents, who perhaps knew by rumor that the Duke of Milan employed no less than thirty singers, and paid as much as a hundred ducats a month for the services of one man, determined to have their son taught singing. His mother is believed to have sold a piece of land to furnish the necessary funds.

There were in Rome at this time many famous teachers, all foreigners, — Spaniards, Frenchmen, Portuguese, and especially Netherlanders. The legend has it that when the young man from Palestrina came down there in 1540, he entered the school of the Fleming Claude Goudimel, of whom little is known beyond the fact that he was or became a Huguenot, and, a victim of

jealousy, perished at Lyons on the day of the St. Bartholomew's massacre. With him Palestrina is said to have studied the principles of counterpoint and composition, but this whole episode has been denied, and it is impossible to get at the truth. However, from our knowledge of his after-career we need not hesitate to believe that he applied himself diligently to the studies required of singers at that day, who had to be able to compose and even improvise within the stern and precise forms of an art as yet unconscious of its possibilities of freedom.

He was powerfully influenced by his friend Orlando di Lasso, Knight of the Golden Spur, the last and greatest of the Belgians, called "the brilliant master of the North" — a man whose career was in itself a romance. He was at this time enjoying the honorable position of master of the children —*maestro de' putti* —at the Lateran basilica; but afterwards, at the chapel of the Emperor Maximilian, who made him a noble, he had the direction of a choir of sixty-two singers with thirty instrumentalists. Di Lasso made many improvements in musical form, and his compositions are said to show vast fertility of invention as well as breadth, depth, and power.

In studying the lives of great men it is always interesting to find the secret springs that lead to originality; and how often we see a chance word or a keen suggestion leading the way to splendid results!

Ten years passed away during which Pierluigi was chapelmaster of the church at Palestrina, at which his duties kept him busy playing the organ, leading the choir at daily mass, and at the various services at vespers and completorium, besides teaching the canonicals and the children the art of song. Then in 1551, when François Roussel left Rome, he was appointed "master of

the children" in the Julian Chapel at Rome, a position of honor and responsibility. He was regarded so highly that he was granted the superior title of chapelmaster, *maestro di cappella della basilica vaticana,* — which gave him precedence over all the other singers of the basilica. His monthly stipend was the beggarly sum of six scudi, probably not equivalent in purchasing power to ten American dollars.

About this time Palestrina took the most fateful step of his life. In 1548 he married. His wife's name was Lucrezia Gori, or Goris, and she was a virtuous maiden, — *donzella onesta,* — who brought him a respectable dowry. A house which formed a part of it still stands — a mediæval structure with dark gloomy rooms, one occupied a few years ago by a shoemaker. "With her," says Baini, "he suffered the most pinching poverty of his life, with her he endured the most cruel afflictions of his spirit, and with her he ate the hard bread of poverty, . . . but with her also he lived in the rays of light which afterwards flashed from height to height of his glory and success, for the faithful couple passed together almost five and thirty years." Baini firmly believed in the mythical legend of his poverty.

While serving here he wrote a volume of five masses for four and five voices, and published it three years later with a dedication to the Pope Julius III. This was the first work of church music ever dedicated by an Italian to a Pope. In his dedication he speaks of his work as the *rhythmi exquisiores,* in which "he sung the Christian praises of the most high God."

Palestrina's volume of masses greatly pleased Julius III., who very likely felt flattered by the words "*Ecce magnus sacerdos*" — "Behold the mighty priest" — with

which the first began. The reward quickly came. This Pope had shortly before issued an edict or "*motum proprium*," as it was called, regulating the affairs of the Sistine Chapel. In accordance with this, singers were no longer to be admitted through favoritism, but, as was proper, only after a strict examination. In the case of Palestrina, however, the Pope felt justified in making an exception, and accordingly invited him to enter the chapel service as one of the pontifical singers. On the morning of January 13, 1555, the Chapelmaster Maccabei, bishop of Castro, after finishing early mass, summoned the singers, and, having read to them the Pope's missive, presented to them their new colleague.

Palestrina was made immediately aware of the jealousy of the other singers, most of whom were from beyond the mountains and as superior to the new-comer in voice as he was superior to them in genius. The secretary of the college, a Spaniard, makes mention of the occasion in his diary, and says that Palestrina was admitted contrary to the Pope's own mandate and "without the consent of the singers." They evidently made him feel that he was an interloper.

But Palestrina had a resource in his art. He signalized his acceptance of his new position by composing a volume of four-part madrigals, written, says Baini, "in a clear, splendid, expressive style, full of sentiment and perfect originality, — a style wholly his own and never attained by his predecessors or his contemporaries."

The words of the songs which he thus set to music, he afterwards came to regard as licentious and even scandalous, though compared with many secular poems of that day they were innocent enough. He himself felt that he had done wrong, and like the conscientious

man that he was, he acknowledged his fault, and mourned over it all his life. Nearly thirty years later in a dedication to a volume of motets he wrote: "There are too many poems the themes of which are loves profane and unworthy the name and profession of Christians, and forsooth these very songs, written by men filled with madness and corrupters of youth, very many musicians have chosen for the subject-matter of their art and industry, and for the very reason of their success and genius have proved an offence thereby to good and serious men. I both blush and grieve that once I also belonged to this same class. But since the past cannot be changed, nor what hath been done undone, I turned over a new leaf."

Again in another dedication he says, "Even as a youth I abhorred such things, and I have earnestly striven never to produce anything which should serve to make another worse or less virtuous." And still again he professes his intention to consecrate all his talents to singing the praise of God — *divinis laudibus.*

These two are the great and noble lessons of his life. When he might have won riches and fame, he chose comparative poverty and a humble station, in order to devote his unequalled genius to what he considered his duty, and instead of catering to the luxurious taste of the day, he chose the higher privilege of serving God alone. This greatness of Palestrina's was higher than that ascribed to him by Dr. Proske, who says that the true greatness of his character was based on the fact that he dedicated his immeasurably broad and deep activity in art throughout his life to pure church style!

It is interesting to note that among the madrigals in this first volume was one in praise of Francesco Rosselli,

the same François Roussel whose place he had taken as "master of the children" in the Julian Chapel. Palestrina declares that the composer must surely have been in heaven whence he brought down the divine harmony to mortals. The praise, though fulsome in the exaggerated manner of the day, shows a genuine generosity of spirit, and makes us love its author all the more.

Palestrina's service in the Sistine Chapel was of short duration. His patron, Julius II., died in March of the same year, and his successor reigned only a few weeks. Already in May the stern Paul IV. was on the throne. One of his first acts was to reform the Sistine Chapel. He summoned the deputies of the college, and demanded whether the singers were living in the modesty and discipline required of all, under pain of excommunication. On being told that they were, he asked if there were not several married singers, "a scandal to the service of God and the holy law of the Church." The answer was, "Three." The Pope replied that while he must praise the zeal of his predecessors in providing the chapel with worthy men, still he was convinced that the singers must be celibates and priests according to the law. He therefore demanded that the married singers be forthwith expelled.

Though the deputies protested that after the singers had once taken the oath, put on the *cotta*, and received the "kiss of peace," they were members for life, unless guilty of some grave misdemeanor, and moreover the three married singers were famous composers, and one, at least, had been a faithful member for eighteen years, still the Pope was inflexible, and on the 30th of July, in presence of all the singers except Palestrina, who was ill, perhaps in consequence of his grief, the solemn

mandate, couched in sonorous and pompous Latin, was read, expelling, casting out, and removing the three men guilty of the terrible crime of matrimony, and declaring that they ought to be and consequently were removed, expelled, and cast out — *cassatos, ejectos et amotos!*

As an equivalent for their loss of position, the Pope munificently granted them a pension of about six scudi a month! Palestrina as he lay ill in bed had the account and the sentence read to him by the secretary. He had been a pontifical singer only six months and nineteen days. After a graphic account of his gloomy prospects, burdened as he was with a wife and three small children, and prevented by his pension, petty though it was, from the personal exercise of his profession, Baini adds: "The Father of mercies, however, the God of all consolation, called upon, as I believe, with true faith by the man thus humiliated, very soon changed the dark misfortunes that overwhelmed him."

The misfortune could not have been very dark, for three years later he is known to have bought two plots of land, and he already owned several vineyards and houses. He accepted a flattering offer to become chapelmaster in the famous old basilica of St. John in the Lateran, the church called "the Head of the City and the World." He thus became the successor of his friend Orlando di Lasso. The Pope allowed him to retain his pension, and in October of the same year he assumed his new position, which he held for a little over five years. During this time he is supposed to have lived with his little family in a cottage on the slope of Monte Celio, far away from the noise and tumult of the city. He was busy, but it is questionable whether he was so much

pinched by poverty as he would himself make us believe. In the dedication of one of his works to Pope Sixtus V., he afterwards wrote: "All cares are hostile to the Muses, but especially so are those caused by straitened circumstances — *angustia rei familiaris.* But I thank the Divine goodness that even in the extremest difficulties, I have never interrupted the pursuit of music. For what other alleviation could I have had — a man from boyhood devoted to this pursuit and assiduously practising it — would that it had been with as much progress as labor and diligence!"

Baini compares his zeal to that of the Elder Pliny, of whom the Younger wrote: "He felt that all time was wasted not devoted to his studies, and thus it was that he completed so many volumes." Though the composer wrote much during these years, he published nothing. "The Lateran may have echoed often with the glory of his new productions," for it is true the archives of the proto-basilica contain many of his works, among them a setting of Jeremiah's Lamentations to marvellous music, and the Pope, hearing of his great work, deigned to ask him to compose for his service some *Improperii* — works of such splendid simplicity and originality, that, as Baini says, "they are still sung and will be forever sung in the Apostolic Chapel, receiving every year for almost three centuries the tribute of tears from sensitive hearts" — still during all this time he published nothing, and it has been thought that the reason lay in his bitterness of sorrow at what seemed to him his disgrace. Nevertheless several of his smaller works were obtained from him by friends under one pretext or another, and published without his knowledge. Among these was a very beautiful five-part madrigal in praise of a certain charming

and graceful singer probably named Alessandra; it begins, —

Donna bella e gentil che'l nome avete
Di quel gran vincitor, che'l monde vinse.[1]

And it declares that her singing is so sweet and rare, her face and gestures so beautiful, that she is certainly an angel descended from heaven.

In spite of the allowance made to him for wine, and the fact that he spent none of his salary in publishing his works, Palestrina felt cramped as to his means; and therefore, when the celebrated Liberian Chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore, which, owing to the invasion of the Duke of Alva and the consequent panic, had become somewhat disorganized, invited him to become its musical director, he begged the Lateran authorities either to increase his salary or to permit him to resign. He was permitted to resign, and in March, 1561, assumed his new duties, among which was that of instructing delinquent boys, for which he received extra pay. Here Palestrina served for upwards of ten years, and during this time he won the greatest glory of his life, whereby even now he is traditionally called "the savior of church music."

During the preceding centuries many improvements in writing music had been invented by the clever composers of the Netherlands and Italy: marks of expression, new modulations, new keys, graceful forms of ornamentation, trills, and other artifices. At the same time many abuses had crept in. For instance, some composers colored their notes to mark different conceptions connected with the music: red notes signified light, green signified trees or landscapes, blue the sky, and kindred ideas.

[1] Fair and gentle lady who bearest the name of that great conqueror who subdued the world.

Still worse absurdities had fixed themselves upon church music. The basis of a mass, for instance, was originally one of the themes handed down by tradition from the early fathers. The art of counterpoint followed stated rules, built up the musical structure upon these Gregorian tones, called the *canto fermo* or plain-song. It was a strait and narrow path to follow, and resulted generally in great stiffness, formality, and monotony.

More ingenious composers often combined several of these themes, and at last it became the habit to graft upon the solemn church theme secular airs, just as though "Yankee Doodle" and "The Old Oaken Bucket" were intwined with "Old Hundred." The sacred words were sung to tunes such as "My husband has maligned me," "Red Noses," "The Armed Man," and dozens of other popular ditties. Even Palestrina sinned in this respect. The matter was made worse when some of the singers, forgetful of the house of prayer, actually sang the sometimes lewd and profane French or Italian words, and as they were privileged to improvise, they often added the most astounding feats of musical acrobatics, much to the marvel and very little to the edification of the audience.

When Pope Nicholas V. asked one of his cardinals how he enjoyed the singing at the Sistine Chapel, the latter replied in very concise Latin: "Methought I heard a herd of pigs grunting and squealing, for I could not understand a single word." And Cirillo Franchi in 1549 wrote to a friend complaining that while one singer was saying *Sanctus*, another was saying *Sabaoth*, and another *Gloria tua*, "resulting in such howls, bellowings, and garglings that they seem to be January cats rather than May flowers!"[1]

[1] The great Bach once wrote a mass in which German and Latin words are sung against one another.

These abuses led to a reaction. There arose a demand for the choral service to be simpler and more easily understood. At the twenty-second session of the Ecumenical Council of Trent, Sept. 17, 1552, reform in church music was discussed, and it was decided that the clergy should see to it that nothing lewd or impure were permitted either on the organ or with the voice, "so that the house of God might seem to be truly the house of prayer." The story often told, that it was proposed to banish music entirely from churches, and that Palestrina arose as the defender of the art, is a pure myth.

After the close of the council, Pope Pius IV. appointed eight cardinals as a committee to oversee the execution of all the decrees enacted. St. Carlo Borromeo and Vitellozzo Vitellozzi, both great lovers and patrons of music, and the former the Pope's nephew and confidant, were given special charge of the musical reform. The two cardinals and a deputation of singers from the Sistine Chapel had frequent meetings, and when the latter expressed a doubt whether so long a composition as a mass could ever be sung so that the words would be clearly heard, it was determined to ask Palestrina to compose one that should be free from the mixture of alien words, and from profane melodies, and at the same time be comprehensible to the hearers.

The choice of Palestrina was natural, for Cardinal Borromeo was at that time the head of the Liberian Chapel, and the composer was a pensioner of the Sistine Chapel, for which he had just written a wonderful mass on the musical scale *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la,* — a work "clear, noble, delicate, grand, and full of sentiment."

Palestrina undertook the work with enthusiasm, and wrote not one but three six-part masses. On the first

he wrote the prayer, "Lord, enlighten mine eyes," showing how seriously he took his task to heart. The first private performance of them took place at Cardinal Vitellozzi's palace on Sunday, April 28, 1565, in the presence of the eight cardinals.

Never was greater success more fairly won! Praise was bestowed upon all three, but the third, in which the composer entirely threw aside the mannerisms of the Belgian school, was pronounced a miracle: "always well-balanced, always noble, always vivacious, always logical, always full of sentiment, and always growing more powerful and lofty: the words more than fain to be heard; the melodies subservient to devotion; the harmonies touching the heart, delighting and not distracting, edifying and not disturbing: lovely with the loveliness of the sanctuary."

Palestrina himself believed that he had created a "new style," and this belief has been shared until very recent times by musicians accounted competent judges. Ambros, however, speaking of the interest excited among the cardinals and other connoisseurs of that day by this mass, says, "And yet it may be said that the reverend commissioners were deceived. What transported them was not a new, unheard-of style; it was the magic of euphony, the mystery of pure beauty, that made such an irresistible impression upon them."

Whatever be the truth of the matter, the mass gave the composer the title of "the great reformer of church music."

Giovanni Parvi, who transcribed the three masses for the Sistine Chapel, took especial pains to write out this one in characters larger and more beautiful than usual. The Pope, who was told by his nephew of the "inspired" composition, — "a work surpassing belief and worthy to

be considered as a production superior to mere human talent," — desired to hear it; and on Corpus Christi Day, 1565, when the ambassadors of the Swiss nation, who had come to Rome with most generous gifts to the Pope, were invited to a special morning service, the first public performance of the mass was given.

It is said that Pius IV., after hearing it, exclaimed: "These must be the harmonies of the new song which the Apostle John heard in the triumphant Jerusalem, of which another John (Giovanni) gives us a foretaste in the pilgrim Jerusalem."

We can easily believe that the effect must have been overwhelming, sung as it was by those glorious voices, the best in Europe, in that famous chapel where the paintings of Michelangelo and Rafael were glowing in all the freshness of their incomparable coloring.

All lovers of pure music in all time have been enraptured by the harmonies which Palestrina, of all church composers, was the most inspired in creating. The famous Paer, when the Sistine choir once sang for his special benefit, exclaimed: "This is divine music indeed, such as I have long sought for and my imagination was never able to realize; but which I was certain must exist."

After a delay of a month or two, perhaps owing to the fear caused in Rome by the Turks, who, under the command of the ferocious Mustapha Cassano, King of Algiers, and Dragut, Viceroy of Tripoli, were besieging Malta, the Pope rewarded Palestrina for his services by creating for him the new position of composer to the Pontifical Chapel. This raised his salary to nine scudi a month. If these nine scudi were silver, as is quite possible, the increase in his stipend would not seem so

niggardly, for the silver scudo, or crown, must have been worth not far from ten dollars in our money, but with even greater purchasing power. Pope Pius IV. died two months later, and though the jealous members of the chapel did their best to have the interloper ousted, Palestrina was retained in his position by the new Pope and his six successors.

About the same time, by special request, he dedicated to King Philip of Spain a volume of masses including the one "whereby church music was saved," and which has been always known as the *Missa Papae Marcelli*, from the name of one of Palestrina's earlier benefactors, the pious Pope who really did so much for church reform.

From this time forth abundant honors were heaped upon the composer, whose reputation as "the great imitator of Nature" (as he was called by the father of Galileo) was now spread through Europe. He was appointed by Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, and a most liberal patron of the fine arts, to be master of his concerts. On the death of Giovanni Animuccia, in 1571, he was immediately invited by the generous Cardinal Farnese and the chapter of the Vatican basilica, that is, the Church of St. Peter's, to be, for the second time, their chapelmaster as his successor, — a position which he retained until his death.

He also succeeded Animuccia as the maestro for the famous "Oratory" of the patriarch Saint Filippo Neri, for whom he composed many beautiful pieces. Prince Buoncampagni, the wealthy nephew of Pope Gregory XIII., chose him as the director of his chamber concerts; and afterwards he enjoyed a similar position under the munificent patronage of Cardinal Aldobrandini. And he was commissioned by Pope Gregory to correct, emend,

and restore to its pristine purity the ecclesiastical or Gregorian chant, — technically the "gradual and antiphonar," — an immense labor, beyond the powers of any man, and one which, after years of devoted study, he left incomplete.

"The father of harmony," as Gerber calls him, not only gave private instruction in music to a few cherished pupils, among them his three oldest sons, five examples of whose work "in the stiff Flemish school" were published in a volume of motets, dedicated to Cardinal d'Este; but also associated himself with Giovanni Nannini, the new maestro of the Liberian Chapel, in the first public music school ever opened by an Italian in Rome. From this school, says Baini, "was derived all the beauty, the grandeur, the sentiment, of the Roman school, mother and mistress of all other schools." This may be exaggerated praise, but certainly the list of pupils who enjoyed instruction in this school embraces many famous names, and its influence must have been far-reaching.

During all these years he worked indefatigably. Almost innumerable motets in four, five, six, and even twelve parts, hymns and offertories, lamentations and magnificats, litanies and madrigals, services for the whole church year, and nearly a hundred full masses, flowed from his pen. Many of them were published at Palestrina's own expense, and were dedicated in simple, manly, unaffected style, to his patrons, the various Popes, some to crowned heads; but most were written for the Sistine Chapel, where they have lain for two hundred years.

His life was probably happy, for his income must have been comfortable toward the end of his life. Besides

property in Rome, he had a vineyard and garden, a store, a tavern and houses in his native village, and doubtless often went there to enjoy the cool summer air. We have a pleasant picture of him in 1575, the year of Pope Gregory's tenth jubilee, when some fifteen hundred of the townspeople, with young girls "clad like angels," and bearing olive-branches in their hands, and a brilliant throng of priests and ladies, "not lacking fine order and great modesty," came down to Rome and made a triumphal entrance to the music of three choirs under the direction of Pierluigi. He had, however, a reputation for being rather miserly. Nevertheless, when the widow of his eldest son Angelo married again, in 1577, he presented her with thirteen hundred scudi and other property assured by a vineyard and two houses in Rome. Five years later, when he bought still more land, he was called in the document *dominus magnificus*. These well-proven facts must forever put an end to the fable of his poverty.

He also had his sorrows. His three musical sons probably died at an early age; and in the lovely month of June, 1580, his beloved Lucrezia was taken sick, and, after a lingering illness, died in July, and was buried in the new chapel of the basilica. Five years later, a jealous clique in the Sistine Chapel tried to make "this most venerable and exquisite harmonist" appear as ambitiously struggling to get advancement. Their jealous efforts fortunately failed, and Palestrina's beautiful patience, humility, and resignation, sustained him till he was fully vindicated. He would have been glad to publish more of his works.

He was taken ill the last of January, 1594, and three days before his death, after receiving extreme unction,

he called his sole surviving son, Igino, to his bedside, and said: "My son, I shall leave behind me many of my compositions which have never yet been printed; through the generosity of my patrons, the Abbot of Baume, Cardinal Aldobrandini, and Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany, thou wilt be enabled to have them put into type. I give thee my injunction to have them published as soon as possible for the honor and glory of the most high God, and the service of his holy Church."

Unfortunately, Igino was an unworthy son, and took advantage of his father's name and fame to make as much money as possible from the splendid works which were thus inherited.

The manuscript diary of the Sistine Chapel contains this entry in the hand of the secretary, Ippolito Gambocci: "Wednesday, Feb. 2, 1594. This morning the most excellent musician, il Signore Giovanni Pierluigi, our colleague and *maestro di capella*, passed from this to a better life." According to the custom, all the composers, singers, and musicians of Rome, as well as an immense concourse of people, attended his funeral at St. Peter's; the Pontifical Chapel, numbering thirty, chanting the four-part response *Libera me Domine.* The body of the famous man was placed in a box on which was a leaden plate bearing the inscription:

IOANNES PETRVS ALOYSIVS PRAENESTINVS
MVSICAE PRINCEPS.

Some years afterward Palestrina and many others, who had been buried at St. Peter's, were taken to the New Chapel, and interred, without any attempt at identification, in a trench before the altar of St. Simon and St. Jude.

Palestrina represents in music the flowering and culmination of centuries of gradual growth. Ambros even denies that he added anything new to music. He says his mission was "to complete." Even within ten years after his death, the radicals of the rival school of Florence began to call his compositions "barbarous," and by the middle of the seventeenth century the Roman Pietro della Valle desired to have them "put into a museum as antiquities." An attempt was even made to have them taken from the *repertoire* of the Sistine Chapel!

But the Roman school of which Palestrina was "the Homer," though destined to die, as far as mere form was concerned, left its work perfect, and its influence is undying. So long as the world lasts, lovers of music will find in Palestrina's compositions absolute satisfaction. As Ambros so well says: "They breathe the holy spirit of Devotion."

HENRY PURCELL.

(1658-1695.)

IN the seventeenth century, Puritanism, which was a protest and a reaction against luxury and corruption, had become blind to all beauty except the beauty of holiness, and deaf to all music except that of penitential psalms.

She came out into the garden of the Muses, and tore up the flowers and banished the birds. She would neither herself take pleasure in them, nor suffer others to rejoice.

In 1644 the liturgy was solemnly proclaimed by the British House of Lords to be a "superstitious ritual." It was decreed by the Westminster divines, that, since it was "the duty of Christians to praise God publickly by singing of psalms together in the congregation, and also privately in the family," the voice was "to be audibly and gravely ordered," the chief care being "to sing with understanding and with grace in the heart, making melody unto the Lord."

But instruments in churches were regarded as "profane, pagan, popish, idolatrous, dark, and damnable." Hence fanatical Puritans made their way into the cathedrals, cut down paintings, destroyed stained-glass windows, mutilated carvings, broke statuary, tore up gowns and surplices, and took down the organs. Few were left. The soldiers quartered in Westminster Abbey pawned

PURCELL.

the pipes of the one there, for pots of ale. Church books were burned. The organists were turned adrift, and obliged to earn a precarious living by giving lessons in private families. As Burney says: "The art of Music, and indeed all arts but those of killing, canting, and hypocrisy, were discouraged."

So completely were the means of performing church music dissipated, that when, after the Restoration, it was attempted to restore the old service, there were almost no organs, and only a few organ-builders in the kingdom. So few boys were found capable of singing in the choirs, that the treble parts were either played on cornets or sung by men in falsetto. Boys were even "pressed" into church service, much as men were forcibly enlisted into the king's navy.

At the time of the coronation of Charles II., in 1661, "Captain" Henry Cook was "master of the children." Among the "gentlemen," numbering nineteen, were two brothers, Henry and Thomas Purcell. Nothing is definitely known about their ancestry: they are conjectured to have been of Irish lineage. They both stood high in the profession of music. Henry Purcell, senior, was not only Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, but also a singing man of Westminster Abbey, master of the children and music-copyist for the same cathedral, and member of the Royal Band.

Thomas Purcell, in 1662, began to receive "the wages and living of six and thirty pounds, two shillings and sixpence by the year during his life," as one of Charles II.'s "musitians in ordinary for the lute and voyce." Ten years later he was appointed composer in ordinary for the violins, "receiving annual wages and fee of fifty-two

pounds, fifteen shillings and tenpence." He was likewise chief and leader of the King's Band of "four and twenty fiddlers." In 1672 he was elected "Marshall of the Corporation of Musique in Westminster," and he received still other honorable appointments which would have yielded him a good income had he received the pay regularly, but this was not the case. Pepys in his Diary quotes the organist, Mr. Hingston, as saying: "Many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behindhand for their wages." Both of these gentlemen composed "brave anthems," catches, and glees, but now little is left of their work. They are chiefly interesting from the relationship which they bore to Henry Purcell, junior, called the *Orpheus Britannicus*, the most famous of the early composers of England. This "welcome prodigy" was born some time in the year 1658, in St. Ann's Lane, Old Pye Street, Westminster. He must have very early manifested musical ability, and there is little doubt that his father gave him his earliest training.

The elder Henry died when the boy was only six years old, and his uncle Thomas not only took charge of him, but even adopted him as his own son, and always felt a lively and affectionate interest in his welfare.

The boy, though so young, was immediately made a chorister in the Chapel Royal, and thus came under the instruction of Captain Henry Cook, an excellent master, who had won his military spurs in the Royalist service, and, being "esteemed the best musician of his time to sing to the lute," was doubly rewarded by Charles II. Pepys frequently refers to his "brave musique," and declares that "without doubt he hath the best manner of singing in the world."

For eight years the young Purcell worked under his

tuition, and as early as 1667, when he was only nine years old, he wrote a three-part song entitled, "Sweet Tyraness, I now resign," which was published by Playford, and was supposed for a long time to have been written by Purcell's father. When he was eleven years old he composed the music for a piece entitled "The Address of the Children of the Chapel Royal to the King and their Master, Captain Cooke, on his Majesties Birthday A. D. 1670." There is also good reason to believe that about this same time he wrote the music to "Macbeth," as well as many anthems which are still sung.

Two years later Captain Cook died, and was succeeded by one of his most promising pupils, Pelham Humphreys, likewise a musical prodigy, whom the King sent to France to study under the famous Lulli. Humphreys died at the early age of twenty-seven, but the inspiration of his influence must have been very contagious to a clever lad like Purcell. He, in turn, was succeeded by Dr. John Blow, another of Captain Cook's boy choristers, and one likewise distinguished for having composed anthems at the early age of twelve. He became Purcell's teacher. Cummings says, "Blow was undoubtedly the very master Purcell then needed, for he was eminent for his goodness, amiability, and moral character, and combined with these excellent qualities all the learning of a sound musician."

Blow lived a long and useful life, distinguished not merely as an organist and composer, but as a generous and unselfish man. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and his tomb, which, according to Dr. Burney, preserved "a *canon* of a more pacific and harmless character than any of those that adorn the monuments of

neighboring heroes, his present associates," presents as his chief title to notice the fact that he "was master to the famous Mr. Henry Purcell."

Purcell, though his voice had changed, was still attached to the Royal Chapel as a supernumerary, but when he was eighteen, he was appointed copyist to Westminster Abbey, a responsible and honorable post, since there was such a great dearth of choral books in the cathedrals. This same year (1676), he composed the music for three plays: Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*, Dryden's *Aurenge-Zebe*, and Shadwell's *Libertine*, the last-mentioned being interesting as founded on the same story which afterwards furnished the libretto for Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The four-part chorus, "In these delightful, pleasant groves," is not infrequently performed at the present day.

The following year Purcell lost one of his most intimate friends, — Matthew Locke, of whom Dr. Burney says, "he was the first that furnished our stage with music in which a spark of genius is discoverable, and, indeed, the best secular composer our country could boast, till the time of Purcell." A glimpse of his personality is conveyed by this brief note written to Purcell from Locke's rooms in the Savoy: —

DEAR HARRY, — Some of the gentlemen of His Majesties musick will honor my poor lodgings with their company this evening, and I would have you come and join them: bring with thee, Harry, thy last anthem, and also the canon we tried over together at our last meeting.

Thine in all kindness,

M. LOCKE.

SAVOY, March 16.

The year after Locke's death, Purcell resigned his appointment as copyist. Possibly the demand upon his

services for compositions for the theatre was so great that he felt he must have more time. Dr. Burney says, "He was, very early in his life, solicited to compose for the stage, and chamber, in both which undertakings he was so superior to all his predecessors, that his compositions seemed to speak a new language; yet, however different from that to which the public had been long accustomed, it was universally understood."

And he adds:—

"In compositions for the theatre, though the coloring and effects of an orchestra were then but little known, yet, as he employed them more than his predecessors, and gave to the voice a melody more interesting and impassioned than during the past century had been heard in this country, perhaps in Italy itself, he soon became the delight and darling of the nation."

From this time forth Purcell, with quite equal devotion, wrote for the choir and the stage, and there is no little wit in the scurrilous Thomas Brown's pretended letter from old Dr. Blow to Henry Purcell represented as unexpectedly gone to the place of torments, instead of the place of harmonies, where it says, "You know men of our Profession hang between the Church and the Play-house, as *Mahomet's* tomb does between the two Load Stones, and must equally incline to both, because by both we are equally supported."

It throws no little light on the manners and customs of the day when he adds: "Religion is grown a stalking-horse to every Bodies Interest. . . . Our Parochial Churches this hot Weather are but indifferently fill'd, but our Cathedral are still crowded as they us'd to be, because to One that comes thither truly to serve God, fifty come purely to hear the Musick!"

Early in 1679 Purcell was composing with especial reference to the celebrated bass, the Rev. John Gostling, a minor canon of Canterbury Cathedral, who that same year was appointed to the Chapel Royal through the influence of Purcell's uncle. Gostling, "that stupendous bass," whose voice had such an extraordinary compass that the "sundry compositions made purposely for him" are now almost unsingable, became a great favorite with Charles II., who said of him, "You may talk as much as you please of your nightingales, but I have a *gosling* who excels them all." And at another time he presented him with a silver egg filled with guineas, saying, "I have heard eggs were good for the voice."

Gostling one time accompanied the King and a merry party in his new yacht the "Fubbs." Sir John Hawkins tells the story in his "History of Music:" "They had got as low as the North Fouland when a violent storm arose, in which the King and the Duke of York were necessitated, in order to preserve the vessel, to hand the sails and work like common seamen; by good providence, however, they escaped to land, but the distress they were in made an impression on the mind of Mr. Gostling which was never effaced. Struck with a just sense of the deliverance, and the horror of the scene which he had lately viewed, upon his return to London he selected from the Psalms those passages which declare the wonders and terrors of the deep, and gave them to Purcell to compose as an anthem, which he did."

The anthem was preserved in Dr. Boyce's "Cathedral Music," and was republished by Novello in 1832. In regard to this, Mr. Horsley, who declares that Mozart was the only musician "who for invention may be said

to have equalled Purcell," afterwards when speaking of his faults says, "'The going down to the sea' is represented by the descent of the bass voice to double D, and in the passage 'And stagger like a drunken man' the expression is very strong; but, like some parts of Hogarth's pictures, it is *too* strong, and produces an irreverent feeling in the mind of the attentive and reflecting hearer." He also speaks of Purcell's habit of repeating the same word or words.

An example of this — one among hundreds — is found in a funeral anthem preserved at York Minster. The words run: "He cometh up and is cut down, and is cut down, he cometh up and is cut down, cut down, he cometh up and is cut down like a flower. He flee'th as it were a shadow, and ne'er continueth and ne'er continueth, and ne'er continueth and ne'er continueth, ne'er continueth, ne'er continueth in one stay. He flee'th as it were a shadow, and ne'er continueth and ne'er continueth, ne'er continueth, and ne'er continueth, ne'er continueth in one stay!"

Gostling was a great admirer of the *viol da gamba*, and played on it. Purcell detested it, and to revenge himself composed for him a "round" for three voices, to these words: —

"Of all the instruments that are,
None with the viol can compare.
Mark how the strings their order keep
With a whet, whet, whet, and a sweep, sweep, sweep.
But above all this still abounds
With a zingle, zingle zing, and a zit, zan, zounds!"

In 1680 Dr. Blow showed "the total absence of envy and jealousy in his nature" by resigning his position as organist of Westminster in favor of his friend Purcell,

who thus at twenty-two came to enjoy "one of the most distinguished musical positions in the kingdom."

He is supposed to have written this year the music for several theatrical pieces, as well as an opera entitled "Dido and Æneas." This work was first printed by the Musical Antiquarian Society in 1840, and has been frequently performed by various societies in England. The story told of its origin by Sir John Hawkins is essentially true: —

"One Mr. Jonas Priest, a celebrated dancing-master and a composer of stage dances, kept a boarding-school for young gentlewomen in Leicester Fields, and the nature of his profession inclining him to dramatic representations, he got Tate to write, and Purcell to set to music, a little drama called *Dido and Æneas*. . . . The exhibition of this little piece by the young gentlewomen of the school, to a select audience of their parents and friends, was attended with general applause, no small part whereof was considered the due of Purcell."

An original copy of the libretto, still in existence, states that the opera was performed "at Mr. Josiah Priest's Boarding School at *Chelsey*." Hawkins, in a note, informs us that Dr. Priest removed to Chelsea in 1680, and Cummings quotes the words of his advertisement to that effect. It may, however, have been composed and performed earlier, and its success have led to its repetition at Chelsea.

The opera consists of thirty-five numbers, with overture, songs, duets, recitatives, and choruses. It was once a tradition that Purcell himself sung and acted the part of *Anna, Dido's* sister, which is written for alto. Cummings says this work "will always remain a monument to Purcell's extraordinary genius." There seems little

doubt that it was the dawn of what might have been a great musical drama for England. But unfortunately the musical public was lacking. "Purcell," as has been well said, "lived before his time;" and he, like all of Blow's precocious pupils, enjoyed but a brief career.

It is supposed that Purcell married some time during this busy year. His wife's name was Frances; and they lived in St. Anne's Lane, in Westminster, just beyond the Abbey. It is a mooted question whether his married life was happy. Cummings is inclined to believe that his wife was loyal and devoted to him; but the tradition is that she was what Novello calls her, a "low-minded and termagant woman," and that her conduct toward her husband was "a subject of raillery and jocular remark among his most intimate friends."

In proof of this the following anecdote is told: "When Purcell heard that Stradella was assassinated for having carried off a lady from her husband, he lamented that composer exceedingly; nay, so far as to declare that he could have *himself* forgiven Stradella an injury of that kind; which those who remember how lovingly Mr. Purcell lived with his wife, or, rather, what a loving wife she proved to him, may understand without further explication!"

Whether his home life was happy or not, Purcell was a most industrious man. To have accomplished what he did must have required constant application. For, besides his regular services as organist and composer for both church and theatre, he gave private lessons in music — his scholars being "the sons and daughters of the nobility and principal gentry in the kingdom," — and was often called upon to take charge of concerts, notably for Lord North in his house in Queen Street, though concerts were then "so rare that it required the assistance of no

less than a master to keep four or five performers together."

But if he had any spare time from his professional duties, and home was uncongenial, it may be that he sometimes joined his more convivial friends at "Cobweb Hall," the house of the vintner Owen Swan, which was a great resort of the musical wits of the day, or at the tavern of the bassoon-player Kennedy, on Wych Street, behind the new church in the Strand, where for a long time swung a sign on which was painted a half-length of Purcell; "the dress a brown full-bottomed wig and a green nightgown, very finely executed."

Purcell was at this time one of the handsomest men in England, and brimming over with mirth and good-humor. There is no reason to believe, however, that he was dissipated. Even at that profligate day there were admirable men, and Purcell certainly inspired his friends with something more than mere wonder at his genius.

The year 1682 was also memorable for the composer. He was appointed organist of the Chapel Royal, a position which he was enabled to hold conjointly with that of Westminster; he wrote the music for "the inauguration of the truly loyal and right honourable Sir William Pritchard Knight, Lord Mayor of London," and an "Ode or Welcome Song to the King." His also buried his beloved uncle Thomas, and celebrated the birth of his first son, who was baptized in Westminster under the name of John Baptista, but shortly after died. At the end of an anthem composed this year, he wrote the words: "God bless Mr. Henry Purcell, September ye 10th, 1682."

The next year he published a volume of "Sonnata's of III Parts. Two Viollins and Basse to the Organ or Harpsichord." It was dedicated to the King, and the

"modest preface" to the "Ingenious Reader," explaining how "the Author faithfully endeavour'd a just imitation of the most fam'd Italian Masters, principally to bring the Seriousness and gravity of that sort of Musique into vogue and reputation among our Country-men," ends with the hope that "his Book may fall into no other hands but those who carry Musical Souls about them."

The next year (1683) was marked by the first public celebration of St. Cecilia's Day in England. Purcell composed no less than three odes to this "great Patroness of Music." He also wrote a large number of anthems and other compositions. In 1684 Purcell was the organist for Father Smith in the great organ competition at the Temple Church. Smith, or Schmidt, was a German who played as well as built organs, and Purcell's skill on this memorable day "resulted in the selection and retention of the splendid instrument built by Smith" and still standing in the church. The organist who played the rival organ, built by Harris, was Purcell's friend, the Italian John Baptist Draghi, for whom Purcell's son had been named. The following year a new organ was built in Westminster Abbey for the coronation of James II., for which Purcell composed two anthems; but though he superintended the work, he did not officiate as organist, for his name appears among the basses in the choir.

Just before the Revolution of 1688, Purcell composed a "Quickstep" which became a great favorite. A ballad with a refrain *Lero, lero, lillibullero,* "treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner," was set to this "Quickstep." Bishop Burnet says, —

"The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually, and perhaps

never had so slight a thing so great an effect." Lord Wharton, the Irish viceroy, declared that "the song had sung a deluded prince out of the three kingdoms. The music of "Lillibullero" did much toward creating the Revolution of 1688.

When William and Mary were crowned at Westminster the following year, Purcell took advantage of the excellent position of the organ-loft, which was on the north side of the choir near the altar, to sell admissions to spectators. He looked upon this as a perquisite of his office; but the chapter "thought otherwise," and it is said to be on record that he was ordered to pay over the considerable sum that he must have received, "and in default thereof his place to be declared null and void, and his stipend or salary to be detained in the treasurer's hands until further orders."

It is not known how the dispute ended; but he retained his position as organist, and in the following September, according to the Abbey registers, he had baptized there an infant son, who survived him and became also an organist. This same year the nobility and gentry of the city and county of York had "a very splendid entertainment of all sorts of Vocal and Instrumental Musick." An advertisement announcing it spoke of the "ode set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell," as being "one of the finest compositions he ever made, and cost one hundred pounds the performing." Though the music became extremely popular, and portions of it were printed in various collections, the work as a whole remained in manuscript till 1790, when it was published, but very incorrectly. It now forms the first volume of the Purcell Society's Collection.

During 1690 Purcell was busy composing for various

dramatic performances; among them, for Betterton's "Diocletian," or "The Prophetess," which was afterwards published with a dedication to the Duke of Somerset, in which, after declaring that "All Arts and Sciences have receiv'd their first encouragement from Great Persons, and owe their Propagation and Success to their esteem: like some sort of Fruit-trees, which being of a tender Constitution and delicate in their Nature require the shadow of the Cedar to shield their Infancy from Blites and Storms," he goes on to speak of music and poetry in England.

"Poetry and Painting have arriv'd to their perfection in our own Country. Musick is yet but in its Nonage, a froward Child which gives hope of what it may be hereafter in England, when the masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'Tis now learning Italian, which is its best Master, and studying a little of the French Air to give it somewhat more of Gayety and Fashion. Thus being farther from the Sun, we are of later Growth than our Neighbour Countries, and must be content to shake off our Barbarity by degrees."

This work cost so much to bring out, that Purcell found "too late the Subscription money would scarcely amount to the Expense of compleating this Edition," but "it gratify'd the expectation of Court and City; and got the author great reputation."

The great poet, Dryden, began now to recognize that Purcell was "an *Englishman* equal with the best abroad," and the two became great friends. Wheatley says that the latter had an apartment in the clock-tower of St. James's Palace, and that when Dryden was in danger of arrest from debt he would take refuge there, where he could enjoy safety, and opportunity for exer-

cise in the Palace Gardens. Purcell wrote music for several of Dryden's dramas; among others for the "Indian Queen," written in collaboration with Howard.

There were pirates in those days as well as in our own, as is shown by the preface to the mutilated edition published without the author's knowledge or consent in 1695. It says, —

"Sir, having had the good Fortune to meet with the score or original Draught of your Incomparable Essay of Musick compos'd for the Play call'd the *Indian Queen*, It soon appear'd that we had found a Jewel of very great Value; on which account we were unwilling that so rich a Treasure should any longer lie bury'd in Oblivion; and that the Commonwealth of Musick should be depriv'd of so considerable a Benefit. Indeed, we well knew your innate Modesty to be such, as not to be easily prevail'd upon to set forth anything in Print, much less to Patronize your own Works, Inimitable. But in regard that (the Press being now open) any-one might print an imperfect Copy of these admirable Songs or publish them in the nature of a *common Ballad*, We were so much the more emboldned to make this Attempt, even without acquainting you with our Design; not doubting but your accustom'd Candor and Generosity will induce you to pardon this Presumption."

It was true. Purcell was extremely modest, and he seemed to have a great reluctance to publishing his works. He wrote the music for more than fifty dramas and twenty odes and festival songs, besides quantities of church music, and the merest fraction of it only was issued in his own lifetime; much of it was lost; as, for instance, the score to *The Fairy Queen*, an anonymous adaptation of *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*, for the return of which a reward of twenty guineas was offered by the Theatre Royal in 1700. Vincent Novello did much to bring his works to the knowledge of his forgetful country.

The Purcell Club, founded in 1836, met regularly till 1863; and finally the Purcell Society, founded in February, 1876, has begun a noble work in the reproduction of the great composer's works, great numbers of which have been discovered in manuscript.

In 1694 Purcell wrote his great *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in D with orchestral accompaniments, the first work of the sort ever composed in England. This was immediately adopted by the "Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy" for their annual festival; and it was thus performed every year until 1713, when Handel composed his *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* for the Peace of Utrecht, after which it was performed on alternate years until 1743.

The following year Purcell composed two anthems for the funeral of Queen Mary. It was a most solemn occasion: "the day was dark and troubled, and a few ghostly plumes of snow fell on the black plumes of the funeral car." "On the gorgeous coffin of purple and gold were laid the crown and sceptre of the realm. Inside the Abbey the whole of the church, nave, choir, and transept, were all ablaze with innumerable wax lights; and a little robin-redbreast, who had found refuge from the inclement weather, constantly flew down and perched on the hearse, seeming to the spectators as if he too mourned for the Queen who had been so loved and was now so lamented." Purcell's music was worthy of the occasion. Dr. Tudway, one of the choir, asks if ever was heard "anything so rapturously fine and solemn, and so heavenly in the operation?"

The second anthem, *Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts,* has been used at every choral funeral at Westminster Abbey and at St. Paul's since its first

production. It was sung on the 26th of November following, when Purcell was buried at Westminster beneath his own organ. "He had rehearsed and inaugurated his own dirge."

He had been for some time in failing health; probably he had inherited a delicate constitution, and the amount of work which he accomplished hastened the end. During the few months before his death he composed music for at least six plays, besides a birthday ode for the Duke of Gloucester, and other things. "The last song the Author Sett, it being in his sickness," was the Cantata "From Rosie Bowers" contributed to the Third Part of the *Don Quixote* of Tom D'Urfay, for whom he had written so much.

He retained his faculties to the last, as is proved by his will made on the day of his death: "I, Henry Purcell, of the Citty of Westminster, gent., being dangerously ill as to the constitution of my body but in good and perfect mind and memory (thanks be to God) doe by these presents," etc. By his bedside were his aged mother, his "loveing wife" to whom he had just left all his "estate both reall and personall," and his three young children, Frances, aged seven, Edward, six, and Mary Peters, two; "and so amid their sighs and tears his gentle spirit passed into the better world."

On the gravestone was inscribed a short Latin poem, in which the "blest above" are called upon to applaud "so great a guest," who, having led our earthly choirs was too soon snatched away to join the choirs of heaven, though his memory will live so long as "yonder organ breathes and the tuneful throng worship God in song."

The original inscription was long ago completely obliterated by passing feet, but has been replaced by another

which includes a mention of his wife. On an adjacent pillar a tablet announces: —

"Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded."

Mrs. Purcell published in the course of the next three years various collections of her husband's music, and in the prefaces of each she speaks so affectionately of him that most writers are now inclined to disbelieve the current story that she was responsible for his death, by having given orders to her servants not to let him in after midnight, so that when one night "he came home heated with wine from the tavern, at an hour later than that prescribed him," he contracted the disease of which he died.

It would be easy to fill pages with praise of Purcell. History rings with his fame. All his contemporaries speak in the highest terms of his genius and his character. His soul was "all Love and Harmony."

> "Form'd for musick, with diviner fire
> Endu'd; compos'd for the Celestial Choir:
> . . . . . .
> A conqu'ring sweetness in his Visage dwelt,
> His Eyes would warm, his Wit like lightning melt,
> . . . . . .
> Pride was the sole aversion of his Eye,
> Himself as Humble as his Art was High."

Purcell has been called "the Bacon of his Art," "the English Mozart," "that divine author," "sublime, beautiful, and ornamental," "the first of English musicians," and "a genius whose laurels will retain their freshness as long as his art shall endure." Wesley said of him: —

"Purcell bears a close connection with Shakspere in his rare faculty of exciting mental emotions of every kind by his magical and marvellous modes of expression on all occasions;" but from none has he received nobler words of appreciation than from Burney, who says, "While the Frenchman is loud in the praise of a Lulli and a Rameau; the German in that of a Handel and a Bach; and the Italian of a Palestrina and a Pergolesi; not less is the pride of an Englishman in pointing to a name equally dear to his country, for Purcell is as much the boast of England in music, as Shakspeare in the drama, Milton in epic poetry, Locke in metaphysics, or Sir Isaac Newton in mathematics and philosophy. As a musician he shone not more by the greatness than by the diversity, by the diversity than the originality of his genius, nor did the powers of his fancy prove detrimental to the solidity of his judgment. . . . Upon the name of Purcell we dwell with delight, and are content to identify with his the musical pretensions of our country."

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

(1685-1750.)

THE word *Bach* means brook, and, indeed, like a noble brook is the great family or clan which bears the name. One can trace it back almost to its rise among the Thuringian mountains, flowing down, always clear, pure, and musical, ever receiving new accessions of likewise clear, pure, and musical waters, until at last its beauty and magnificence culminate in the greatest of them all.

The genealogist who would trace back the Bach family to its source finds himself in a perfect labyrinth — there are so many through the course of almost four hundred years, and almost all bear the name of Johann, — John. One of the earliest known was Hans Bach, a peasant who labored in the Thuringian mines of Ilmenau. The direct forefather of Johann Sebastian was also Hans Bach, "guardian of the municipality" in 1561. His son Veit was a musical miller and baker, who used to play on his *cythringen* while the mill clacked merrily, and, as it were, beat time for him.

"This," said Johann Sebastian, "was, we may say, the beginning of music among his descendants." Veit's son Hans, Johann Sebastian's great-grandfather, became a "Spielmann," or player, having learned his art under the "city piper" of Gotha. He combined carpet-weaving with fiddling, but he travelled all about the

country as a Spielmann. "His fiddle" is said to have "sounded merrily, and his head was full of fun." The fun as well as the music was the heritage of his children and his children's children.

The Count of Schwarzenburg-Arnstadt sent three of Veit Bach's sons to Italy to study music. By this time there was an almost numberless array of musical Bachs. At Erfurt one branch of the family filled the office of town musician for more than a hundred years, and even during the last of the eighteenth century, though there was not really one left, the incumbents of the office kept the name of Bach.

The terrible Thirty Years' War was felt very severely in Thuringia, and, owing to the poverty and suffering, music fell to a low ebb. There came to be too much "of singing and performing coarse obscenities and disgraceful and immodest songs and ballads," too much drunkenness and dissipation among its votaries.

Among a people so musical as the Germans, a reaction was to be expected, and it came. The musicians of the better sort banded together and tried to raise the standard. For instance, the "Instrumental Musicians' Union of Upper and Lower Saxony" forbade any of its members performing on "dishonorable instruments — bagpipes, sheep-horns, hurdy-gurdies and triangles, such as beggars often use for collecting alms at house-doors."

It is said that the Bach family prided themselves generally on keeping free from such irregularities, and formed a guild of their own. They were nearly all characterized by a sincere honesty and dignity, "modest piety and decent morality," pleasantly mingled with a gay humor.

"However much their minds were devoted to the

BACH.

sublimest and gravest things," says Spitta, "they stood on the earth with a healthy firmness; they showed a capability of joining pleasantly from time to time in the trivial amusements of their fellow-men, and had eyes and understandings to enjoy the cheerful or comic side of the ordinary life that lay around them."

The "family days" of the Bach family, observed for many years, drew nearly all the male members. Sometimes three hundred of them would assemble: "First they would sing a choral, then followed secular and popular songs, which, from the contrast with the previous pious mood, would often by their quips and jests rouse the mirth of both singers and hearers to a keen and cynical wit."

Johann, or John, Sebastian Bach, thus sprung from the very heart and marrow of the German people, and embodying "the whole essence of the German nature," was born, probably, on the 31st of March, 1685.

His father, Johann Ambrosius, was one of twin sons, who so closely resembled each other that even their wives could not tell them apart. They were exceedingly alike in temperament as well, so that when one suffered from any disorder, the other was almost sure to be afflicted in the same way. They were also curiously like their father: "had the same modes of thought and expression; played the same instrument, — the violin, — and had the same way of conceiving and performing music."

Their father died early, and Johann Ambrosius settled in Erfurt as town musician, in 1667, where the following year he married Elisabeth, the daughter of a furrier; he then moved to Eisenach, where he spent the rest of his life.

Comparatively little is known about him, except that he was "a man of moral worth, conscientious and skilled in his art, at the same time of independent views, and of good report among his fellow-citizens."

At the Royal Library at Berlin is a large oil portrait of him at the age of forty: "A frank-looking man gazes out from the canvas in a careless every-day garb; the shirt which shows over the bosom is loosely held together at the throat by a ribbon; natural brown hair hangs around the head, and a mustache, even, ornaments the face."

Johann Sebastian was his youngest son, and from him received his first training in playing the violin. The boy lost his mother when he was nine, and the father soon married again but died shortly after.

Eisenach was a place full of interesting memories. In the Wartburg, overlooking the town, the minnesingers used to gather for their tournaments of song. And there Luther, when he came from the Diet of Worms, was shielded, and made his translation of the Scriptures. The town was "always famous for its music." A Latin anagram of 1597 turns the name from *Isenacum* into *En musica!* "Lo! music;" as well as *Canimus*, "We sing." Its poor children, even in the fifteenth century, used to wander about the streets singing for alms. The master of the Eisenach school established a perambulating chorus in 1600, which was kept up for more than a century.

It is supposed that Sebastian sang among the sopranos and marched through the streets singing, just as Luther had done in the same town two centuries before.

Sebastian's oldest brother, Johann Christoph, who had been for three years a pupil of the great organist and composer Pachelbel, had gone in 1690 to Arnstadt, where lived his uncle, his father's twin brother.

He was soon afterwards appointed organist of the principal church of Ohrdruf, and having, a few years later, made a home of his own, he took the young Sebastian under his care and instruction. He was the lad's first teacher in playing the clavier, and must himself have had considerable taste and talent for music, for he wrote out in a volume a collection of works for the organ by the best composers of that day.

Sebastian, having easily mastered all the exercises and pieces given him, and quite outstripped his brother's capacity to teach him, wanted something more. He would have liked the volume of organ pieces; but his brother, through pride or jealousy, withheld it from him, and kept it locked up in a latticed bookcase, where it could be seen, exasperatingly tempting. One night the lad could not resist his longing: he crept down stealthily, and succeeded in working the precious roll through the wire lattice. He had no lamp or candle; his only light was the torch of the moon, fickle and uncertain, and it was six long months before the music was copied out. His perseverance and the risk that he ran of ruining his eyes were ill-rewarded: his brother found what he had been doing, and punished him by confiscating the hard-earned copy.

The young lad was sent for a time to the famous Lyceum of Ohrdruf, where he studied theology, Greek, Latin, arithmetic, and rhetoric. Nepos and Cicero were the chief Latin writers read, but wider knowledge of the language was acquired through composition, prosody, and disputation. Much attention was given to music, and the school chorus took part at weddings and funerals in church, and in what were called perambulations where they sang from door to door. In 1720 the receipts from

these sources amounted to over two hundred and thirty-seven thalers in the third quarter alone. Sebastian soon became one of the leading singers, and received not only a stipend, but a larger share of the receipts.

The cantor of the Lyceum was Elias Herda, who had been for six years one of the choir of the Church of the Benedictine Monks of St. Michael at Luneburg. He took great interest in young Bach, and recommended him to the school of the same convent. There Sebastian, in company with his life-long friend Erdmann, repaired in April, 1700, and was at once made one of the "matin scholars," with a small salary, and free board at the monastery. He soon lost his beautiful soprano voice, but as he was a skilled performer on the violin, the clavier, and the organ, he was retained as instrumentalist, and it is supposed that he may have become prefect of the choir.

There was another school at Lüneburg which also had a famous musical choir, and great was the rivalry between them, often resulting in very lively skirmishes during the winter season, till at last the authorities had to designate the streets through which each day the two rival choirs might perambulate and sing.

This must have been a very happy time in the young musician's life. He had most likely been discontented in his brother's home, where, besides that petty jealousy manifested in the matter of the manuscript roll, he was one too many in the increasing family. Here there was chance for growth such as his soul craved. He lived in an atmosphere of music; the library contained hundreds of volumes and thousands of pieces, many in manuscript, to which it was constantly adding. Among them were compositions by Johann Sebastian's great-uncle Heinrich

and by his son, the famous Johann Christoph, next to Johann Sebastian the most famous of the family, whose name and standing must have been always an inspiration to the young genius.

One of the great organists of Germany was Reinken, a man of equal talents and conceit, who lived at Hamburg. Hamburg was not more than thirty miles from Lüneburg, and Sebastian's cousin, Johann Ernst, was pursuing his musical studies there. So the young musician used frequently to make excursions on foot to the capital to hear Reinken play, and visit his cousin. It is interesting to know also that Handel about this time came to Hamburg, where German opera was "flourishing greatly." The two did not meet.

Bach, later in life, was fond of telling with humorous embellishment, an anecdote of one of his trips to Hamburg. He was not more than half-way home: nearly all his money was spent; he sat down outside an inn where dinner was in preparation. The savory odors from the kitchen made him hungrier than ever, and he was pondering on his hard fate, when suddenly a window was thrown open, and two herrings' heads were flung at him. He picked them up, and found in each a Danish ducat. Some sympathizing stranger had evidently seen the wayfarer, and played upon him the generous trick. It enabled him to get a good dinner and proceed on his way rejoicing.

At St. Michael's School, Sebastian read the Odes of Horace, Vergil's Aeneid, Terence, Curtius, and Cicero. He also studied Greek, theology, logic, and arithmetic, and made himself ready for the course at the University, though his limited means prevented him from ever pursuing it.

His destiny was music; and long ere this he had

proved the bent of his genius by composing, even in his childhood, clavier fugues and chorale fugues, and later chorale variations.

The chorale, the sacred song of the people, was the form of church music most characteristic of Germany. Bach made this his foundation. With this he began; with this he ended his career.

Spitta says: "They are by a youth of sixteen or seventeen, and what natural beauty they display! What freedom! nay, mastery of the combination of parts! not a trace of the vacillating beginner feeling his way. He goes forward on his road with instinctive certainty; and though here and there a detail may displease us, the grand whole shows the born artist."

It is interesting to note that in spite of the rivalry between the two Lüneburg schools, the young Bach found his greatest inspiration toward composition in Georg Böhm, a pupil of Reinken, and the organist of St. John's Church — a man of truly original genius and a brilliant composer. Böhm allowed the lad to practise on his organ, which unfortunately was not a very satisfactory one. It was a strange fate, that the greatest of German organists throughout his life never had a really fine instrument at his service for any length of time. It shows that perseverance and genius will rise above all obstacles, and that souls in earnest need never be discouraged. While he was at this school he learned something about French instrumental music from occasionally hearing at Zell the prize band of Duke Georg Wilhelm.

He was now eighteen, and ready for the battle of life. He was summoned to Weimar to be "Hofmusicus," or court musician, to Johann Ernst, younger brother of the

reigning duke. Here he also played the violin in the ducal band, and, as Weimar was a musical centre, he probably fell in with many men who would give him encouragement and stimulus. His grandfather had once enjoyed an appointment at the same court.

Weimar not being far from Arnstadt, gave Sebastian the chance to visit "the old meeting-place of all his family." He there one day played the new organ in the new church; and the Consistory, who, since the death of Sebastian's uncle Heinrich eleven years before, had been and still were on the lookout for "an organist of equal merit and renown," instantly recognized that Sebastian was their man, and they invited him to take the place at a salary of almost seventy-five thalers — large for those days.

He was solemnly installed, with what Spitta calls a somewhat sweeping exhortation to "industry and fidelity to his calling," and all that "might become an honorable servant and organist before God, the worshipful authorities, and his superiors."

This was at first a very delightful position. His duties were light, requiring attendance only three times a week, perhaps six hours in all, so that he could devote much time to study, and he had a new and splendidly constructed organ. This organ was replaced a few years ago by a fine new one, as a memorial to Johann Sebastian.

He had also the tuition of a small school choir, and the leadership of a musical society which enabled him worthily to bring out his own compositions, and it is supposed that he played the violin in the band supported by Count Anton Günther.

While he was at Arnstadt his brother Johann Jakob returned from Poland to take leave of his family and

friends, having been invited by Charles XII. to enter the Swedish guard as oboe player. Sebastian wrote for him a piece of music for the clavier, in five short movements, representing the various moods and scenes connected with his brother's departure. The last movement makes clever use of the postilion's horn. This, one of the very few pieces of so-called program music which he ever wrote, is entitled, "Capriccio, on the absence of his dearly beloved brother."

He also wrote a fugal Capriccio for his oldest brother's birthday, perhaps with a design of showing him how much progress he had made since he left his roof, and showing that he had not treasured any resentment against his brother for trying to clip his wings.

The family affection which existed among the Bachs was always patriarchal and beautiful.

After spending two quiet, uneventful years at Arnstadt, Sebastian grew hungry for a change, most likely feeling himself "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the pretty little provincial town, where there were few who could sympathize with his artistic aspirations. He had saved up considerable from his salary; so he petitioned for a month's leave of absence, and shortly before Christmas started on his long walk of fifty leagues to Lübeck, where he wished to be present at the famous evening concerts at the Marien-Kirche, of which the Dane Dietrich Buxtehude was organist.

Here at Lübeck, Bach's path again almost crossed Handel's. Handel had been there two years before, during the summer, and had received a warm welcome from the town officials who made festivities in his honor. Bach came in a far more unostentatious manner; but it is believed that Buxtehude, in spite of his

seventy years, must have been greatly drawn to the young genius, who, in his turn, had much to learn from the brilliant Northern artist and composer.

Bach certainly found much to interest him in Lübeck, for he outstayed his allotted time by two whole months. There is good reason to believe that he might have remained permanently and succeeded Buxtehude if he had so wished. But the condition which attached to such a brilliant position, and the easy circumstances in which it would have placed him, was, marriage with the organist's eldest daughter, who was getting on into the sere and yellow leaf.

There were five other daughters, but the eldest was "reserved" for the situation; so Bach considered discretion the better part of valor, and took leave of his old friend.

He was scarcely at home again before he was cited before the Consistory to answer for his long absence, and also for his habit "of making sundry perplexing *variationes* in the chorales, and intermixing divers strange harmonies, so that thereby the congregation were confounded."

The document in which the quarrel between Bach and the Consistory is described is very quaint and amusing. The right was unquestionably on the side of the latter. Spitta, who is most judicial, says: "He forgot, in the ardor of youth, that, notwithstanding his extraordinary gifts, he must, after all, fulfil his duty." Spitta thinks that the Consistory, while they were justified in speaking with some harshness and severity, "showed themselves mild and patient beyond expectation."

He was given a week to explain his conduct, especially that relating to rehearsal with the scholars, which he had entirely given over. The week grew into eight

months, and in the following November Bach was again summoned before them to declare whether he felt no shame in receiving his salary when he failed to "make music" with the scholars.

They also remonstrated with him "on his having latterly allowed the *stranger maiden* to show herself and make music in the choir."

Bach's answer is lost, but from this time he was unhappy in Arnstadt, and tried to make a change. As to the "stranger maiden," whose presence in the choir seemed to violate the Scripture injunction, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," there is little doubt that she was Bach's cousin Maria Barbara who was then visiting in Arnstadt, being then about twenty years old. Sebastian had, of course, made her acquaintance. He played the organ for her out of school hours. Then he fell in love with her, and she became his wife.

Meantime, the post of organist to the Church of St. Blasius, in "the free imperial city" of Mühlhausen, became vacant by the death of the gifted Johann Georg Ahle, poet-laureate to the Emperor Leopold, and Bach received the appointment at a salary of eighty-five gülden, together with a certain amount of corn, wood, and kindlings, and three pounds of fish a year. The parish also agreed to loan him a vehicle to transport his furniture. An item in the parish register of Dornheim, a village near by, contains the following interesting entry: —

"On October 17, 1707, the respectable Herr Johann Sebastian Bach, a bachelor, and organist to the Church of St. Blasius at Mühlhausen, the surviving lawful son of the late most respectable Herr Ambrosius Bach, the famous town organist and musician of Eisenach, was

married to the virtuous maiden Maria Barbara Bach, the youngest surviving unmarried daughter of the late very respectable and famous artist Herr Johann Michael Bach, organist at Gehren, here in our house of God; by the favor of our gracious ruler, after their banns had been read in Arnstadt."

Count Anton Günther gave his consent, and remitted the usual fees; moreover, an uncle had recently died, leaving Sebastian fifty gülden. He parted from Arnstadt with the cordial good wishes of the people.

Bach now entered upon great musical activity, having excellent material in the city and neighboring towns, which were particularly devoted to music. He soon found the organ needed repairs; and he presented to the council a scheme of restoration which included a chime of twenty-four small bells, acted upon by pedals, — his own invention. Much interest was manifested, and Bach was charged with the practical management of the undertaking, which was to cost two hundred and thirty thalers. But, after all, Bach was an "outsider," and the jealousy which is apt to be shown by narrow minds toward genius, caused his position to be anything but pleasant. The pastor of the church was a bigoted pietist; and before the organ was completed Bach gladly accepted a call to Weimar once more, "his Royal and Serene Highness of Saxe-Weimar having graciously offered him the *entrée* to his court, capelle, and chamber music."

"The High and very Noble, High and very Learned, High and Respected Gentlemen," as he calls his patrons of the council, gave him a testimonial; and we next find Sebastian attached to the court of that "religious churchman," Duke Wilhelm Ernst, a ruler fond of theol-

ogy (he preached a sermon at the age of eight), of early hours (his court retired at eight in winter and nine in summer), but at the same time well disposed to science and art. He had a fine library, a valuable collection of coins; and a "court comedian," and "sixteen well-trained musicians, in the habit of *heyducs*, at times delighted his ear." He was especially fond of church music.

Spitta, commenting on this fortunate position for Bach and his great aims, says: "The court of Weimar stands forth among those of the princes of that period, as Bach himself does among composers for the Church. They seem made for each other."

Bach spent nine happy years in Weimar, enjoying a comfortable salary, and friendship with many stimulating minds. Mizler says, "The benevolence of his gracious sovereign inspired him to attempt all that was possible in the art of handling the organ, and here it was that he composed most of his organ pieces." Among his friends was the town organist, Walther. Bach once boasted that he could play anything at sight. Walther determined to baffle him. He asked him to breakfast, and conveniently placed on the clavier a simple-looking piece of music prepared for the occasion. He then watched for developments. Bach, according to his habit, tried over the piece. It did not go. He tried it again and again. Then leaping to his feet, he shouted to his exultant friend in the next room, "No, one cannot play everything at sight; the thing is impossible."

All the more creditable to his perseverance and genius is this, from the fact that he never possessed an organ "worthy of such a master." It was said of him that "with his two feet he could perform on the pedals passages which would be enough to provoke many a skilled

clavier-player with five fingers." He was undoubtedly the greatest organ-player that ever lived.

One time, during one of his numerous excursions to various towns and courts, — either to try new organs or to conduct his choral works, — he played for the Crown Prince Friedrich of Cassel, who was so delighted by his execution of a pedal solo, that the Prince presented him on the spot with a ring set with precious stones. An early writer, describing how his feet flew over the pedal-board as though they had wings, exclaimed, "What would the Prince have given him if he had used his hands and his feet as well!"

It was said that always in testing new instruments, he would first draw out all the stops, and play with full organ, saying, he must first of all know whether it had good lungs. He was always severe but just; and when the technical examination was over, he used to amuse himself and delight those present by playing his best upon it; and, says Forkel, he always proved anew that that he was really "the prince of all players upon the harpsichord and organ."

In the late autumn of 1713 he was at Halle, where he played on the new organ, which had sixty-three stops. The post of organist was vacant, and Bach signified his willingness to accept it. Some hitch about the salary, however, occurred, and the elders of Halle meanly insinuated that he had opened negotiations in order to extort higher wages from the Duke of Weimar.

For a man of Bach's singleness of purpose, and considering that even then he enjoyed a higher salary than he expected to get from Halle, such a libel was exasperating enough, and he wrote a very dignified and manly letter repudiating it. The Duke, however, increased his

wages to two hundred and sixty-four gülden, and he took the additional place of concert-master in the orchestra.

In the autumn of 1717 Bach went to Dresden, which at that time was one of the most musical cities in the world. Here he met Jean Louis Marchand, organist to the King of France, and a famous clavier-player, fourteen years older than Bach. He had fallen into disfavor with Louis XIV., and, leaving all his pupils, had gone to Germany, where his playing was greatly admired. When Bach arrived, two parties arose, pitting the Frenchman against the German. Marchand was extremely conceited, and his offensive airs led the director of the Dresden orchestra to play a joke upon him. At one of the royal concerts Marchand was to play some variations on a French air. Bach also was invited, and he was rather maliciously brought forward next. After a brief prelude he took up the same theme that Marchand had used, and improvised twelve variations upon it with such skill that Marchand's really fine playing was quite eclipsed.

Bach then, at the desire of his friends, challenged Marchand to a musical competition. The challenge was accepted; but after the jury had been selected, and a great company were assembled in Count Flemming's *salon* eagerly waiting, word was brought that Marchand had disappeared from Dresden.

Bach played alone, and the news of the defeat of French music spread all over Germany. The King, who had given Marchand two medals, worth one hundred ducats, paid no attention to Bach's confessed victory. He was rewarded only by his increased fame.

Shortly after this, perhaps feeling affronted that he was passed over in favor of a less talented musician for

the post of kapellmeister at Weimar, Bach accepted a call as kapellmeister to Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen. At Cöthen he received the salary of four hundred thalers a year, but he had no organ; and his happiness there must have consisted chiefly in his simple home life, in his great opportunities, on a small scale, for the practice and composition of instrumental music, and in the friendship of the Prince, a genuine music-lover, who had such a thorough appreciation of "the master," that he took him as a companion on his frequent journeys.

Bach also, every year, made various trips "into the outer world" to try new organs, of which he was such a consummate judge. On one occasion he went to Halle, hoping to meet Handel there; but Handel, either purposely or accidentally, had set out for England on the very day that Bach arrived. The two greatest organists that the world ever knew, though so exactly contemporaries, never met. It is probable that Handel did not care to meet his great rival. "Father" Bach, who had a far finer and loftier nature, was more generous in spirit, and utterly free from jealousy.

In May, 1720, Bach again went with Prince Leopold to Carlsbad. His return late in July was to a desolate home. His wife, the mother of his four living children, had died suddenly during his absence. Little is definitely known of her; but there is good reason to believe that she was not only a calm, kindly nature, but also sympathetic with all of her husband's aspirations.

A little more than a year later, however, following his own father's example, and the traditions of his family, he was again betrothed, and in December, 1721, married to Anna Magdalena, the youngest daughter of

Johann Caspar Wülken, court trumpeter in the ducal band at Weissenfels. She also was musical, and had a fine voice. Bach, a few years later, wrote to his friend Erdmann, in Russia, telling him how his children were one and all musicians born (*gebohrne musici*), and saying, "I can assure you that I can already form a concert *vocaliter* and *instrumentaliter* of my own family, particularly as my present wife sings a very neat treble, and my eldest daughter joins in bravely."

It was a lovely union. In the Royal Library at Berlin are two music-books kept by the husband and wife in common, and full of miscellaneous matter. The older of the two, "the little clavier book for Anna Magdalena *Bachin*," was begun almost immediately, and under the title stands in Bach's handwriting a quaint and curious semi-playful indication that it was the purpose of the contents to oppose the dry Calvinism and melancholy theology that prevailed in Cöthen. Among the pieces are some lovely songs, evidently meant for the young wife's voice. Most of them are religious; but one is entitled, "The Edifying Reflections of a Smoker," in which life is humorously compared to a clay pipe and its fire so quickly burnt out. Another is a charming bridal song written several years later.

Meantime, the organist of St. James's at Hamburg had died, and Bach about that time happened to go there in 1720 to play on the great organ at St. Katharine's, over which Reinken, now ninety-seven years old, still presided. Bach played for more than two hours to the delight of the distinguished audience. He improvised on one of Reinken's chorals; and, when he was through, the aged and somewhat conceited organist came to him and said, "I thought that this art was dead, but I see it still lives in you."

It was even then admitted that Bach had no equal in Germany. "Friends and foes alike," says Spitta, "here bowed to the irresistible force of an unheard-of power of execution, and could hardly comprehend how he could twist his fingers and his feet so wonderfully and so nimbly without hitting a single false note or displacing his body with violent swaying."

Before Bach's time performers did not use their thumbs or little fingers to any extent. Bach insisted upon the use of all the fingers, and this was an immense improvement; he is regarded as the father of modern pianoforte playing. Forkel says, "He played with so easy and small a motion of the fingers, that it was hardly perceptible. Only the first joints of his fingers were in motion; his hand retained, even in the most difficult passages, its rounded form; his fingers rose very little from the keys, hardly more than in a shake, and when one was employed the others remained still in their position. Still less did the other parts of his body share in his playing."

One would have thought that Bach would be immediately chosen as successor to the organist of St. James's, especially as he signified his willingness to accept it. There were seven candidates; but instead of taking the best or even the second best, the committee *sold* the place for four thousand marks to a man, as Mattheson said, "the son of a well-to-do artisan, who could prelude with thalers better than he could with his fingers." This roused much bitter feeling; and a popular preacher declared in his pulpit, that if one of the angels of Bethlehem who played divinely, desired to be organist to St. James's Church, if he had no money, he would have nothing to do but to fly away again."

Bach at first expected, as he himself said in a letter, to spend the last years of his life in Cöthen. But the "gracious Prince who both loves and understands music" married a Princess of Berenburg, and, as Bach said in the same letter: "As then it began to appear as though the said Prince's musical inclination was growing somewhat lukewarm, and at the same time the new Princess seemed to despise my art, it was the will of God that I should be called to be *Director Musices* here [at Leipzig], and cantor to the Thomas School."

Cantor was a less honorary position than kapellmeister, but the school at Leipzig was very ancient and honorable, and the position had been held by a long series of famous men; moreover, Bach kept up his ties with the Prince until the death of the latter in 1728.

After suitable changes had been made in the official residence in the left wing of the school building, Bach moved into it with his family, and there he lived the rest of his days.

In many respects his new position was very trying. He had to teach Latin to unruly boys, and the authorities to whom he was subjected were mean and narrow-minded, so that he was hampered and restricted in almost every way. Even after the first performance of his "Passion Music according to St. Matthew,"[1] — the most wonderful and awe-inspiring composition of its kind that was ever conceived and composed, unless that "according to St. John" be excepted, — the town council of

[1] Composed in 1729; first produced in St. Thomas's Church, Leipzig, Good Friday, April 15, 1729, the congregation joining in the choruses, notably the one known as "O Sacred Head all wounded," the air of which was a popular song by Johann Hassler. The work revised in 1740; revived by Mendelssohn March 12, 1829, in Berlin, and in St. Thomas's Church again Palm Sunday, 1841. First performance in America, May 8, 1874.

Leipzig would not grant the composer's reasonable request to choose nine musical scholars in preference to others among the candidates for the scholarships in the school.

And although, during the first seven years of his stay in Leipzig, "he had composed a series of cantatas which to any other musician would have represented the labors of a lifetime," — he wrote two hundred and sixty-six in all, — still the council took no heed of this glorious activity, but complained of him because he seemed to be neglecting his duties as Latin teacher and drill-master! The council called him to order, and, to bring him to terms, even deprived him of some of his just perquisites.

It was not strange that in a fit of depression, caused by discords in the school and opposition from without, he should write to his old friend Erdmann, who had become agent of the Emperor of Russia, at Dantzig, to get him, if possible, a position there. His letter is so interesting that we must quote the last half of it: —

"At first it did not altogether please me to become a cantor from having been a kapellmeister, and for this reason I deferred my decision for a quarter of a year; however, the position was described to me in such favorable terms that finally (and especially as my sons seemed inclined to study here) I ventured upon it in the Name of the Most High; I came to Leipzig, passed my examination, and then made the move. And here, by God's pleasure, I remain to this day.

"But now, since I find (i.) that this appointment is by no means so advantageous as it was described to me; (ii.) that many fees incidental to it are now stopped; (iii.) that the town is very dear to live in; (iv.) and that the authorities are very extraordinary, and little given to music, so that I live under almost constant vexation, jealousy, and persecution, I feel compelled to seek, with God's assistance, my fortune elsewhere. . . .

"My present position secures me about seven hundred thalers,

and when there are rather more deaths than usual the fees increase in proportion; but it is a healthy air, so it sometimes happens on the contrary — as in the past year — that I have lost above one hundred thalers of the usual funeral fees. . . .

"I must now make some small mention of my domestic circumstances."

And he goes on to tell about his seven children — all born musicians — and the oldest already in the university.

Nothing came of this request to Erdmann, and Bach undoubtedly found alleviating circumstances at Leipzig, where, in spite of the high cost of living, he managed to bring his finances into fairly good order, and to lay up a small sum of money.

Soon after this the affairs of the Thomas School, which had become badly disorganized, were greatly improved by the famous Gesner, the new rector, whose motto (worth remembering) was: "Always do something that is of some definite use, and which you can turn to account in your calling in life." Gesner and Bach became great friends. Long afterwards in a note to his edition of Marcus Fabius Quinctilian, where the Latin author, speaking of the capacity of a man to do several things at once, instances a lyre-player who can utter words and tones, play on the instrument, and beat time with his foot, he says: —

"All these, my Fabius, you would deem very trivial, could you but rise from the dead, and see Bach; . . . how he, with both hands, and using all his fingers, plays on a keyboard which seems to consist of many lyres in one, and may be called the instrument of instruments, of which the innumerable pipes are made to sound by means of bellows; and how he, going one way with his hands, and another way with the utmost celerity with his feet, elicits, by his unaided skill, many of the most varied passages, which, how-

ever, uniting produce, as it were, hosts of harmonious sounds; I say, could you only see him, how he achieves what any number of your lyre-players, and six hundred flute-players, could never achieve, not as one who may sing to the lyre, and so perform his part, but by presiding over thirty or forty performers all at once. . . . Great admirer as I am of antiquity in other respects, I yet deem this Bach of mine, and whoever there may chance to be that resembles him, to comprise in himself many Orpheuses and twenty Arions."

Through Gesner's conciliatory nature, Bach found himself in a far more comfortable position, and, being in command of the most famous musical society in town, he was able to produce his works worthily.

Most of them were religious in character, though a few were written for weddings or secular festivals. One is even a comic cantata on the abuse of coffee. *Papa Schlendrian* wants to cure his daughter *Lieschen* of her passion for the new luxury. He threatens her not to give her a husband, but she gets even with him by declaring that no lover need ever come to the house unless it shall be inserted in the marriage settlement that she may make coffee as she likes it.

The tickets for this cantata, supposed to have been performed in Frankfurt in 1739, were sold for thirty kreutzers.

Gesner's successor as Rector to the Thomas School was a young man named Ernesti, in many ways able and suitable for his position but lacking in tact and culture. Bach, who was old enough to be his father, was soon involved in a serious quarrel with him over certain interferences in the musical affairs of the school. Bach was hot-tempered and in the right, though he did not follow Ernesti's example and indulge in personal recrimination; but it was two years before the matter

was settled to his satisfaction; even then it resulted in a certain loss of prestige. Bach was the greatest man of his time, and yet he felt obliged humbly to petition August III., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, for the appointment of court composer.

It was two years before it was granted, and then only after Bach, probably as an escape from the annoyances of his subordinate position, had petitioned a second time for it. The year before it was granted, Bach wrote a new cantata for every Sunday and holy day between Easter and Whitsuntide, except, perhaps, the first Sunday after Easter. For the "Ascension" he wrote two. Besides this, innumerable other compositions, vocal and instrumental, came from his busy pen. He was very popular among the university students, for whom he composed a long series of pieces, vocal and instrumental, often full of fun and satire. And yet he seemed to be perfectly free from any conceit concerning his genius. He even said: "I have to be diligent, and any one who is equally so will get on equally well!"

Such a man needed no royal or princely titles. And yet it is always vexatious to have the typical position of a prophet in one's own country, — to be overlooked and disregarded, often in favor of less able men, simply because one is unwilling to achieve present popularity by following ephemeral fashions.

Still, Bach was greatly admired in Leipzig, and no musician ever came there without visiting "the master." His son said: "My father's greatness in composition and in organ and clavier playing, which was quite remarkable, was too well known for any musician of importance to neglect the opportunity of making that

great man's acquaintance whenever it was in any way possible." He had a glorious succession of talented pupils, and on the whole his life was successful even in the worldly sense.

During all these years Bach, though he never went to Italy, travelled about more or less in Germany, hearing opera in Dresden, trying new organs in this place and that, visiting friends, and performing his duties as honorary kapellmeister to several courts.

His last great expedition was to Potsdam, where he was invited by the King, Frederick the Great, in whose service were his son, Emanuel Bach, and several of his pupils.

In May, 1747, he and his oldest son, Friedemann, reached the château. The King was just about to perform his usual flute solo, accompanied by his band, when, casting his eye on the list of strangers who had arrived in town, he suddenly turned to the musicians and said, in some excitement, "Gentlemen, old Bach has come!" He laid aside his flute, and instantly sent for the famous composer, not even allowing him time to put on his black court dress.

Bach apologized for appearing in his travelling costume, but the King bade him make no excuses, and then and there began a lively conversation. He made him play on the new Silbermann pianofortes, of which he was very proud, and summoning him to the château the next day he desired him to improvise a six-part fugue. When the King heard it, he exclaimed, "There is only one Bach, only one Bach!"

On Bach's visit to Berlin he inspected the great opera-house there, and it is said that without hearing a note of music in it, he was able to detect by a glance "every

thing advantageous or detrimental to musical effect in it." He also pointed out a wonderful whispering gallery in the hall which not even the architect had suspected.

The King gave Bach a theme for improvisation, and two months after his return to Leipzig the composer published his so-called "Musical Offering," in which he used the King's theme as the basis for a number of "thoroughly developed and artistic compositions," a work which Spitta calls the vestibule by which he entered into his greater work, "The Art of the Fugue."

This was dedicated to the King in a dignified, though somewhat conventional, preface. The work contained specimens of Bach's fondness for harmless jests. For instance, he wrote out the theme itself in notes of double length, and above it the words: "May the King's glory increase in proportion to that of the notes." And again in an ascending canon he wrote: "May the King's virtue rise and rise forever as do the notes of this canon."

Among Bach's pupils was Gerber, whose veneration for him was so great that for a year he could not make up his mind to ask for lessons. Another was the distinguished Johann Ludwig Krebs, the most talented of his pupils. Of him Bach used to say jokingly, "He is the one Crab (Krebs) in this Brook (Bach)." Still another was Johann Theophilus Goldberg, a *protégé* of Bach's patron, Baron von Kayserling. Bach wrote his Thirty Variations for him, and the baron was so delighted with the music that he sent the composer a snuff-box containing one hundred louis d'or.

Bach's pupils made a part of his family, and, doubtless, assisted in the concerts which he had in his music-room. He himself usually played the viola. He liked

to accompany songs on the clavier. He enjoyed looking over new compositions, and sometimes would improvise a trio into a quartet. Chapter six of his will enumerates more than a dozen and a half of musical instruments, including a Stainer violin, lutes, claviers, spinets, violas, bass-viols, etc., which must have enabled him to furnish forth a very respectable orchestra.

His home life was delightful. His quick temper sometimes led him into controversies outside, but did not disturb the peaceful, artistic atmosphere of his dwelling. His chief amusement was writing and copying. He wrote a beautiful hand, almost like copper-plate. Spitta delightfully compares him with Luther: "At once a hero and a child, untamed and yet impressionable and tender."

One time the organist at St. Thomas's was playing at rehearsal and made some mistake. Bach snatched off his flowing wig, flung it at the culprit, and thundered out, "You would better have been a cobbler!"

Though he would sometimes turn a recalcitrant scholar out of the choir or dismiss him from supper-table, he was regarded with deep admiration and affection, especially by all his personal pupils.

We have spoken of his diligence and modesty: he detested flattery. Once when some one spoke with extravagant praise of his skill on the organ, he replied, —

"There is nothing very wonderful about it: you have only to touch the right key at the right time, and the instrument does the rest."

"You have five as good fingers on each hand as I have," he would say to his pupils when they complained of difficulties. Though so great himself, he was lenient

toward others. If away from home he always went to church and listened to the music. If the organist introduced a fugue, he would foretell what the treatment would be or ought to be, and if the performer worked it out as he sketched it, he used to nudge his son's elbow and be greatly delighted. He never spoke harshly of a fellow artist.

His greatness as an organist is shown by a mythical story afloat during his lifetime: that he would go into a church dressed as a poor village schoolmaster, and request the organist to let him play, and then improvise so wonderfully that the people would say, "That must be either Bach or the Devil!"

Bach's characteristics are easily read in his strong, marked face. The intellect in the noble, broad forehead, the arched eyebrow, the temper in the line between them; the humor, which was always rippling out, can be seen in the lines of the mouth and nose.

Only seven of Bach's compositions were printed during his lifetime. Even the so-called "Well-tempered Clavichord," which Schumann advised young students to make their daily bread, the work by which he is best known, waited for more than fifty years before it was published, though it was advertised for publication in London in 1799.

Bach's compositions include the two hundred and thirty cantatas now in existence, three (possibly five) sacred oratorios, seven complete masses, twenty-one Latin church services, four funeral cantatas, eighteen birthday cantatas, twenty-eight motets for double chorus, forty-eight preludes and fugues for the clavier, eighteen suites, — he brought the suite to the utmost perfection, — thirty-nine long works for organ, twenty-nine

shorter pieces, six trios with pedal obligato, fifteen two-part "inventions," fifteen three-part "symphonies," six 'cello sonatas, six violin sonatas, and numberless pieces called "*Partite diverse*," of which Forkel says, "Nothing can be more dignified, sublime, and devout than these preludes."

Such was the heritage which his industry and greatness left to posterity.

Schumann, after remarking that Beethoven had not to study all that Mozart did, or Mozart all that Händel did, or Händel all that Palestrina did, for the reason that each had absorbed so much of his predecessors, added, "Only from one might all find ever new creative power — from Johann Sebastian Bach!"

Those of Bach's children who lived enjoyed good education, and when they were ready to start for themselves, he helped them by his influence to obtain excellent positions. None of them was equal in talent to their father. McFarren says: "It would seem as if there had been the long rising of a meteor, which burst in the air and broke in single sparks, of which these sons are the coruscations."

Friedemann, who was his favorite son, was dissipated; he became obstinate, irascible, and morose. Emanuel was an imitator. Gottfried Heinrich, the eldest son of the second family, had genius that never developed; he was regarded as an imbecile. Bernard, who had the place of organist at Mühlhausen, began to study law, but died young. Johann Friedrich, "the Benjamin of the family," had precocious talents, and was early appointed Kammer-musicus to Count von Lippe. One of his daughters married his pupil, Altnikol, and their first child was named for his grandfather.

Bach was troubled during his later years by a weakness of the eyes, perhaps inherited, but doubtless increased by his use of them when a boy copying manuscripts by moonlight. In the winter of 1749–50 he allowed an operation to be performed by a famous English surgeon then in Leipzig. It failed, and Bach became totally blind, and the barbarous medical treatment connected with it ruined his health. On July 18, 1750, his eyesight suddenly returned; but a few hours later he was stricken with paralysis, and died in ten days, on July 28th, 1750.

Just before his death, he dictated an organ chorale which he had composed some time before on the words, —

"When we are in the direst need,"

but he now adapted the sentiment to another hymn, —

"Before thy throne herewith I come."

Johann Michael Schmidt, one of Bach's admirers, said afterwards: "All that the advocates of materialism could bring forward must collapse before this one example."

Bach was buried at St. John's. The whole school followed him to the grave. Bells were tolled, and the minister announced from the pulpit: —

"The very worthy and venerable Herr Johann Sebastian Bach . . . having fallen calmly and blessedly asleep in God, in St. Thomas's Churchyard, his body has this day, according to Christian usage, been consigned to the earth."

The Musical Union of Leipzig performed a mourning ode to his memory. But the town council of Leipzig

forever dishonored itself by allowing to be entered on its minutes the sarcastic remark: "The cantor at the Thomas-schule, or rather the kapelldirector, Bach, is dead," and the resolve, "The school needs a cantor and not a kapellmeister, though he must understand music too!" and that "Herr Bach had been a great musician, but not a schoolmaster!"

Bach's sons made their way into the world as best they could, and for "one generation more the name of Bach was a name of credit and glory in the world of German art."

It is certainly not to their credit that their mother and sisters were allowed to fall into poverty. Anna Magdalena died ten years later as "an alms woman." The youngest daughter, Regina Johanna, lived on in poverty and privation till at last, in the evening of life, a public subscription, to which Beethoven contributed, secured to her — the last of the family — some relief.

Poole says: "The last infamy of Leipzig was achieved when St. John's Churchyard, in which Bach had been laid to rest, was rooted up and made into a road. His bones were scattered, no man knew or cared where." "One evening," says Schumann, "I went to the Leipzig churchyard to find the grave of a great man. Many hours I searched around and about, — I found no J. S. Bach; . . . and when I asked the sexton about it, he shook his head over the man's obscurity and remarked 'there were many Bachs.'"

It was not until 1842 that he even had a statue, — he, the Milton of musicians! His grandson, William Bach, who had long resided in London and was sometimes called the London Bach, lived to be present, with his wife and two sons, at the dedication of the Leipzig

monument. He received a pension of three hundred thalers.

But the reaction, which came at last, has placed Bach forever at the head of all musicians and composers. It has been said that he anticipated every idea that has ever been born since his day. He is the inspiration of the pianist, the organist, and the composer.

GEORGE FREDERICK HÄNDEL.

(1685-1759.)

IF human history be mapped out like an astronomical chart, we find that geniuses are generally grouped in constellations. There are widely separated periods when several stars of the first magnitude are shining all together. And now and again we come upon double stars.

Such were Bach and Händel.

Born within a month of each other, their courses were strangely parallel and at the same time strangely dissimilar.

The one was the outcome of a long line of musical ancestors, burning like a sun, the evolution of which can be traced back to the primitive nebula.

The other was the only representative of genius in his race; flaring like a splendid comet, come from no one knows where.

The one never moved from his orbit; the other found it only after an erratic course. The one was calm and serene, though bright and beautiful; the other was fierce and dramatic, full of passion and fire. The one was domestic, always German, though he belongs to the world; the other, sweeping through all lands, a cosmopolitan, became England's pride, and hence the world's. The one published during his lifetime many compositions; the other saw scarce anything of his in print.

Both were men of wit, men of more than usual education; both were consummate organists, unequalled players on the clavier, religious composers of the highest rank; both, like Milton, became blind. But great as Händel was, Bach must forever be known as THE ONE!

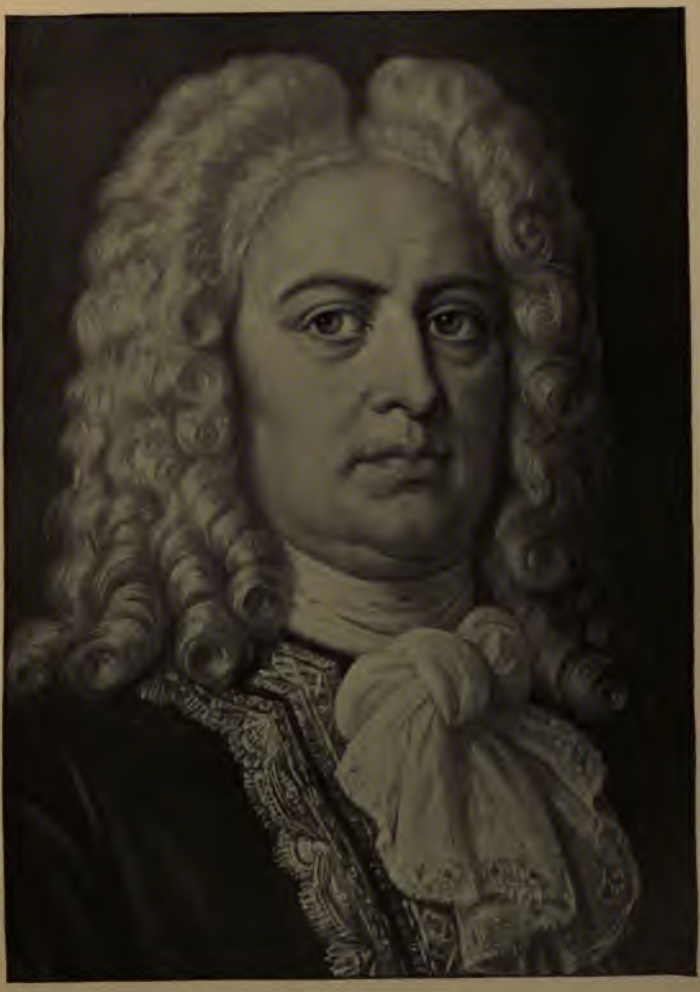
On Monday, the 23d of February, 1685, the house in that part of Halle on the Saale, known as "der Schlamm," or *the Mud*, where lived the worthy town surgeon Georg Händel, was gladdened by the birth of a man child, who, in accordance with the good old Lutheran custom, was the next day taken to the solemn Liebfrauenkirche, and baptized under the name of Georg Friedrich.

This child lived to confer its most perennial glory on its native place; and the house where it is supposed he was born, "Grosser Schlamm, N^ro^ 4," has been for years an object of pilgrimage.

His ancestry has but negative interest.

Early in the seventeenth century a master coppersmith — whose family name, Händel, or the Trader, enjoyed the privilege of being spelled in some fifteen different ways — settled in Halle, a town at that time made lively by the Court of one of the noblest of German princely families, and prosperous from its natural wealth of salt-springs.

Having secured the freedom of the town, the worthy Valentin, for so he was called, proceeded to establish his family. One of his five sons, the youngest, Georg, instead of following his father's trade, took a more ambitious course. At that day surgery and barbering were practised in common, as is mutely symbolized even now in the traditional barber's pole with its significant stripes.



HANDEL.

The youth became an apprentice to Christoph Öttinger, the town barber, and when the latter died, Georg took the business, and in due time the widow, also, though she was ten or twelve years his senior. Less than a decade later "Meister Görge," as he was respectfully called, was appointed town surgeon of Giebichenstein, a suburb of Halle. Later he became *Leib Chirurgus*, or surgeon in waiting, as well as privy chamberlain, to Prince Augustus of Saxony.

When Frau Anna, the mother of his six children, died at the age of seventy-two, the now well-to-do and dignified surgeon early in the following year married Dorothea Taust, the daughter of the pastor of Giebichenstein, whom he had known since she was a young girl.

This saintly and unselfish woman, whose virtues are eloquently set forth in a funeral oration, was the mother of the composer, and it was from her that he is supposed to have inherited certain of his greatest qualities, — his piety, his pure family affection, his diligence, earnestness, and modesty. Two daughters completed the second branch of the surgeon's family.

From his father, on the other hand, he inherited probably his physical characteristics, and also his zeal for improvement, and his indomitable will.

The child from his earliest infancy gave token of his musical nature. As he lay in his cradle, the deep tones of the big bell in the neighboring church must have thrilled him. When he was older he listened with delight to the stately chorals performed — as they are to the present day — by the town musicians each evening on the Liebfrauenkirche tower. The Christmas presents of musical toys, little trumpets, horns, flutes,

drums, jews'-harps, which fell to his lot, he organized, not into a pandemonium, as other children would have done, but into a sort of orchestra.

This passion at last attracted the old father's attention. He saw in it a menace to that mental attitude which his pet son, whom he designed for the noble profession of the law, should encourage. The little orchestra was forbidden; music was tabooed; houses where there was danger of music being heard were avoided. The old gentleman, of course, meant well; he loved his son, but he took a dangerous course. To repress such a genius is sometimes like weighting the safety-valve of an engine. An explosion may occur.

But such a genius must have its vent and seek its bent.

Some one, perhaps his mother's sister, Jungfer Anna, who was his godmother, took pity on him, procured for him a little clavichord, and smuggled it into the attic. Here upon this instrument, which was not much larger than a music-box, and the tone of which was so muffled that it would not disturb even the mice, much less his loud-snoring father far below, the little fellow got his first training in composition.

Self-taught! And yet what progress he made!

When he was seven or eight years old, his father had some business at the court of the Duke of Sächse-Weissenfels, where his grandson, Georg Christian Händel, served as *Kammerdiener* or valet. Naturally the young musician wanted to go too. But his father refused his permission. The wagon set forth. Little Händel waited awhile, then without informing any one, he started out to overtake it. His strong young legs were swifter than the solemn horses that dragged the doctor's heavy carriage.

When the first halting-place was reached, the boy suddenly appeared before his father. There was nothing to do but take him along, and as that end was attained he listened submissively to the lecture on the evils of disobedience with which the journey was further enlivened.

This journey, beginning with a long, hard run over a dusty road, with tears and supplications, was the turning point of Händel's fortunes.

The Duke was a great patron of music, and supported an excellent chapel; some of them made friends with the boy, and took him to their rehearsals. On Sunday, after the service, the organist lifted him upon the organ-bench and let him play. The Duke overheard him, and was surprised. He asked his valet who the organist was.

"It is the little Händel from Halle, my grandfather's youngest son."

He might have replied "my uncle," but the nephew was at least ten years the older, and felt ashamed to state the relationship in all its frank absurdity.

The Duke summoned the worthy Händel and his son into his presence, filled the boy's pockets with coins, and urged the surgeon to encourage such extraordinary genius.

Accordingly, on their return to Halle, Georg Friedrich was placed under the instruction of Zachau, the organist of the neighboring church. The talented Zachau was then only about thirty years old, and he proved to be an admirable teacher for the lad; under the sunshine of the friendship which soon sprung up between the two, fine progress was made. Singing, organ, clavier, oboë or hautboy, violin, and all the other instruments then used in orchestral playing were made

familiar to him. He was well grounded in counterpoint, and had to compose exercises every week.

Händel, many years later, was shown some three-part sonatas, for two oboës and bass, which he had written when he was about nine yĕars old. He was greatly delighted to see them, and remarked laughingly, —

"I used to write like the *Teffel* in those days, but chiefly for the hautboy, which was my favorite instrument."

While he was making such astonishing advance in music, that in three years Zachau could teach him nothing more, he was also delighting his father by his zeal in Latin and other studies. The road leading to the law was not yet abandoned. The old father still cherished illusions about seeing his son a famous jurist. Still he was true to his promise to the Duke, and gave him every opportunity for the best training in music. He was one of the men who had no belief in half-measures.

Berlin at this time was a musical centre. The Elector Friedrich — afterwards King of Prussia — was a man of liberal views and a patron of talent. His wife, Sophia Charlotte, Princess of Hannover, later known as "the Philosophic Queen," was a pupil of Steffani, and regarded as the equal of many kapellmeisters. She herself sat at the clavier and directed concerts and operas in which princes and princesses took part; and such was the reputation this musical court obtained, that artists flocked there from all parts of Europe.

Hither Händel when eleven or twelve years old came, in charge of some family friend. He played before the Elector and his wife, who were amazed at his performances. He was introduced to the famous musicians who were sunning themselves in royal favor there, — two

especially, — both Italians. One was the Dominican monk, Father Ariosti, a distinguished master of the clavier, who took a genuine delight in the gifted boy, and, while listening to him by the hour, gave him many useful hints.

The other was the jealous G. B. Buononcini. This famous composer, who, a quarter of a century later, became Händel's rival in London, at first affected to scorn the wonderful lad who was rousing so much enthusiasm. Then he tried an experiment, thinking to show the folly of it. He composed a chromatic cantata with a thorough-bass figured for the clavier, and set Händel to accompany it at sight.

The difficulties with which it bristled were nothing to him. The expression, correctness, and beauty of his performance were beyond criticism. Henceforth Buononcini was polite, but he could not hide his jealousy. Such a victory over the most famous composer of the Court, and the continual praises of the Berlin musicians, might well have turned the boy's head. We have good reason to believe the contrary. His nature was too sound and healthy. He had the modesty of true genius.

The Elector was proud of his little vassal, and wrote Meister Görge offering to send him free of expense to Italy to continue his studies in what was then "the promised land," and assuring him an adequate position on his return. His father judged it best to refuse the flattering offer. The old surgeon could not spare his Benjamin; nor had he ever yet felt willing to see him renounce the glittering promise of the law. Händel — disappointed as he must have been — came to see the propriety of the refusal. Only a few years later, when Friedrich I. died, his parsimonious successor, "by a

stroke of the pen," scattered the "chapel;" the "adequate position" would have proved a delusion. It was, like all disappointments, a wholesome lesson, and, judging by his after career, Händel was strengthened by it in his love of independence.

The following year, Meister Görge died, at the age of seventy-five, leaving behind him three children, twenty-eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. The printed funeral oration, and the inscription upon his tombstone in the "God's Acre" where he owned a lot, show the estimation in which he was held.

After this sad event, which Händel certainly felt keenly, — for family affection was one of the strongest elements of his nature, — he kept on with his studies; his friend Mattheson said, "He adds to his rare musical knowledge very many other polite *studia.*" At seventeen he left the Latin school; in 1702, the name, "Georg Friedrich Händel, Halle, Magdeburg," was entered in the "Student-Book" of the newly founded and flourishing Friedrichs University, probably in the faculty of law — as *studiosus juris.* Thus he carried out his father's wishes, though his father had been dead five years lacking a day!

The same year Händel, though a Lutheran, was appointed organist, *ad interim*, to the Calvinistic Cathedral-Church in the Moritzburg, in place of J. C. Leporin, dismissed on account of gross neglect of duty and dissipation. The correspondence relating to the new appointment, written in quaint old-fashioned German, is still in existence. Händel, who is there referred to merely as "an Evangelical Lutheran subject," received the salary of fifty dollars a year and an official residence sub-let for sixteen more. This was a great increase over

the remuneration of some of the earlier incumbents; the rapid succession leading one biographer to surmise that at least one of them may have starved to death! The organ was fine.

After about a year of study at the university, and the composition of hundreds of cantatas for the cathedral, replacing the manuscript and scores lost through Leporin's carelessness, and teaching vocal and instrumental music to the students at the gymnasium, Händel at last determined to turn his back upon the law and follow the bent of his genius.

It took him first to Hamburg in the spring of his nineteenth year, with a slim purse, but abounding in hope.

It was an excellent move, for at that time the "free city of Hamburg" was in the heyday of its musical prosperity: singers and instrumentalists of all kinds swarmed there; the "great collegium musicum" was flourishing under the impetus given it years before by Bernhard, pupil of Heinrich, "father of German music;" and the opera theatre on the Gänsemarkt, or Goose-market, was enjoying "golden days," under the direction of Reinhard Keiser, the composer of one hundred and twenty operas.

One of Händel's first friends was Johann Mattheson, a native Hamburger, at that time principal tenor at the opera. He wrote a number of operas, and several works on music, as well as musical biographies. He says of Händel, —

"In 1703, in the summer, he came to Hamburg, rich in capacity and good-will. . . . Through me, he visited organs and choirs, operas and concerts, and especially a certain house where everybody was intensely devoted

to music. At first he played the second violin in the opera orchestra, and acted as though he could not count five, since he was by nature inclined to a certain dry jocularity." Dr. Burney long afterwards said of him: "He had always a dry way of making the gravest people laugh, without laughing himself."

The members of the orchestra must have been surprised to see this young fellow, who had been assigned the humblest place, when suddenly called upon — perhaps as a joke — to do the work of the absent clavier-player, "acquit himself like a man."

The same year Mattheson and Händel went by boat to Lübeck as possible successors to the worthy but aged Buxtehude with the dragon-daughter incumbrance. Händel was full of buoyant spirits. Mattheson describes the journey, and tells of the compliments, honors, and pleasant entertainments which they received in spite of their disinclination to commit matrimony. He says his friend "was strong on the organ; stronger than Kuhnau in fugue and counterpoint, especially *ex tempore;* but he knew very little about melody."

While the opera-house was closed during the spring and summer months of the following year, Mattheson was giving concerts in Holland. Händel, who, as Mattheson says, was at this time prone to "composing very long, long arias and almost interminable cantatas, lacking in dexterity and good taste," brought out in Holy Week a "Passion Oratorio." This work, which was long supposed to be lost, was discovered a few years ago, and published by the German Händel Society in 1860.

Mattheson returned to Hamburg for the winter, and produced his third opera "Cleopatra;" taking himself

the part of *Antonius*, the principal tenor, "with such naturalness that the spectators gave vent to a shout of delight," as he says, while Händel presided at the clavier. *Antonius* dies at an early stage of the opera, and Mattheson, who considered himself, as he says, Händel's superior at that instrument, and wanted to show off a little more, felt called upon to supplant the latter in the orchestra.

Händel twice gave in to him, but the third time refused to vacate his post. Mattheson was furious, and as they passed out of the theatre gave him a hard box on the ear. Swords were instantly drawn, and the spectators were given a taste of the tragedy of real life acted on the open Gänsemarkt. Händel was "tall, strong, broad-shouldered, and muscular," and Mattheson went home with a broken sword. He himself declares that Händel's life was probably saved by his sword breaking on a broad metal button on his opponent's coat!

There were probably other grounds for the quarrel, for Mattheson was at this time interfering with Händel's position in the music-loving family above mentioned. It was that of the English ambassador Wich, whose son Händel had been teaching, and whose secretary Mattheson became the following year, appropriating also Händel's position.

This quarrel was soon patched up. The combatants dined together on the 30th of December, and in the evening rehearsed Händel's first opera, "The Vicissitudes of Royalty, or Almira Queen of Castile," which was performed on the 8th of January, 1705, though several editions of the text-book were printed in the preceding months. The affair on the Goosemarket had won for Händel the sympathy and good-will of the people.

Though it had many crudities, and was a queer musical salad of German and Italian words, it proved an immediate success, and was given nineteen or twenty times until the 25th of February. Long afterwards Händel utilized some of the musical ideas for other works. The saraband in the third act became the famous aria *Lascia ch'io pianga* in "Rinaldo;" nearly half of the work was in the same way reconstructed.

"Almira" was succeeded by "Love obtained through Blood and Murder, or Nero." It contained seventy-five arias, this time all in German. Händel groaned over the text, saying, "How can a musician do anything beautiful, when he cannot have beautiful words?" It was performed only two or three times. Petty rivalries at the theatre began to make his position there disagreeable.

He wrote two more operas in Hamburg, and these together with his numerous scholars enabled him to repay whatever sums he had borrowed from his mother, and also to send her pleasant Christmas gifts. His was a generous spirit, and he loved to give. By the end of the second year following he had also laid up two hundred ducats. Thus he had earned sufficient money to take him to Italy.

How much better it was than to have accepted the patronizing favor of princes! Even now he might have gone free of cost. One of the Medici, the Prince of Tuscany, greatly impressed by "Almira" in 1705, offered to take him back to Florence with him. Händel courteously declined.

Rockstro says that Händel — probably in the summer (?) of 1706 — "bade farewell to his friends in Hamburg, and leaving behind him two large chests full of sonatas, cantatas, and other compositions both vocal and

instrumental, of which no trace can now be discovered, set off on his journey to the opposite side of the Alps."

He evidently did not consider Mattheson one of his friends, for he took no leave of him. He had good reason to dislike him. The story of the two chests full of compositions was most likely made up out of whole cloth. No such chests were ever known.

The next thirteen years of Händel's life were what the Germans call his wander-years. They were wonder-years too. He went to Florence, where the lyric drama, chance birth of futile endeavors to reproduce the perished theatre of the Greeks, had its natal home. Here he produced several cantatas, and re-wrote the overture to "Almira," perhaps for the Prince of Tuscany, who would have warmly welcomed him.

After a three or four months' visit to Rome, where he produced some church music on Latin versions of the Psalms, he returned to Florence, and there brought out his first Italian opera, "Rodrigo," which won for him popular applause, a hundred sequins and a silver service from the Duke, and the love of "the leading lady"! This singer is supposed to have been the famous Vittoria Tesi, though romantic stories have declared that she was the Grand Duchess Vittoria. Mainwaring says that Händel appeared to this more complacent Daphne as grand and majestic as Apollo.

She certainly followed the composer to Venice, and appeared in his second Italian opera, "Agrippina," which was the most successful of his works up to that time. "So excited were the audience," says Mainwaring, "that a stranger would have mistaken them for a company of madmen. At every little pause the theatre resounded with shouts of *Viva il caro Sassone* — Long live the dear Saxon!"

It had a run of twenty-seven nights without interruption, and held the boards for twenty years. The fact that many titled Englishmen were then in Venice prepared the way for Händel's cordial reception afterwards in London.

His mastery as a performer is said to have filled the Italians with wonder. They attributed his powers to magic; and the story is told, that the great composer Domenico Scarlatti heard Hendel (as he called himself in Italy) at a masquerade run his fingers over the keys of a clavier, and exclaimed, "That must be either the famous Saxon or the Devil."

Händel may have become engaged to La Tesi, but Coxe says, "He was too prudent to encourage an attachment which would have been the ruin of both." Händel was never married, and the romantic stories related of the singer are very likely apocryphal.

Händel visited Rome again, and was most cordially received by various members of the famous Roman academy known as *Arcadia*, which numbered among its fifteen hundred associates, popes, kings, cardinals, poets, musicians, artists, and men of genius from all over Europe. Händel was only twenty-three, — too young to be enrolled as a member.

A number of German princes had about this time united with the Roman communion. It was not strange that there should have been an attempt made to induce "the dear Saxon" to enter the mother Church. How he would have been welcomed, he who had set the seal of his genius on the beautiful words of the Roman ritual! But he replied that he should live and die in the communion in which he had been born; and his answer was so gracefully couched that no offence was given, but he

retained the respect and love of the prelates who had approached him, — notably Cardinal Pamfili, who in a poem called him the *Orpheus* of his day.

In Rome Händel wrote several oratorios: "*La Resurrezione,*" performed in Cardinal Ottoboni's [1] palace, the violins being led by the gentle Corelli. This was soon followed by "*Il Trionfo del Tempo e del Disinganno,*"— The Triumph of Time and Disillusion. Corelli found the overture too difficult, and Händel substituted for it an Italian symphony. When on one occasion Händel snatched the violin from his hand to show with how much more life and spirit a certain phrase should be read, the Italian with gentle courtesy replied, "But, dear Saxon, this music is in the French style, which I do not understand."

In Rome Händel became intimate with Alessandro Scarlatti, the greatest Italian composer then living, and with his talented son Domenico. At Cardinal Ottoboni's request Händel entered into a friendly contest with the latter on the organ and clavier. Händel came out first best on the organ: as regarded the clavier, it was a drawn battle. There was no personal rivalry between them. Händel always spoke most eulogistically of Scarlatti; and Scarlatti, when praised for his organ-playing, would cross himself and say, —

"But you should hear Hendel!"

After a short visit in Naples, where he was again greatly honored, provided with a palazzo, and furnished "with table, couch, and all other accommodations," and produced his serenata (*Aci, Galitea e Polifemo*), he

[1] Dryden in the prolog to his "King Arthur" composed by Purcell said:

"Indeed it were a bargain worth our money
Could we insure another Ottobuoni."

returned to Rome, and on Christmas heard the Calabrian shepherds celebrating the birth of Christ after their immemorial usage. The music of these *pifferari*, or pipers, he afterwards introduced with wonderful effect into the pastoral symphony of the "Messiah."

On his way home, at Venice he met the Abbé Steffani, Kapellmeister at Hannover, and the musical Baron Kielmansegge, the intimate friend of the Elector George of Brunswick. He returned with them to Hannover, stopping on his way dutifully to visit his mother at Halle. His mother was sixty, and still at this time hale and hearty; his sister Johanna Christiana had died; the other, Dorothea Sophia, had married during his absence.

Händel made many promises while he was in Italy. Above all, he promised his numerous English friends to visit London. So having accepted the position of Kapellmeister at Hannover in place of his friend Steffani who had been appointed to some diplomatic mission, he demanded a year's leave of absence and started for England. On his way he visited Johann Wilhelm, Elector of the Pfalz, who was a great patron of music, and would gladly have retained him in his service. He, who had made the violinist Corelli a marquis, testified to his admiration of Händel by giving him a service of plate.

Händel's first labor in London when he arrived in the early winter of 1710 was the composition, in about a fortnight's time, of the opera "Rinaldo." The libretto was utterly inane, but Händel succeeded in wedding to it most charming music. Addison, in the *Spectator*, bitterly criticised these foreign tastes, and especially the device of letting living birds — they were unfortunately all sparrows — loose on the stage, exposed "to the danger of cremation among the footlights;" but in spite of such

puerilities the work was wonderfully successful. It was played night after night for weeks, and held the stage as late as 1731. Walsh published an incomplete edition of the songs in it, by which he made fifteen hundred pounds. Händel is said, perhaps on not sufficiently good authority, to have remarked that next time the music-seller should compose the opera, and he would publish it!

Reluctantly leaving his London friends and the weekly musicals in the rude stable salon of Thomas Britton, "the small-coal man," where brilliant weekly gatherings took place, Händel returned to his post in Hannover, and during the year that followed he composed a great quantity of Italian chamber-music, perhaps thirteen duets, a number of cantatas, and some German songs. He was also making famous progress in learning English. On the 23d of November of that year he stood as sponsor to his sister's baby daughter Frederike, who was always his favorite niece and became his residuary legatee.

But in spite of the excellent orchestra under his control, and his salary of twenty-five hundred thalers, his heart was in London; and there, after obtaining a second leave of absence, "on condition that he engaged to return within a reasonable time," he appeared again late in 1712; his new opera, "The Faithful Shepherd," being presented at the Queen's Theatre on the 26th of November. It was too hastily produced, the singers were not of the first ability, the stage decorations were tawdry and inadequate, the dresses were old; moreover, the subject was stupid: it was not very successful. After only six performances it was withdrawn. Händel made it over again more than twenty years later.

His next opera was "Theseus," which was more suc-

cessful. But McSwiney the impresario became bankrupt, and absconded. The singers, left unpaid, determined to carry on the opera for their own advantage. The last performance, on the 15th of May, was advertised as a benefit "for Mr. Hendel, with an entertainment on the harpsichord." Händel used frequently to delight London audiences with his masterly performances on this instrument, and if we had been among the select or elect of that day, we might on Thursday evenings have joined the Duchess of Queensbury and other notabilities in that strange concert-room of the famous "small-coal man," [1] where Händel used to play so wonderfully on the harpsichord and the chamber-organ with its five stops.

Händel wrote many operas; except isolated songs taken from them, they are mostly forgotten. His glory as a composer rests upon his oratorios. It is strange how long it often takes for a man to get into the field where his abilities are best employed. Many men die without ever discovering what they are fit for. But Händel, or Hendel as he was still called, took a step in the right direction, when in 1713 he left the stage and composed his Serenata, or Ode for Queen Anne's birthday.

Nineteen years before, Henry Purcell had composed for the festival of Saint Cecilia the first English *Te Deum* with orchestral accompaniments. It was performed every year at St. Paul's Cathedral; and Händel must have heard it, recognized that it belonged to a school of its own, and studied it carefully. He had the

[1] Thomas Britton died in 1714, from fright caused by a practical joke played upon him by a ventriloquist. Though low-born, he was "one of nature's noblemen," and it was said that he never had an enemy, while his friends were numberless.

genius to see that it was national and that it offered boundless opportunities.

"The works which grace that school," says Rockstro, "are as purely English as the landscapes of Gainsborough, or the satires of Hogarth; the sweet verses of Gay, or the humble rhymes of Cowper. And the school is for all time."

The ode was performed probably at St. James's, before the Queen, on the 6th of February. In March, the Peace of Utrecht was signed, and Händel was called upon to furnish a *Te Deum* in commemoration of it. He had it all ready! The autograph score bears the inscription: "S D G. | G F H. Londres ce 14 de Janv. V. st. | 1712."

Thus it was finished even before the Birthday Ode. Of course 12 should read 13. The S. D. G. is the ascription to God, which he almost always piously added!

The Utrecht *Te Deum* with its splendid *Jubilate* was performed at St. Paul's on the 7th of July, before assembled Parliament, and made an immense impression. Queen Anne, who was ill at the time, afterwards heard it at the Chapel Royal, and rewarded the composer with a life pension of £200. She had already given the scurrilous Tom D'Urfey £50 for an impudent poem on the aged Electress Sophia of Hannover, beginning, "The crown is too weighty for shoulders of eighty!" During the next thirty years it was performed alternately with Purcell's *Te Deum* for the benefit of "the Sons of the Clergy," when both were superseded by Händel's greater work called the Dettingen *Te Deum*.

The composer may sometimes have thought of his duties as Kapellmeister at Hannover. It must have been brought forcibly to his mind, when the following

year, Queen Anne died, and the Elector of Hannover mounted the English throne as George I.

This "snuffy old drone of the German hive" had no sympathies with any English school of music, and thus it was that Händel's development in that line was seriously retarded. At first the King showed resentment against his renegade musician, not so much on account of his absence from Hannover as because he had celebrated the Peace of Utrecht, which had been extremely distasteful to him.

But Händel's friend, Baron Kielmansegge, was still in favor at court; and when on the evening of August 22, 1715, the royal family came down from Limehouse to Whitehall by water amid a general illumination, Händel, by the advice of the Baron and his friend Lord Burlington, followed the royal barge in a boat, in which an orchestra of strings with two solo violins, flute, piccolo, oboes, bassoon, horns and trumpet, under his direction played a series of movements — sarabands, gavottes, hornpipes, minuets, and other dances — composed for the purpose.

The King was delighted.

"Who is the composer?"

"Händel," replied the Baron, and seized the opportunity to plead his friend's cause. He was successful. A few days later Händel was at court, and the King gave him a second life pension of £200.

Still a third of the same amount came to him when he became musical instructor to the young princess, Queen Caroline's daughter. This triple pension of £600 he enjoyed as long as he lived. The famous Water Music was repeated a number of times; once, in July, 1717, by a band of fifty performers led by Händel with the

violin. Meantime, he had been enjoying a true English hospitality. He lived a year with Mr. Andrews, a distinguished amateur, who had a house in London and a country house in Surrey. Then he spent three years at Burlington House, which Pope calls "Timon's Villa," in Piccadilly, as the guest of Richard, Earl of Burlington. Gay sings, —

> "Yet *Burlington's* fair palace yet remains;
> Beauty within, without proportion reigns;
> Beneath his eye declining art revives,
> The wall with animated pictures lives;
> There *Hendel* strikes the strings; the melting strain
> Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein."

Piccadilly was within half a mile of St. James's, and yet King George asked the Earl why he built his house in the middle of the fields! Highwaymen made it unsafe to go there by night without a guard of link-boys and armed retainers. Here, "on the site now occupied by the Royal Academy of Painting," Händel found a happy home. He directed the music at the Earl's receptions, he played on the organ at St. Paul's, he met all the famous men of the day whom Burlington loved to gather around him.

But this life was perhaps too easy. His only composition of any account during this time was the opera entitled "*Amadigi*," which, in a manner characteristic of Händel, reproduced nearly all of a less important opera, "*Silla*," written, some think, in Rome; others think, in London. "The costumes, scenery, and furniture were superb. Much attention was attracted by a fountain of real water, and the machinery employed for the various changes was so complicated that the custom of permitting subscribers free access to the stage was

discontinued." This opera enjoyed great popularity, and was several times parodied.

In the following year Händel went back with the King for a visit to Hannover, and here he produced a second Passion Oratorio, not wholly in the German manner or like Bach. Curiously enough a portion of this work exists in Bach's handwriting. He had copied it. Several composers set the same poem to music, among them Mattheson, in 1718, who modestly relates that, though his was written last, it was the most successful.

In Halle, Händel found his mother still alive and well. His first music-teacher, Zachau, had died some time before, leaving his aged wife in needy circumstances. It is pleasant to relate that Händel now repaid his debt of gratitude and came generously to her assistance. More than once, says Mainwaring, he sent her money. Händel also visited his old friend, J. C. Schmidt, at Anspach, and so stirred him with musical inspiration and aspiration that he gave up his wool business, in which he had embarked his wife's money, and, leaving his wife and son, three years later followed Händel to England, where he served him like a faithful brother and a devoted servant. Coxe says, "He regulated the expenses of his public performances, and filled the office of treasurer with great exactness and fidelity."

In England, Händel's name became Handel, and Schmidt's, Smith. Smith's son, John Christopher, whom Händel loved devotedly and instructed in music, taking him from school when he was thirteen, became his amanuensis and confidential friend for many years.

"*Rinaldo*" was again brought out on the London stage early in January, 1717, and Händel is supposed to

have returned shortly before the new year. So completely did he divest himself of his German birthright that in his letters to his brother-in-law, with the exception of the last, referring to his mother's death, he wrote in French, signing himself curiously enough George *Frideric* Handel, a reformed method of spelling which his French biographer and the Boston Handel and Haydn Society have foolishly done their best to perpetuate.

One of the notabilities of Händel's day was James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, popularly known as the "Grand Duke" from the prodigality of his expenditures. He had built a palace at Cannons, about nine miles from London, at a cost of £230,000, and lived in regal state. He maintained a large choir for his private chapel, and a band of instrumentalists. The chapel is now the parish church of Whitchurch, Middlesex, and in the vault the effigy of the Duke between those of his first two wives is still preserved. His third wife was a poor servant girl married to a cruel groom. "Gracious Chandos," as Pope calls him, *bought* her, had her educated, and in due time made her his duchess. The romance of King Cophetua again!

The Duke's first chapelmaster was the pedantic Dr. Pepusch; but when opera came to a low ebb, and, indeed, the tide went out entirely for three years, Händel, in 1718, took his place and composed for the chapel the twelve famous Chandos anthems, which are really choral cantatas for band, choir, and soloists. Here he wrote, also, two *Te Deums* and his first oratorio, "Esther," the libretto of which is supposed by Chrysander, followed by Rockstro, to be the work of Pope, perhaps in collaboration with Arbuthnot, though others attribute it to

Racine, translated by Humphreys. Humphreys wrote additional verses for it in 1732. It was performed at Cannons on the 20th of August, 1720, and the Duke was so delighted that he presented the composer with £1,000, equal to $10,000 now. It is still frequently performed in England.

At Cannons, also, Händel brought out his beautiful pastoral "Acis and Galatea," the words mainly furnished by Gay, and published his "First Set of Lessons for the Harpsichord," "at the price of a guinea." The fifth lesson terminates with what Rockstro calls "the most famous composition for the clavecin ever written."

According to tradition, the composer once, while on his way to Cannons, was overtaken by a shower, and found refuge in a wayside smithy. The blacksmith was singing at his work, and beating time upon his anvil. He went home and wrote the variations upon the tune that he had heard. Such is the story of "The Harmonious Blacksmith." The traditional anvil, set upon a block of oak cut at Cannons, was sold by auction for fourteen pounds in June, 1879, after a checkered career of inheritance. The two notes given out by the anvil curiously coincide with the E and B natural of Händel's time; but there has been a good deal of doubt thrown upon the story, and various attempts have been made to trace the theme to a period antecedent to Händel. Rockstro believes in the authenticity of the legend in spite of "the destruction of the embroidery with which impolitic defenders have surrounded it."

The next twenty years of Händel's life were full of storm and stress. In February, 1719, *Applebee's Original Weekly Journal* contained the notice that "Mr. Handel, a famous Master of Musick, is gone beyond sea, by order

of His Majesty, to collect a company of the choicest singers in Europe for the Opera in the Hay-Market."

This journey was in the interest of the "Royal Academy of Music," which had just been founded with a capital of £50,000, under the protection of the King. Händel was chief manager, and associated with him as composers were his former rival, G. B. Buononcini, and another Italian.

He secured excellent singers; at Dresden, he played the clavier before Augustus, Elector of Saxony, and received one hundred ducats. It is generally supposed that he left Halle hurriedly, so as not to meet the great Bach, who went there to see him.

The first season at the "Royal Academy" was brilliantly successful. On some occasions, when boxes and pit were full, forty shillings, equal now to twenty dollars, were offered for tickets to the gallery. "Dresses were torn to shreds in the struggle for admission, and many ladies of rank were carried out of the crowd in a fainting condition." During the fourth season a new *prima donna*, Francesca Cuzzoni, made her first appearance, and though she was, says Horace Walpole, "short and squat, with a cross face, but fine complexion, not a good actress, dressed ill and silly and fantastical," she had an unprecedented success.

At the first rehearsal of "*Ottone*" she flatly refused to sing an aria written for her expressly by Händel. He said to her in French, "I know, madam, that you are a very devil, but I will have you know that I am Beelzebub, the chief of the devils." And he seized her and threatened to fling her out of the window. Cuzzoni is said to have received a salary of £2,000 a year.

In 1726, the year that Händel took the oath of alle-

giance and was naturalized, the directors of the Royal Academy engaged the famous Faustina, one of the greatest singers of the world, to sing with Cuzzoni. She was as beautiful as Cuzzoni was ugly. They appeared together in "*Alessandro*," which Händel wrote for them.

The rivalry which ensued between them was fomented by ladies and gentlemen of rank. Pamphlets and scurrilous poems were written and published about them. It was the event of the day. When the leaders of one party applauded, the others hissed. It is said that "the belligerents had recourse at last to blows." A rare pamphlet, published at sixpence, claims to give "a full and true account of a most horrid and bloody battle" between the two madams. During the performance of Buononcini's "*Astyanax*"— the last opera which he composed for the Royal Academy — the voices of the singers were drowned out by hisses and cat-calls, and even the presence of the Queen had no effect upon the disturbance raised by the "best society" of London.

In 1727, George I. died, and Händel wrote the splendid Coronation Anthem for his successor, who confirmed him in all his emoluments and honorary offices.

But troubles were at hand.

The disturbances at the King's Theatre drove away its patrons. "*The Beggars' Opera*," written by Gay and filled with songs adapted to popular English melodies, became a powerful counter attraction at the Little Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Royal Academy's £50,000 had been entirely swallowed by the directors' suicidal policy. The crash came, and the company was dispersed.

Händel, with the enterprise and obstinacy characteristic of him, determined to carry on the struggle for himself. He entered into a three-years' contract with

the unscrupulous Heidegger, and went to Europe for new singers. He visited Germany and Italy, saw his old mother, who had been seized with paralysis and was now blind, again failed to meet J. S. Bach, and returned to London with all his arrangements made for the new season. He paid the popular tenor, Sinesino, the then large sum of fourteen hundred guineas. Sinesino was quarrelsome and untrustworthy. On him Händel might well have laid the blame for the terrible misfortunes that followed.

Before the storm came, however, "Esther" was revived with wonderful brilliancy. It was advertised that there would be no acting, but that the house would "be fitted up in a decent manner for the audience." The royal family were all present, and six performances had to be arranged to accommodate all who desired to hear it. The success of this stimulated unprincipled sharpers to bring out unauthorized versions of other works of Händel's. Händel in self-defence revived his English Pastoral with additions from his early Italian work, "*Aci, Galatea e Polifemo.*"

Meantime, Buononcini having ingratiated himself with many persons of distinction, among them the Duchess of Marlborough, came out into open warfare with Händel. The rivalry was taken up by opposite political parties. Buononcini produced a rival serenata, which gave occasion to the famous epigram by Dr. John Byrom: —

> "Some say compar'd to Bononcini
> That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
> Others aver that to him Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
> Strange all this difference should be
> Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!"

The history of the great operatic war between the two rival composers would have to introduce so many details of life and manners in those days, that it must here be reduced simply to its results.

Sinesino deserted Händel, taking with him all the best singers of his company except Signora Strada, who had a fine voice but was so uncomely as to gain for her the name of "the Pig." In 1734, about a year after Buononcini had been compelled to fly the kingdom for having palmed off as his own a madrigal by Lotti, the "Opera of the Nobility" succeeded in securing the King's Theatre for themselves. Händel had a losing hand, though he offered a splendid series of operas and secured good singers.

Händel's rivals failed in 1737 with a dead loss of £12,000. Händel's season continued a fortnight longer. He ended with a loss of all his life's savings, amounting to £10,000. For the remainder he gave notes which were ultimately paid to the last farthing. The South Sea Bubble and a hundred others had burst during the past ten years. Händel's was not less disastrous. Worse than all, his health broke down under the terrible strain. He had an attack of paralysis, accompanied by nervous prostration. He partially recovered at the sulphur baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, but it was some years before his health was wholly restored.

After the death of Queen Caroline in November, 1737, who had been Händel's warm friend, the theatre was closed for a time, but he once more took up the burden of the struggle. Signora Strada's husband threatening him with the debtor's prison, he humiliated himself to the extent of accepting a benefit. A concert was organized at the King's Theatre. When the curtain rose, the house was packed; "five hundred persons of rank and

fashion were discovered on the stage." The profits were large. A month later, a proof of the real estimation of the people was given in the success attending the inauguration of Roubiliac's life-like statue of him at Vauxhall Gardens.

In November, 1739, his music to Dryden's "Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day" and "Alexander's Feast" was performed at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and here also was first given his "delightful setting" of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, etc. In February, 1741, he took leave of the stage, having produced upwards of forty operas since 1705.

We now come to the most important period of Händel's career. Henceforth he devotes his splendid powers to the creation of those great oratorios which have given him deathless fame. Between July 23 and August 8, 1738, he wrote "Saul," which was given at the King's Theatre in the following January, Händel improvising his own organ accompaniments.

This was followed by "Israel in Egypt," which consists mainly of a series of gigantic double choruses. The first part was written in six days; the second part, composed first, in eleven days. He spent twelve days more in revising the whole; and it was first performed at the King's Theatre on April 4, 1739, "with several new concertos on the organ." It was not at first successful. Rockstro says: "It soared too far above the heads of the audience to make an immediate impression," and yet many regard it now "as the most sublime and masterly, if not the most generally attractive oratorio that ever was written." "Israel in Egypt" is unquestionably larger and broader in manner than anything else that Händel ever wrote; and thereby "hangs a tale."

It was Händel's custom freely to use materials from preceding works in the construction of his operas and oratorios. Thus "Israel in Egypt" is largely based upon a Latin *Magnificat*, some of the choruses being identical in the two. In 1857 the claim was made that this *Magnificat* was the work of an Italian composer named Erba. It has been common since then to say that Händel was a plagiarist, and to point out the source of his borrowed inspirations. Novello declares that Händel picked up a pebble and changed it to a diamond. One can only regret that he had not the candor to own from whom he borrowed the pebble. Sir Charles Smart thinks he had little or no "claim to original genius." The charge was not a new one. The organist, S. Wesley, said: "Händel came hither when there was a great dearth of good musick, and here he remained, establishing a reputation wholly constituted upon the spoils of the Continent."

The problem is puzzling, and perhaps will never be fully answered any more than the vexed question as to the authorship of Shakspere. It seems almost incredible that Händel could have "filched from all manner of authors," as Wesley said, without detection. His rival, Buononcini, felt certainly the weight of popular disapproval of "filching thoughts," though moral sentiment in many ways was not high at that day.

On the 12th of September, 1741, Händel completed the score of the "Messiah," which had occupied him the almost incredibly short time of fourteen days. He afterwards said to some one, speaking of composing the Hallelujah Chorus, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself." His tears mingled with the ink as he penned the notes. Early in

November he passed through Chester on his way to Dublin, whither he was invited by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. At Chester, wishing to try over a number of the hastily transcribed choruses, he collected some of the choirmen of the Cathedral to read them over. The rehearsal took place at the *Golden Falcon.* A printer named Janson, who had a fine bass voice, tried to read his part in the chorus, "*And with his stripes.*" He failed. "Händel," says Dr. Burney, who was present, a boy of eighteen, "let loose his great bear upon him, and, after swearing in four or five different languages, cried out in broken English: 'You schountrel, tit you not dell me dat you could sing at soite?'"

"Yes, sir," replied the unfortunate basso, "and so I can, but *not at first sight.*"

Dublin was at this time a very musical city, and Händel's visit there, charmingly described by Horatio Townsend, Esq., was simply a series of ovations. He spent months there, and gave a number of subscription concerts, the proceeds of which were very large and were in part contributed to certain charities in which Händel was interested. Händel's generosity to all kinds of charitable objects was one of the great features of his character, and would deserve a chapter in itself.

On the 27th of March, 1742, appeared the advertisement of "Mr. Händel's new grand oratorio called the Messiah," which was to be given "For Relief of the Prisoners in the several Gaols, and for the support of Mercer's Hospital in Stephen's Street, and of the Charitable Infirmary on the Inn's Quay." The oratorio was heard for the first time on Thursday (memorable day), April 8, 1742, before "a most Grand, Polite, and

Crowded Audience," as the newspaper expressed it. Ladies were requested to "come to the Public Performance without their Hoops, as it will greatly increase the Charity by making Room for more Company!"

Five days later the oratorio was given in the New Musick Hall. The paper said: "Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the admiring crowded audience." The three charities received the noble sum of £400.

After an absence of nine months Händel returned to London. It is said that the "Messiah" was not so immediately successful there. It was first sung at Covent Garden on March 23, 1743. It was given annually from 1750 to 1758 for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital; it was performed about a week before Händel's death under his direction. It was a feature at the Händel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, with an orchestra of 249 musicians and 275 voices. It was given annually on Christmas Eve from 1791 to 1861. It was performed on the centenary of his death at the Crystal Palace, with an orchestra of 460 and a choir of 2,700 voices. It has been performed in Boston by the Händel and Haydn Society alone upwards of eighty times since 1818. The traditional custom of the audience standing reverently during the Hallelujah Chorus, was initiated by King George II.

"Samson" was the next composition in what he calls "the oratorio way." This was a success from the first. Horace Walpole wrote, six days after its production: "Händel has set up an oratorio against the opera, and succeeds." Next came the Dettingen *Te Deum*, written in virtue of his position as "Composer of Musick to the Chapel Royal." This work, considered by some "one of the very greatest of Händel's later master-

pieces," it is claimed by Dr. Crotch and other authorities, was largely taken from a *Te Deum* by an Italian named Urio. In this case, as in that of the "Israel in Egypt," it is only fair to say that the plagiarism has not been *proved.* It depends upon the authenticity of the original sources.

The success of these sacred performances, and the profits of Händel's Dublin visit, were swallowed up during the winter of the next year by an unfortunate venture at the King's Theatre. Händel's enemies conspired to put him down. They gave card parties and routs on his oratorio nights, even during Lent, and his theatre was almost empty. For the second time he became bankrupt. Still he did not give up, and after the Lenten season of 1747 his prospects grew brighter and brighter.

In 1746 Händel wrote "Judas Maccabæus," which appealed very strongly to the Jews; "Alexander Balus" (little known); and "Joshua" (in which occurred the famous air, "See the conquering hero comes," afterwards transferred to "Judas Maccabæus"); then "Solomon," then "Susanna."

The composition of sacred oratorios was interrupted in 1749 by the so-called "Firework Musick," written in commemoration of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. It was largely composed for wind instruments, and was performed by 100 musicians before an audience of 12,000 people. The original score contained a part for the serpent. It is said that when Händel first heard this difficult instrument, he asked, —

"What the devil be that?"

"It is a new instrument called the serpent."

"Oh, the serpent," he replied, "ay! but it not be the serpent what seduced Eve!"

Händel's next oratorio was "Theodora," but it fell flat. The King was almost the only regular attendant, as is proved by the anecdote of Horace Walpole meeting Lord Chesterfield leaving the theatre early.

"What, my lord, are you dismissed? Is there no oratorio this evening?"

"Yes," said Lord Chesterfield, "they are still performing, but I thought best to retire lest I should disturb the King *in his privacy*."

Händel declared that the Jews would not come to it because it was a Christian story, and the ladies would not come because it was a virtuous one.

The last of his oratorios was "Jephtha," finished on August 30, 1751, after various interruptions, and first performed in the following February.

Händel, who had visited Germany the year before, was overturned and met with a serious accident. His health had been precarious since his first stroke of paralysis. His eyes began to fail him. In May, 1752, he was couched for *gutta serena*, but the operation failed, and he became totally blind. How strangely like Bach and Milton!

During the first year of his blindness, "Samson" was performed. The blind composer sat by the organ which was played by his friend Smith. When Beard sang the beautiful air to Milton's words:

> "Total eclipse — no sun, no moon,
> All dark amid the blaze of noon," —

it is said the audience were so affected that many were moved to tears.

He did not allow his infirmities to weigh him down. Till the very end of his life he continued to direct the

performances of his works, to play his organ concertos, and to fulfil all his duties. Each year he directed the "Messiah" for the benefit of the Foundling Asylum. This work alone, first and last, during his lifetime gave the institution, in which he was so much interested, upwards of £10,000. On Thursday, April 6, 1759, after his tenth performance of this splendid oratorio, he was seized with a deadly faintness. On being taken home he never left his bed again, but died, according to all probability (for accounts are conflicting) on the morning of Saturday, April 14. He was conscious to the last. His friend, Mr. James Smyth, perfumer, who was among the last to see him, says: "He died as he lived, a good Christian, with a true sense of his duty to God and man, and in perfect charity to all the world."

He was buried at Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner, before "a vast concourse of persons of all ranks, not fewer than three thousand in number."

During the last years of his life Händel had laid up some £20,000. He left his score of the "Messiah" to the Foundling Hospital, £600 to erect a monument to himself, various legacies to friends and servants, and the residue of his estate to his relatives in Germany. His house in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, where he had lived since 1725, and which was singularly bare and unfurnished, was sold for forty-eight pounds. He left his MSS. to his young pupil and *protégé* Smith, who in turn left them to George III.

Händel was one of the marked men of his day. Few ever received higher praise or were more exposed to the bitter arrows of eighteenth-century wit. Pope commemorated him in the "Dunciad:"

> "Strong in new arms, lo! giant Händel stands
> Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands."

All the diaries and letters and histories of that day are full of him. He is described as "a tall portly man with finely-marked features and a placid countenance." Dr. Burney says his countenance "was full of fire and dignity, and such as impressed ideas of superiority and genius. His general look was somewhat heavy and sour; but when he *did* smile, it was his sire the sun bursting out of a black cloud. . . . He wore an enormous white wig, and when things went well at the oratorio, it had a certain nod or vibration which manifested his pleasure and satisfaction. Without it nice observers were certain that he was out of humor."

He had an exceedingly choleric temper. He could not endure to hear instruments tuned. Dr. Busby tells how on one occasion some foolish person untuned all the violins. The discord was horrible. Händel started up, overturned a double-bass, seized a kettledrum, and flung it at the leader of the band so violently that his wig fell off. "Without waiting to replace it he advanced bareheaded, to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so choked with passion that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping, for some moments, amidst a general convulsion of laughter." The Prince of Wales, who was present, finally after much difficulty appeased him.

On another occasion something went wrong with a duet in "Judas Maccabæus" at a rehearsal. Händel grew violent, but when he was shown that the fault lay in the manuscript, he instantly quieted down, saying, —

"I beg your pardon. I am a very odd dog. Master Schmidt is to blame."

When offered by Oxford the degree of Doctor of Music, for which the fee of £100 was required, he became furious.

"What the Teffel I trow my money for that the blockhead wish? I no wish."

Like most of the gentlemen of that time, Händel was exceedingly prone to profanity; but nevertheless he was deeply religious. At the Paris church he was often seen "on his knees," says Hawkins, "expressing by his looks and gesticulations, the utmost fervor of devotion." He had a droll mixture of four languages; his English was always most amusingly varied by his foreign accent. He was famous for his wit, and was a capital story-teller, always "throwing persons and things into very ridiculous attitudes." He was a "blunt and peremptory disciplinarian," but always diverting. One time Gordon, an English singer, found fault with his mode of accompanying. High words ensued, and Gordon threatened to jump upon the harpsichord and smash it in pieces.

"Oh," replied Händel, "let me know when you will do that, and I will advertise it, for I am sure more people will come to see you jump, than to hear you sing."

Händel is undoubtedly the most popular of composers. Was he the greatest? Rockstro, who is quite carried away by his enthusiasm, thinks that he was, — "gifted by the most extraordinary talent for music that was ever implanted by Nature in a mind capable of cultivating it." Yet in a cooler moment he acknowledges that only Palestrina was his equal in "the rare power of using art as a means for the concealment of art."

Great as Händel was as a composer, as a performer on instruments, dramatic as his genius undoubtedly was, still, in the province of pure music, he must stand forever below Bach. His career was exceptionally fortunate, his character exceptionally interesting.

CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK.

(1714-1787.)

HÄNDEL, born in Germany, became an Englishman by adoption.

Gluck, born in Germany, gave the best fruits of his genius to the country that would gladly have adopted him, — France.

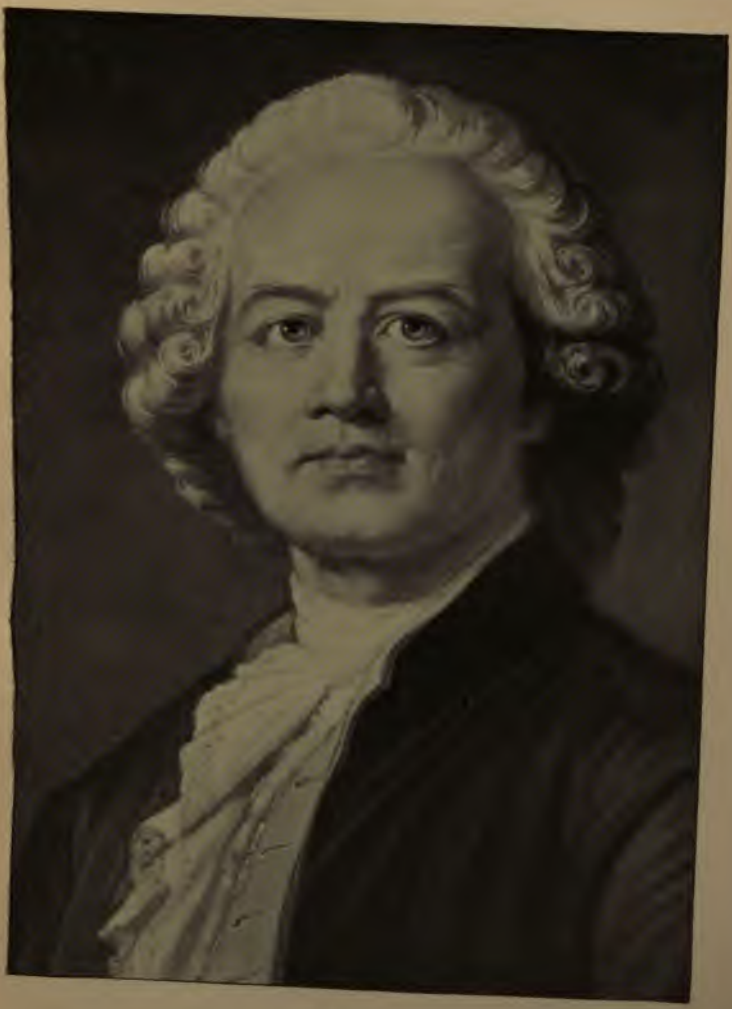
Händel, trained in Italy, found his rival at London in the Italian Buononcini.

Gluck, trained in Italy, found his rival at Paris in the Italian Piccinni.

Both, though of comparatively humble origin, were men of the world, accustomed to the society of princes; both were childless, both ardent Christians, both died at a good old age, leaving comfortable estates. They resembled each other in physical build, in quickness of temper, in general good-humor, in readiness of wit, in strictness of discipline.

Their lives had also great contrasts. Gluck, at least in his early career, had little knowledge of counterpoint, so that Händel, who prided himself upon that, contemptuously said of him, "He knows no more of contrapunto as mein cook, Walz."

Händel was no reformer. Only in "Israel in Egypt" did he reach great heights of originality, and it is still



GLUCK.

a moot point whether he is to be credited even with the originality of that colossal work.

Gluck, on the other hand, perhaps from his very lack of knowledge of counterpoint, allowed his genius wider scope, and his greatness is based on his career as a reformer.

In this respect he is the prototype of the great Wagner.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, Melchior Gluck, a musketeer in a Bavarian regiment, married and established a family in the old town of Neustadt. His second son, Johann Adam, became court huntsman to the Prince of Sagan, married twice, and begot nine children. The sons that reached maturity became also foresters and huntsmen in Hungary and Bohemia. The one daughter that lived married a huntsman.

The second son by the first marriage, Alexander, was in turn rifleman or chasseur to Prince Eugene of Savoy, forester at Weidenwang in the Upper Palatinate, forest-ranger to the Count of Kaunitz in Northern Bohemia, ranger (forest-master) to Count von Kinsky, then to the Prince of Lobkowitz, and finally to the Grand Duke of Toscana. He married Anna Walburga, and the oldest of their seven children was the composer, Christoph Willibald, who was born at Weidenwang, a few miles from Neustadt, on the 2d of July, 1714.

The boy received his education in Bohemia, where there were excellent schools. Bohemia has been called the fatherland of German music; it has been the home of distinguished musicians and composers, and its princes, perhaps partly owing to the prevalence of the Roman Catholic faith, have for generations maintained splendid private chapels and been the generous patrons

of the art. Nearly all the cities had good orchestras and "literary brotherhoods" founded with the purpose of stimulating devotion and Christian love especially by means of poetry and song.

It is supposed that the young Gluck got his education at the Roman Catholic school at Böhmisch-Kamnitz and Eisenburg, receiving especial care as being the son of an official. At home he was treated with no tender kindness, but rather as befitted the son of a rugged forester. He used in later life to tell his friends how he and his brother Anton often accompanied their father barefooted through the forest in the midst of winter, and weighed down with hunting implements. Such training either kills or toughens.

Between 1726 and 1732 the boy studied at the Jesuit Seminary of Kommotau, where he sang in the choir of St. Ignatius's Church and was taught the clavier and organ. He had already shown aptitude for the violin and 'cello.

After his school days were over he went to Prague. His father had little money to spare, and he was thrown on his own resources; he even endured the pinch of hardship and poverty. He gave singing and 'cello lessons, and got a small monthly stipend by singing and playing in various churches.

In his vacations he wandered about from village to village, entertaining the inhabitants with his music, and often getting nothing more than an egg, which he would exchange elsewhere for bread. Later he gave 'cello concerts in the larger towns. The hardening process through which his father put him stood him in good stead during these days of adventure and deprivation. But he was bound to be heard, bound to make his way.

Obstacles in the way of genius generally serve to make all the more triumphant its final success, just as a dam adds to the force of the river, though it blocks its course.

In 1736 he reached Vienna, the capital of Austria, where he was welcomed by the princely house of Lobkowitz, in whose service three generations of his family had ranged the forests.

At the Lobkowitz palace Gluck had the good fortune to exhibit his art before the Lombard Prince Melzi, who liked him, made him his Kammermusicus, and took him to Milan, where he put him under the instruction of the famous Sammartini.

At the end of four years' study, being then twenty-seven, "the age of audacity," he received a commission to compose an opera for the Court Theatre at Milan. He chose Metastasio's "Artaxerxes" (*Artaserse*). It is said that at the first rehearsal there was much laughter and merriment at the expense of the German composer. But Gluck knew how to secure his revenge. He had purposely left out one aria, which he composed in the favorite Italian style, a mere superficial melody, meant to tickle the ear, without any reference to the rest of the work. At the final rehearsal this new piece was heard for the first time and made a great sensation. The whisper went round that Sammartini himself must have written it.

But Gluck had taken no one into his confidence, not even Sammartini!

At all events, it made the opera, and thus made Gluck's fame secure. During the next five years he wrote seven more operas for Milan and Cremona, Venice and Turin. Nothing is known of their musical value. With the

exception of six arias from "*Artamene*," and two from "*Porro*," they have totally perished; but they were successful in their day, and the name of the *giovine Tedesco* — "the young Teuton" — became known even in London.

Hither he was invited in 1745 by Lord Middlesex, director of the opera, and hither he came in the company of his former patron, Ferdinand Philip, Prince Lobkowitz. Dr. Burney says it was an unfortunate time. Händel was at the height of his popularity; there was a great popular prejudice against foreign, and especially Roman Catholic, singers; and the act of the Lord Chamberlain in opening the opera, at Lord Middlesex's urgent request, simply for the production of Gluck's "Fall of the Giants" (*La Caduta de' Giganti*) roused indignation. The new work was performed on Jan. 7, 1746, in the presence of the Duke of Cumberland, to whom it was dedicated. For various reasons it lived through only five representations. His next venture, "*Artamene*," already performed in Cremona, had ten representations, and one aria was especially successful.

Gluck's stay in London was brief, but not without result. He had made the acquaintance of Händel and of the famous Dr. Arne, the author of *Rule Britannia*, just as in Paris on his way he had made friends with the eminent Rameau, the greatest representative of the French music of his day; and his eyes had perhaps been opened to the limitations of the school in which he had been brought up. Instinct had taught him, even in his first opera, to adapt his music to the words of the text, so far as he could do so without offending the vitiated taste of the Italians. It is believed that the seeds of the ideas which years afterwards bore fruit in his

masterpieces, were first planted in London. He there learned that simplicity and beauty often went together, as in the exquisite English ballads. London was the turning point of his career. This was the way of it.

Gluck was invited to bring out a "pasticcio," that is, a sort of medley, in which the most popular airs of various works are adapted to a new libretto. The libretto was entitled "*Piramo e Tisbe.*" Gluck was amazed that several of his best arias, which had met with great applause, fell flat when taken from their appropriate places.

This set him to thinking.

Thus almost by accident often is genius set upon the right track, — toward the True.

Toward the end of 1746 Gluck was back in Germany again; the Electoral Prince of Saxony gave him a position in the royal chapel of Dresden, which perhaps did not require residence, or very likely he soon resigned it, for this year his father died and left him a small inheritance consisting of a tavern in a Bohemian village. After he had converted this into ready money, he came to Vienna; and we find him in May, 1748, producing at the new theatre a three-act Italian opera entitled "*La Semiramide Riconnosciuta,*" in honor of the Empress Maria Teresa's birthday, a work which had the most brilliant success and made the young man the fashion in Vienna. He was handsome, light-hearted, vivacious, witty, and excelled, not only as a composer and conductor, but also as performer on the violin and 'cello.

No wonder he was everywhere a welcome guest. He found a special attraction at the house of the wealthy merchant, Joseph Pergin, who had two daughters, both devoted to music.

The next year was the happiest, and at the same time the unhappiest, of his life.

He fell in love with the elder daughter, Marianna, who in turn loved him. The mother was in favor of their union. But when he went to the stern father and asked for her hand, the purse-proud merchant refused, on the ground that he was a mere musician; and, indeed, the old man perhaps had some reason on his side, for it is only within a few years that musicians, even the greatest, were generally regarded as little better than actors, and treated often more ignominiously than servants.

The young pair, however, swore undying constancy and waited. Gluck left Vienna for a time. First he went to Copenhagen, where he was lodged at the palace, and had great success in a number of concerts, at one of which, his "benefit," he advertised that he would play upon a "new and unheard-of instrument." This was the Verillon, or musical glasses, which perhaps he had learned of the famous Irishman, Puckeridge, in London. From Denmark Gluck went straight to Rome, where he was invited to produce an opera entitled "*Telemacco*" (Telemachus); and it is related that in order to rid himself of the tedious delay in getting a passport, he put on a monk's dress and performed the journey unmolested.

Early in 1750 the recalcitrant father Pergin died, and Gluck hastened back to Vienna, — "on the wings of love," says Schmid, — and was united to his faithful Marianna on the 15th of September, 1750. Henceforth, for thirty-seven years, she was his constant companion in all his fortunes.

She went with him to Naples early the next year. Here he brought out his opera "*La Clemenza di Tito*" on a

libretto which Mozart employed almost half a century later.

Gaetano Majorano, known all over Europe as Cafarelli, "the father of song," the greatest soprano singer of the century, was at that time almost dictator at Naples. He would sing in Gluck's opera. Yet Gluck refused to call upon him first, according to established etiquette. Such independence was unheard of. Cafarelli yielded, and the threatened storm resolved itself into most peaceful and friendly relations. Gluck's originality in causing the instrumental accompaniment to continue while Cafarelli, in the famous aria, *Le mai senti*, had a long hold, raised another storm of a different sort. It was considered contrary to the canons of art, and all the Neapolitan musicians protested against it. Durante, founder of the music school at Naples, was called upon as umpire. The oracle, after deliberation, replied that he could not decide whether it was according to rule, but felt certain that any one among them, even he himself, might be proud to have imagined and written such a phrase!

The opera had immense success; and when Gluck returned to Vienna, he found that the fame of it had preceded him. It brought about his speedy introduction to the Prince of Sachsen-Hildburghausen, a passionate lover of music, who had what were called Akademies at his palace, where the most distinguished musicians of the day were proud to perform. Gluck took charge of these concerts, wrote many compositions for them, and became a great favorite with this powerful prince, who was greatly respected and admired by the empress.

In the spring of 1754, Maria Teresa and some of her immediate family promised the Prince an autumn visit

at his pleasure palace, Schlosshoff, near the Hungarian frontier. The Prince made great preparations for their reception, and arranged for a series of musical entertainments. His choir of singers and orchestra were increased, and various composers were called upon for original works. Gluck composed the music for a dramatic poem by the court poet, Metastasio. He himself went to Schlosshoff in May and took an active part in the arrangements.

One might fill pages with description of the royal reception which the Prince gave his guests, — the hunting-parties, the festas on land and lake, the concerts, the balls, the ballets, the fireworks. Nothing more magnificent was ever devised. On the second day, Gluck's music to "*Le Cinesi*" was performed, the stage gayly decorated in Chinese fashion. The Emperor was delighted and was conducted behind the scenes. The singers were rewarded with munificent gifts. Gluck received a gold snuff-box filled with one hundred ducats.

The same year, probably as a direct outcome of the part Gluck had taken in the Schlosshoff festivities, he was appointed Kapellmeister of the Court Opera with a salary of two thousand florins. In this position he served ten years, producing an immense number of works for the stage, as well as for the royal music-room.

The same year, also, he was summoned again to Rome, where he produced two operas with great success, and was made by the Pope a Chevalier of the Golden Spur. His triumph was all the more complete because envious rivals tried to raise a cabal against him; and though he was offered aid by Cardinal Alexander Albani, Imperial Minister at the Papal Court, and famed through Europe

for his knowledge and taste, Gluck refused, preferring to let his genius fight its own way. He was justified.

During these years he was frequently on the route back and forth between Italy and Vienna. The violinist, Karl von Dittersdorff, in his autobiography, gives a lively account of a journey which he and Gluck, in company with a charming and vivacious young singer, Signora Chiara-Marini, and her mother, took to Venice. Gluck was summoned to produce an opera for the opening of the splendid new theatre at Bologna. They took their time and spent several days at Venice, where, though it was Holy Week, and the theatres were closed, they heard the famous orchestra of women, saw the illumination of the Plaza in front of San Marco, on Good Friday, and the pompous funeral of the Doge.

At Bologna, Gluck was warmly welcomed. He had plenty of time. At the end of ten days he gave the first act of his opera to the copyist. He worked mornings and evenings. Afternoons he devoted to society, making calls, or chatting at some coffee-house. One of his first visits was to the famous tenor, Marinelli, who shortly before had been driven out of Spain in disgrace, and who was building near Bologna a magnificent palace. His hospitality was princely. Gluck also paid his respects to the Franciscan Martini, called "the father of all the maestri."

Von Dittersdorff gives a most characteristic description of the manners and customs of Bologna at this time. The people were so crazy over music, that when he played for the first time, during the intervals of the grand mass at the Church of San Paolo, the whole audience, clergy and all, broke out into rapturous applause; and when Gluck overheard a critic expressing

wonder that a "German tortoise" could reach such perfection, and "play like an angel," he could not refrain from saying with pardonable pride, "I also am a German tortoise, but, nevertheless, I have the honor of writing the new opera for the opening of the newly constructed theatre."

Gluck was not so well pleased with the Bologna musicians. Not even seventeen rehearsals sufficed to bring the orchestra to the precision which he demanded. Nevertheless, the opera, "*Il Trionfo di Clelia,*" was a great success.

This Italian visit, which the two friends had promised to make much longer, was cut short by a summons back to Vienna, owing to the expected coronation of Joseph II. at Frankfort. Their disappointment was all the greater when they learned too late that it was postponed.

The seven years that followed have been called the classic period of Gluck's art. Hitherto Gluck's librettos had been mostly written by the Abbé Metastasio. He was a lyric rather than a dramatic poet. In 1762 Gluck, wishing for a different scope, secured a libretto from Metastasio's friend, Raniero di Calzabigi of Livorno.

The first product of this collaboration was "*Orfeo ed Euridice,*" which was produced with the utmost care on the 5th of October, in presence of the Imperial Court. It was an immense innovation, and caused surprise and wonder. Yet its simple beauties could not fail to appeal to all lovers of music. After the fifth representation no doubt was left as to its success. Even Gluck's enemies found such arias as *Che faró senz' Euridice* heavenly, and could only express their envy in doubts

whether he wrote them. It became an epoch-making work. Count Durazzo sent to Favart in Paris a score of the "*Orfeo,*" which was engraved and published with a magnificent frontispiece. Partly owing to the correction of a multitude of errors — for Gluck was "naturally indolent and very indifferent to his own works," a most careless writer — the cost amounted to 2,000 livres. It was not finished till toward the end of 1764, and only a few copies were ever printed. Favart invited Gluck to visit him; the composer, after many postponements of the journey, was unquestionably in Paris in March, just before the coronation of "the King of the Romans," which took place on the 3d of April. The appearance of this edition did not prevent the bouffe composer, Philidor, from almost bodily appropriating one of the loveliest arias of "*Orfeo*" for his comic opera "*Le Sorcier.*"

Gluck received 300 ducats for his special services at the coronation. For the marriage festivities of the young King with the Princess Maria Josepha of Bavaria, which took place in the following January, Gluck composed the music for a dramatic poem by Metastasio entitled, "*Il Parnasso Confuso,*" which was sung at Schönbrunn before an august audience, by four Austrian archduchesses, while the Archduke Joseph played the piano accompaniment.

The same imperial singers had studied the *rôles* for still another dramatic work, "*La Corona,*" which was to be given on the Emperor's birthday; but Franz's sudden death put an end to such festivities.

These trivialities — for in reality they were such — kept Gluck four years from bringing forth his second classic masterpiece, the "*Alceste,*" written in collaboration with Calzabigi.

Sonnenfels, who was present at its first representation, December 16, 1766, declared that he was in the land of marvels. "A serious work without men-sopranos, music without solfeggios, or as I might rather say, without squawking (*Gurgelei*), an Italian poem without turgidity and nonsense."

Händel also had written an opera on the same theme (*Admetus*). But Berlioz says that his compared to Gluck's was like one of those grotesque figures cut out of *marron d'Inde* (horse chestnut) to amuse children, compared to a head of Phidias. Berlioz was always an admirer of Gluck, declaring, his "exceptional qualities will perhaps never again be found combined in the same musician."

The power of truth, joined with pathos and inspiration, made itself felt in this masterpiece. The overture was compared to a lava stream carrying everything before it.

When the work was engraved in 1769, Gluck dedicated it to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the last of the house of Hapsburg to be of any material assistance in the development of music. He, or possibly the Abbate Coltellini for him, wrote a long letter in which were expressed his ideas and theories, his principles: —

"I proposed," he says, "scrupulously to avoid all the abuses introduced by the injudicious vanity of singers, and the excessive complaisance of composers; abuses which have degraded one of the most beautiful and magnificent of all spectacles to be the most wearisome and ridiculous."

His purpose was to bring music down to its true office, that of ministering to the expression of the poetry. His method and principles, as Nohl well says,

were "based on the true essence of art, and can never lose their value or their truth."

Though Gluck was the first to carry out these principles, and therefore deserves the title of "the great reformer," it must not be supposed that he was the first to find fault with the old style of opera. A half-century before he published his "*Alceste*," a witty Italian, Benedetto Marcello, in a savage attack on the fashionable opera of his day, sarcastically describes what musical composers ought not to know, — among other things, "they ought not to know anything about poetry, or be able to distinguish the sense of their discourse."

Indeed, it was a wonder that people of taste so long put up with the archaic form of the opera where the story was told in a dry recitative accompanied only by a tinkling harpsichord with strings only to accompany the bass notes, and the arias were so loaded down with embellishments that all purity of melody was lost. The reform had to come. Gluck did not appear as the apostle of it till he was past middle life, and had written more than twenty operas in the old style.

Gluck's third classic opera, "*Paride ed Elena*," was not so successful as the two others. This was dedicated to the Duke of Braganza, not merely as a patron but a critic. Gluck was again, like Wagner, fortunate in the patronage of enlightened and wealthy connoisseurs.

He was now wealthy and honored. His house was the meeting place of all who were famous in art and music. Distinguished strangers from all over Europe came to pay him their homage. We have fortunately a picture of the great composer in his home. The English historian of music, Dr. Charles Burney, visited Vienna in 1772, and was presented to Gluck by the

Countess of Thun, — who had previously asked permission, for Gluck could, when he pleased, be very gruff, — "a perfect dragon." Lord Stormonth, the English ambassador, sent his carriage; and the doctor and the countess were driven out to the composer's home, which was on the Rennweg in a pleasant suburb. Dr. Burney says:

"He is very well housed there; has a pretty garden, and a great number of neat and elegantly furnished rooms. Madame Gluck and his niece, who lives with him, came to receive us at the door, as well as the veteran composer himself. He is much pitted with the smallpox, and very coarse in figure and look, but was soon got into good humour; and he talked, sang, and played, Madame Thun observed, more than ever she knew him at any one time."

He had a very bad harpsichord, and, like Händel, a very poor voice.

A day or two later, Dr. Burney again met Gluck and his family at a musicale at Lord Stormonth's. It was a distinguished company, — Prince Poniátowsky, brother to the King of Poland, the Duke of Braganza, and many other famous connoisseurs.

We now come to the most exciting and interesting period of Gluck's life; he was to transfer the field of his activity to France. Great as his reputation was, there were occult influences working against him in Paris. The old French musical drama, which was rather a ballet than opera, was strongly intrenched behind the bulwark of conservatism, and it was evident that if Gluck once had a hearing it was all over with the old. But Gluck was bent on conquering this

new field, and, as usual, he showed his genius by shaping means to ends. He played several winning cards, but his master stroke was an appeal to Marie Antoinette, who had been his former pupil.

Gluck appeared in Paris in the autumn of 1773. The great war was about to begin.

Gluck had on his side the Queen and her satellites. He succeeded in winning the adhesion of the formidable misanthropic Rousseau, whose word was law.

He had against him the powerful partisans of the old order of things, and, worse than all, "the heavy and complicated machinery of the *Opéra*, where disorder, abuses, caprice, routine, and inertia were despotically enthroned." Actors did not act, singers could not sing, musicians could scarcely be said to play, the chorus stood like blocks of wood. A more hopeless state of things could not be imagined. The mere statement of the state of the musical drama at Paris at Gluck's arrival reads like a satirical exaggeration.

He had to begin at the very beginning. He met with rebellion in the singers, in the orchestra. But his will was indomitable, his temper tremendous, his power unyielding. Prometheus swung his torch, says Schmid, the statues were filled with life.

But the reform was at the cost of endless rehearsals. "Mademoiselle!" cried the angry composer, "I am here to bring out the "*Iphigénie*"; if you will sing, well and good; if you will not, as you please. I will go to the Queen, and I will say, 'It is impossible to produce my opera.' Then I will get into my carriage and go back to Vienna."

When at last all was ready, and the opera was announced, the leading singer was taken sick. It was a

part of the cabal to ruin the composer. Gluck tried to get it postponed. Impossible. Gluck declared he would sooner burn the opera. And his righteous persistency was rewarded. The Court upheld him.

In one respect he was obliged to yield to prejudice. The French cannot conceive of an opera without a ballet. They were used to it from the very beginning, when, in a lyrical drama by Strozzi, produced by Cardinal Mazarin, there was introduced a dance of bears and monkeys, and other animals. The Italian Vestris, ballet-master, called the god of the dance, went to Gluck and insisted that he must have a *chaconne* in the opera.

Gluck declared that Agamemnon never danced such a thing; that it was contrary to the Greek customs which he prided himself on truthfully picturing.

Vestris replied: "So much the worse for Agamemnon!"

On the stated day, Monday, April 19, the ticket offices were besieged by an eager throng. Nothing else had been talked about for a fortnight. Party feeling had waxed fierce. Passions were excited. Owing to the possibility of some violent demonstration against the new music, the Dauphin had caused the lieutenant of police to take extra precautions.

As early as half-past five the Dauphin and his wife, and other members of the high nobility, took their places. All the Court was there except the King and Madame du Barri.

The performance was extraordinary, but the style of music was so novel that it would probably have fallen flat had not Marie Antoinette acted as leader of the *clacqueurs*. She kept clapping her hands, and courtesy

compelled the rest of the audience to follow her example. Du Roullet, who had fashioned Racine's tragedy into the libretto, was not less active in organizing his friends and partisans. After the first night there could be no doubt of the success of the new opera. Marie Antoinette wrote her sister: —

"At last, my dear Christine, a great triumph. On the 19th, we had the first performance of Gluck's '*Iphigénie.*' I was carried away by it. We can find nothing else to talk about. You can scarcely imagine what excitement reigns in all minds in regard to this event; it is incredible. People take sides and quarrel as though some religious question were at stake."

The death of Louis XV. put an end to the representations of "*Iphigénie*"; but it raised Gluck's most powerful protector to the throne. Had it not been for her really gallant efforts in his behalf, "our good Gluck," as she called him, would have never won in the great battle against what Saint-Amand calls "the eternal coalition of ignorance and routine." She gave him a pension of 6,000 livres, and a bounty of the same amount for each new opera. Not to be outdone, the Empress Maria Theresa appointed him her court composer, with an annual salary of 2,000 florins, and the privilege of visiting Paris every year.

Gluck rewarded Marie Antoinette by a graceful act of homage. When "*Iphigénie*" was revived in January, 1775, before a crowded audience, in the second act Gluck changed a few lines to be sung by the chorus, beginning, —

Chantons, célébrons notre reine.

The enthusiasm aroused by this compliment interrupted the performance for quarter of an hour. The

Queen was touched to tears, and when she saluted the audience, the cries of joy were redoubled. Fickle Paris then adored her German queen!

The German Orpheus, as Gluck was called, had reached the summit of his popularity. "The greatest seigneurs of the court, dukes, marquises, princes, pressed around him, eager to offer him, at the close of the performance, the one his overcoat, the other his wig."

"*Orphée*," which had been translated from the Italian text, was given in Paris for the first time on the 2d of August, 1775, with great success. Rousseau, who was present, forgot his pessimism, and said: "Since one can have such keen pleasure for two hours, I imagine life may be good for something."

Less than a year later "*Alceste*" was performed for the first time before the Parisians, with less success. Marie Antoinette this time failed to impress her own enthusiasm upon the audience. Moreover, Gluck had sacrificed the generous and gifted Mlle. Sophie Arnould, who had done so magnificently in the other operas, in favor of Mlle. Levasseur, the favorite of the Comte Merci-Argenteau, whose position as Austrian ambassador and confidential agent to Maria Theresa made his influence to be valued.

"'*Alceste*' has fallen!" cried Gluck, throwing himself into the Abbé Arnaud's arms.

"Fallen from heaven," replied the enthusiast.

Gluck's depression did not last. He predicted that the work would live because it was founded upon nature. And he was right. It was not long before the French found it preferable to the ballets and other frivolous amusements which had hitherto been their passion. A subscription, to which many famous men contributed,

was raised for a marble bust by Houdon, to be placed in the foyer of the Opéra.

On the last day of the same year, to Paris came Niccolo Piccinni, a little, thin, pale, weary-looking, but exquisitely polite Neapolitan, who for fifteen years had reigned supreme in the musical world of Rome. Coming from sunny Italy, he saw in the leaden skies of that remarkably rigorous winter a portent of desolation. "But, my dear sir," he asked after a two-weeks down-pour of rain, "do you never see the sun in this country?"

He found powerful protectors ready to pit his genius against Gluck's. Madame du Barri was glad of any excuse to pique the Queen.

Gluck had received an order to compose an opera on the subject of *Roland*. After he had gotten it almost composed, he learned that the directors of the Opéra had intrusted the same subject to Piccinni. In his anger he burned his manuscript, and wrote to du Roullett a letter breathing fire and fury.

Meantime a still more bitter blow had fallen upon him. His favorite niece, his "little nightingale," Marianne, who according to all accounts was a most remarkable girl, with an unequalled talent for singing, died of the smallpox. Gluck was inconsolable.

By the time he returned to Paris the musical war was all ready to break out in all its madness. It was started by an epigram by the Abbé Arnaud, who printed in the *Journal de Paris* that Gluck was preparing an Orlando, and Piccinni an Orlandino. The sting in thus using the diminutive was all the bitterer from the fact that it was the title of a cheap macaronic or burlesque poem which had enjoyed some celebrity, while the "Orlando" was the work of the great poet Ariosto.

"Women and men alike entered into the fray," says the Baroness Oberkirch. "Then were such passions and furies roused, that people had to be separated; many friends and even lovers quarrelled on account of this." Pamphlets and newspaper articles indulging in savage personalities, poems and epigrams, puns and squibs, circulated. The Abbé Arnaud wrote that his rival Marmontel, chief of the Piccinnists, judged painting like a blind man, and music like a deaf man. Marmontel retaliated, calling Gluck "*le jongleur de Bohême*" — a Bohemian juggler.

Madame Riccoboni wrote to Garrick, saying, —

"They are tearing each other's eyes out here, for or against Gluck. . . . Relations, friends, dispute and squabble on the subject of music. . . . America is no longer thought of; melody, harmony, that is the subject of all writings."

Curiously enough, almost all the literary men of the time espoused the side of Piccinni, who did not know a word of French. Marie Antoinette, though so fond of Gluck, kept aloof from the quarrel. She even had Piccinni come to Versailles twice a week; and it is interesting to note that while the battle between the partisans took almost the ominous import of a political storm, and was unquestionably a sign of the times, Gluck and Piccinni remained the best of friends, often dining together.

Benjamin Franklin was in Paris at this time, and in a characteristically witty letter that he wrote in French to Madame Brillon, he refers to the animated battle of the musicians, comparing the French to insects whose language he understood, though, owing to their vivacity, and their habit of talking three or four at once, he could not get much sense from the dispute, except that they

were discussing the merits of two foreign musicians, one a gnat (*cousin*), the other a drone (*bourdon*).

On Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1777, Gluck's "*Armide*" was given for the first time in Paris. Like the others it was at first coldly received, but persistency brought its usual reward. In spite of cliques and enemies, of charges of plagiarism, and savage criticisms, it was played twenty-seven times, and brought in 106,000 livres. The receipts at the eighth performance were almost 6,000 livres. Gluck's letter to Madame de Frise, gives most interesting details of the crowds that packed the theatre, and the desperate *battaglié* (*sic*) that arose concerning the merits of the opera. Gluck wielded a trenchant pen. His letters abound in keen witticisms. He congratulates the eloquent Piccinnist, M. la Harpe, on his criticisms on "*Armide*," saying, —

"You have learned more of my art in a few hours of reflection, than I have done after having exercised it for forty years." He lamented that men, simply because they happened to enjoy the privilege of possessing eyes and ears, felt themselves authorized to decide on the fine arts.

Gluck was exceedingly canny. If some of the other famous composers had possessed equal skill in flattery and management, or even more worldly wisdom, they would have been more favored by fortune. How Gluck, whose operas had been sung by archduchesses, behaved in the presence of royalty, is illustrated by a story told by the Princess de Lamballe. On one occasion after the rehearsal of "*Armide*," which Gluck had given for Marie Antoinette's approval, she followed him and congratulated him.

"Ah, my dear Princess!" cried he, "all I want now,

to be raised to the seventh heaven, is two such beautiful heads as Her Majesty's and yours."

"If that is all you want, we can be painted for you, Herr Gluck."

"No, no; you do not understand me. I mean living heads. My actresses are very ugly, and *Armide* as well as her confidante ought to be very lovely."

Gluck in composing the "Armida" found an easy occasion to make a flattering allusion to the Queen's beauty.

Piccinni's "*Roland*" was at last ready for the stage. The poor man, who had found Paris the paradise of ladies, but the Inferno of musicians, had met with every obstacle; he went to the theatre as though to execution, leaving his weeping family with the comforting words:

"We are not among barbarians; we are among the politest and gentlest people in Europe."

The opera, which the Gluckists declared was nothing but a pretty concert, was a great success. The first twelve performances brought in 61,920 livres 15 sous; just 86 livres 10 sous more than the first twelve performances of "*Iphigénie.*" Piccinni's fortune seemed made. The Emperor Joseph II., who was visiting his sister, took a great fancy to him. He was appointed singing-teacher to the Queen; a carriage was put at his service, and if he had been a good manager he would have left a handsome fortune. He was too prodigal, and died in poverty.

Gluck was back in Vienna preparing for the struggle of the following winter. He wrote his friend the Abbé Arnaud: "Gather your troops, cajole our allies, especially Madame de Vaisnes. . . . . Has she still preserved her lovely Circassian head? I often bring her before my imagination, when in writing I do not feel suffi-

ciently warmed to my work. She ought to contribute much to the success of my operas."

Toward the end of November he returned to Paris with his "*Iphigénie en Tauride.*" But the directors of the Opéra had given the same subject to Piccinni, who was assured that his would be performed first. Judge of his dismay when he learned that Gluck's was already under rehearsal, while only two acts of his own were written. Yet it was not till May 18, that the new opera was presented. The Queen and all Gluck's partisans were enchanted. But the injustice to Piccinni roused his friends to do their utmost. They fell back to their favorite charge of plagiarism. Proofs were brought. Gluck was urged to reply. He remained obstinately, strangely silent.

Still it was successful, and when Gluck was asked for another opera, he demanded ten or fourteen thousand livres; but "*Écho et Narcisse*" proved to be a complete failure. The third performance brought in only 1,500 livres. This failure was celebrated by the Piccinnists with all sorts of puns. It was parodied, but the parody was not played.

Gluck was angry enough, and threatened to leave France forever. The Queen in order to console him appointed him music-master to her children, a position which required his residence in Paris. Shortly after, owing to these excitements, he was taken violently ill, but recovered.

In January, 1781, Piccinni's "*Iphigénie en Aulide*" was given with fair success; but at the third performance the prima donna came upon the stage in such a state of intoxication that she could scarcely sing, giving rise to the *bon-mot*, "That is not Iphigénie in Aulis, it is Iphi-

génie in Champagne." The actress was punished; but being pardoned through the intervention of the composer, she "sang like an angel," two evenings later, and the opera was performed in alternation with Gluck's until the opera-house was burned in June, 1781. Gluck's was considered to be rather more successful than Piccinni's.

Gluck promised to be in Paris in October, with the manuscript of a new opera. He demanded twenty thousand livres for it. A later letter announced that he had written only a portion of it, and after some negotiation it was agreed to give him twelve thousand. The new opera, "*Les Danaïdes*," was even more successful than was anticipated. But three weeks later, a letter from Gluck declared that he had not written any of the opera; that it was entirely the work of his pupil Salieri. Friendship and zeal were at the bottom of this double-dealing, which was unworthy of both composers. Nothing could justify it. He was nearing the end of his days, and his health was feeble.

He never went to Paris again after the failure of his "*Écho et Narcisse.*" He lived the last three years of his life in a suburb of Vienna, worshipped and flattered, and somewhat spoiled by his success. He dressed magnificently in a gray suit embroidered with silver, and carrying a heavy gold-headed cane. His impatience and quickness of temper grew worse as he grew older. When he was angry his dark gray eyes flashed fire. He was boastful and self-assured, but when speaking about his beloved art, was most interesting in conversation. Strangely enough he seemed to have forgotten his triumphs in Paris, seemed not to realize that the revolution he had brought about was so complete that even his rival Piccinni was obliged

to follow his mode of composition, and when he spoke of the French it was with sarcasm and irony, claiming that he had made use of the ignorance and arrogance of the Parisians to impose upon them his great style. He should have remembered that after all it was to Calzabigi that the revolution was in great measure due.

Gluck's last work was "*Le Jugement Dernier*," for the Apollon Society, written with Salieri. When certain questions as to the treatment of such an august subject came up, Gluck said: "Well, in a few days I shall go and find out for myself."

Gluck's religious music was limited in amount. He wrote a *Stabat Mater*, a *De Profundis*, and a setting of the eighth Psalm, and set some of Klopstock's poems to music.

When Salieri went to Paris in the spring of 1786, Gluck bade him good-by in a queer conglomerate of French, German, and Italian.

On Nov. 15, 1787, Gluck, who had already had three shocks of paralysis, playfully drank a glass of wine which had been forbidden him; while out driving he received still another shock. It was the last. He never recovered consciousness. His tombstone at the cemetery of Matzleinsdorf was discovered in 1844. On the red marble was engraved in quaint naïve German this simple inscription:

Here rests an upright German man. A zealous Christian. A faithful spouse.

CHRISTOPH RITTER GLUCK.

OF THE NOBLE ART
OF MUSIC A GREAT MASTER.

He died on Nov. 15, 1787.

Gluck left his widow an income of thirty thousand florins, besides several houses, and many costly jewels. He left twenty-five florins for masses to be said for his soul; and four florins for charity!

The news of his death caused great sorrow throughout Europe. The gentle Piccinni wrote a long letter to the *Journal de Paris*, eulogizing the "great man," and proposing to institute an annual concert in his honor.

In 1846 a requiem was performed in Paris in memorial of Gluck. Five hundred musicians took part. His statue was erected by Ludwig of Bavaria, in October, 1848.

His body was reinterred on the last day of September, 1890, in the avenue of celebrities in the Central Cemetery, near Beethoven and Schubert; members of the Vienna Opera sang choruses from "*Orphée*" over the grave, and a handsome monument was shortly afterwards erected.

Gluck had powerful enemies, but among his admirers were counted some of the greatest musicians of the world. He may not have been what Burney called him, "the Michael Angelo of music," but he left his mark on his art, and though he has of late years been comparatively forgotten, yet he left much that the world will never allow to die. "Gluck," says Riehl, "can lament in his adagios, not indeed like a soft-hearted Christian of the eighteenth century, but like Niobe the statue. There is no such thing as a crescendo in his operas, he knows only forte and piano; strong and weak, light and dark; there is no twilight in his music."

"Gluck," said Liszt, "lent dramatic music strength, majesty, and weight of dramatic style."

Ambros, who couples Goethe the poet, Winckelmann the historian of art, and Gluck the musician, as repre-

sentatives of the true renascence, declares that if the Greeks had had a musician, they would have had a Gluck. "In the simple beauty of his orchestration," he remarks, "there is something marble-like."

It is interesting to note that even at this writing, an interesting revival of Gluck's music has been made with great success in England.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.

(1732-1809.)

TO the thoughtful mind it is always a cause of wonder that the accident of birth should make genius the slave of title or wealth. It is comforting, though, that time should bring revenges.

A hundred years ago there lived a Hungarian grandee whose wealth was fabulous, whose expenditures were enormous, and whose rank put him on an equality with kings and emperors.

To-day he is remembered only for his traditional diamond-embroidered coat, and for the fact that out of his princely revenues he gave a careless pittance to a man who, even during his thirty years' service, was recognized as the most original genius of his day.

Franz Joseph Haydn, like Gluck, was an Austrian born on the Hungarian frontier. Gluck's kith and kin were foresters; Haydn's were cartwrights, — felicitous, suggestive trade, for in German the title is *Wagner*, as we shall see.

"I was born," says Haydn, "on the last day of March, 1732, in the market-town of Rohrau, near Prugg, on the river Leitha in Lower Austria."

The single-storied cottage where his life began was swept away by a flood in 1813. It was rebuilt in its

HAYDN.

original form, and again, twenty years later, the Leitha overflowed its low banks and destroyed it. Humble home! "A wretched peasant cottage for such a great man to be born in!" murmured the dying Beethoven, as he showed the composer Hummel a lithographed print of it by Diabelli.

Still it was the abode of harmony. The father, Matthias Haydn, though unable to read or write, was a man of strict probity, "an honest, God-fearing, hard-working man," with a spark of genius slumbering in his soul.

During his youth he had picked up the art of playing on the harp by ear. "He was by nature a great lover of music, while I, as a boy of five," said Haydn in a biographical sketch, "sang all his short, simple songs very fairly."

He remembered them when he was an old man, and he liked to tell how his father played them over on his harp on Sunday afternoons, while he himself would sit by his side scraping away with a piece of wood on his left shoulder, pretending it was a violin, such as he had seen the village schoolmaster use!

Matthias was in the service of Count Harrach, the lord of that village; and he married Maria Koller, Count Harrach's cook, who brought him a dower of one hundred and twenty florins. Haydn worshipped the memory of his mother. To his dying day he never forgot the lessons of order, regularity, and industry, to which, as he says, he was accustomed from his tenderest years.

"Neatness and order became second nature to me," he remarked to a visitor who expressed surprise to find him fully dressed and with freshly powdered wig early in the morning, when his age might have rendered him exempt from such scrupulousness.

Haydn's grandmother's second husband's daughter, Julie, was the wife of Johann Matthias Frankh, the schoolmaster and chor-regent at the not distant market-town of Hainburg. On the strength of this rather hazy connection, "Cousin Frankh" used sometimes to visit the Haydns. His opinion as an expert was asked concerning the boy who seemed to show such aptitude for music. He offered to take entire charge of little "Sepperl" (as they called him) and train him to music. The parents, who were ambitious for their sons, and were, at the same time, burdened with a rapidly growing family, gladly consented.

Thus before he was six, began Haydn's struggle with the world.

And was it not remarkable and even beautiful that though he never again lived under the humble thatched roof, he always loved it, was never ashamed of it, even when courted by the great, was rather proud that he could point young people to his own career as "an example that after all something can be made out of nothing;" and when on his return from his second visit to London, and his mother had been in her grave more than forty years, Haydn, being invited by Count Harrach to inspect the monument erected by him to the honor of his former vassal in the grounds of Castle Rohrau, stopped at the entrance of his birthplace, knelt down, and reverently kissed the threshold?

At Hainburg Haydn lived in the Hauptschule, a three-story building on the Ungar Strasse. The place had a fine view of the lofty Hennenburg and the picturesque castle at the foot of the mountain.

It was not a pleasant home to which he was taken, but he always made the best of everything, and years

afterwards he recorded his gratitude to Almighty God because music came so easy to him that even in his sixth year he could sing in the choir as well as play the violin and piano.

Frau Frankh neglected him; with a touch of humor he afterwards complained how, in spite of all his efforts, traces of untidiness would now and then appear on his person. "It was dreadfully mortifying; I was a little hedgehog!" he says.

Even then he wore a wig "for the sake of neatness"! "Papa Haydn without a wig were not to be imagined," says Nohl.

Gratitude was one of Haydn's most beautiful traits. He was always recognizant of his "first music teacher;" "I thank that man even in his grave," he would say, "though I got more thrashings than food;" and, when he died, he proved his sincerity by leaving one hundred florins to his daughter, whose husband had succeeded "Cousin Frankh" as rector of the school.

Only one incident of the boy's life at that epoch has come down to us, and that one has a comic flavor in keeping with Haydn's general character.

On St. Florian's Day, June 4, 1740, there was to be a great church festival, the pageant to include a procession with music. The drummer was taken ill and died, and "Cousin Frankh," remembering how accurately Haydn always beat time, thought he had found a substitute. He called Sepperl, showed him how to hold the drumsticks, and left him alone to practise. The boy stretched a cloth tightly over a meal-basket, set it on a stuffed chair, and began to drum so vigorously that the meal flew out all over everything, and almost ruined the chair. His skill was so great that his delighted

teacher forgot to scold him for once. Sepperl was of short stature, and a hunchback was provided to carry the drum, behind which marched gravely the boy, unmindful of the laughter excited by the odd spectacle. The instrument thus used is still preserved in Hainburg.

Haydn was ever after partial to the drum, and gave it an honorable work to do in his famous symphonies, especially in the one written in London, called "The Surprise."

When Haydn was between seven and eight, it chanced one day that Georg Reutter, Court-chapel master, and director of music at St. Stephen's in Vienna, came to Hainburg to visit his friend, Anton Johann Plumb, the city preacher. The object of his journey was to get choir-boys for the cathedral; Haydn was spoken of and sent for. The odd-looking little urchin in his bob wig and miserable dress came with "Cousin Frankh." Reutter placed a piece of music before him, and listened with pleasure to his "weak but pleasing voice." He asked him, —

"*Büberl*" (almost like our "bub"), "canst thou trill?"

"No," replied Sepperl, "nor can the schoolmaster either."

"See here, then, I will show you how to trill; give good heed how I do it."

The apt pupil after only two attempts mastered it, and Reutter was so delighted that he cried "bravo," and gave him a little coin. There happened to be some cherries on a table, and Reutter noticed that hungry eyes were cast upon them. He took up a handful, and threw them into the boy's cap. Haydn after that never saw cherries without remembering his introduction to Kapellmeister Reutter.

The result of the interview was that Haydn became, on the completion of his eighth year, one of the *Cantorei* or choir school of St. Stephen's. This school dated back at least three hundred years. There were but six scholars who lived and ate together with the cantor, subcantor, and two ushers, their board and clothing being paid for by a meagre allowance from the city. The boys studied theology, Latin, and other subjects of common education, and besides received instruction in music. Haydn says that he had instruction in singing and on the clavier and violin from very good masters.

He was never renowned as a performer upon any instrument, but says he, "I learned the function and use of all; I was not a bad clavier player and singer, and I could perform a concerto on the violin."

Reutter himself seems to have taken little pains to help him along, though he was pleased with his progress and told Haydn's father that if he had a dozen sons he would be glad to have them all. In fact, Sepperl's brother Michael, afterwards chapelmaster at Saltzburg, and still another brother, came into the same foundation, and Joseph had the "inestimable pleasure" of teaching them.

Reutter gave Haydn only two lessons in composition, but he made the most of those, and as he had constant practice in reading all sorts of church music, he set to work with more vigor than wisdom to compose, laboriously drawing the five lines on any chance scrap of paper, and filling them full of notes.

Reutter found him once at thirteen composing a *twelve-part Salve Regina* on a sheet of paper more than a yard long!

"*Hé!* what art thou up to, *Büberl?*" he asked, and

could not help laughing at the generosity with which the boy had filled the paper with *Salves.* Then he asked him if two parts would not suffice. Haydn took the hint, and also was wise enough to accept Reutter's advice to try variations on the pieces performed in the cathedral.

"The talent was indeed in me," said Haydn afterwards, "and by means of it and much diligence I made progress. When my comrades were playing, I used to take my little clavier (*clavierl*) under my arm, and go out where I should be undisturbed so as to practise by myself."

It was a laborious life for the choir-boys. There were two full choral services daily in the cathedral, besides innumerable extra services in the way of *Te Deums* and processions.

Unfortunately the boys were kept on short commons. Haydn's friend the painter Dies says, "Joseph's stomach was accustomed to a perpetual fast." In order to still its cravings he took part in as many musical entertainments as possible, so that the crumbs from rich men's tables might fall to his share.

He was a lively, happy boy. A story of one of his capers has come down to us. One Whitsuntide he was sent with the other choir-boys to sing at Schönbrunn where the court was residing. The boys found the scaffolding around the new palace a great temptation. They mounted as high as they could and made a terrible clatter on the boards. Suddenly they saw a lady talking with Reutter.

It was the Empress Maria Theresa herself! She ordered the noisy boys to be brought down, and threatened with a sound flogging if they went there again.

Haydn was the only one of the boys who ran the risk. He was caught and cudgelled. Years afterwards, when he was famous, he took occasion to thank the Empress for this "first proof of her favor," and gave a lively account of the affair, "which caused much laughter."

"I sang soprano both at St. Stephen's and at Court with great applause till my sixteenth year, when I finally lost my voice," says Haydn. The Empress at last remarked jestingly to Reutter that Joseph did not sing any more, but crowed. Accordingly, for the festivities of Leopold's Day, Michael Haydn, who had a better voice, was chosen to take his brother's place, and sang a *Salve Regina* so beautifully that the Empress gave him twenty-four ducats.

Reutter (who it is said kept half of Michael's ducats), finding that Joseph's voice was of no more use to him, was on the lookout for a pretext to get rid of him. One soon came.

Haydn, in fun, snipped off a comrade's pigtail with a pair of scissors. Reutter condemned him to be ferruled for it. Haydn with spirit declared he would leave the Chapel-house rather than submit to it.

"No use!" cried Reutter, "thou shalt be caned first, and then be off."

Thus Haydn was cast out after ten years' faithful service: "helpless, penniless, with three wretched shirts and a worn-out coat, into the great world which he knew so little."

It was an evening in late November, 1749, when Haydn was turned adrift. Hungry and weary he wandered all night through the streets of Vienna. In the morning he was found almost exhausted, by an acquaintance named Spangler, also musical and poor, who took

him to his garret and gave him lodgings through the winter. Haydn earned a pittance by fiddling at balls, by arranging instrumental compositions, and otherwise. "For eight long years," he says, "I was forced to knock about wretchedly, giving lessons to the young. Many a genius is ruined by this miserable livelihood, for it leaves no time for study." And he adds that he should never have done anything, had his zeal for composition driven him to work at night.

Haydn's mother begged him, with tears in her eyes, to fulfil the desire of her heart and take orders in the Church; but his mind was set upon music, and no trials, sufferings, privations, or obstacles could discourage him. Even when cold and hungry his jovial temperament made him see the bright side of things.

When spring came round he joined a party of pilgrims to the shrine of the Virgin at Mariazell in Steiermark, and immediately on his arrival presented himself before Florian Wrastil the choir-master, as a former pupil at St. Stephen's, showed some of his compositions, and asked to be employed.

The choir-master, who had doubtless been imposed upon by strolling adventurers, placed no faith in him, and when Haydn was more persistent, roughly dismissed him, saying, "So many lazy rascals come here from Vienna, and try to pass themselves off as choir-boys, and when tried can't sing a note."

The next day Haydn went unbeknown into the choir, scraped acquaintance with one of the singers, and asked the loan of his note-book. The young man excused himself. But Haydn is said to have bribed him — which, from his poverty, sounds apocryphal — and when the service began snatched the music out of his hand

and sang the solo so beautifully that every one was amazed, and the choir-master apologized for his rudeness.

Haydn tarried there a week, and, as he said, filled his belly for some time to come. When he left his new friends, they presented him with a little sum of money — sixteen gulden — raised by contribution.

Soon after his return to Vienna a benevolent merchant named Buchholtz loaned him one hundred and fifty florins without interest. Haydn faithfully repaid it, but half a century afterwards, in token of his gratitude, his will made Buchholtz's granddaughter, Jungfrau Anna, the recipient of a hundred florins.

He took lodgings in the top story of the old Michaeler-Haus on the Kohlmarkt, then a respectable part of the city. His chamber had scarcely room enough to turn around in. It had no window and no stove. The rain and snow made their way through the dilapidated roof. In winter his breath congealed on his coverlet, and the water turned to ice in his jug.

His immediate neighbors were not congenial spirits, — a journeyman printer, a stove-tender, a footman, and a cook, — but he was happy. He said to his friend Griesinger, "When I sat down at my old worm-eaten clavier, I envied no king his good fortune."

By the aid of this clavier — for Haydn, unlike Beethoven, required an instrument to compose by — he wrote a short four-part mass, which, by a curious accident, came into his hands fifty-two years later. It was his first "great work," and the old man was delighted with its melodiousness and youthful fire.

In the same house lodged the Princess Maria Octavia Esterhazy, mother of Prince Paul Anton whom we shall

soon meet; and the Italian poet Metastasio, who wrote so many librettos for Gluck.

Metastasio soon made Haydn's acquaintance, and confided to him the musical instruction of his favorite pupil, Marianna Martines, who, thirty years later, used to play piano duos with Mozart. For her Haydn wrote many little compositions, and thereto he was greatly assisted by Fux's *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and a technical work by Handel's friend Mattheson, which had been his constant study for several years. He was now fortunate enough to come across a volume of clavier sonatas by the talented Philip E. Bach. Haydn related how he could not leave his instrument until he had played them through, and ever after when he was at all depressed he would have recourse to those beautiful compositions, and always "get up cheered and enlivened."

This discovery led to a beautiful friendship between Haydn and the composer, though it is believed that they never met face to face. The son of the great Bach declared that Haydn was the only one who had wholly understood him.

Haydn's youthful spirits did not forsake him. He indulged in all sorts of amusing and not commendable pranks; once he surreptitiously fastened a chestnut-roaster's cart to the wheel of a hackney coach, and made off just in time to escape summary vengeance from the aggrieved parties. Another time he had a number of musicians come, each unbeknown to the other, to Tiefengraben, where Beethoven afterwards resided, and bade them at a certain signal play each a different piece. Such a cacophony awoke the neighborhood; windows were thrown up; execrations filled the air; finally the

police appeared on the scene, and there was a scramble for hasty escape on the part of the serenaders. The drummer, who had been stationed on the Hohenbrücke (where later Mozart lived), and one of the fiddlers, were apprehended for having taken part in what Dies calls "this cursed hell-music!"

Of course Haydn escaped. Ringleaders almost always go exempt.

Haydn did not neglect his violin. He was fortunate enough to fall in with the "celebrated virtuoso," Dittersdorf, who will be remembered as having accompanied Gluck to Italy in 1762. The two became good friends, and enjoyed merry times together. Dies relates an amusing anecdote of their pranks. Haydn's music was beginning to be somewhat known, and one evening as he and Dittersdorf were going along the street they stopped in front of a beer-cellar where the sleepy and half-drunk musicians were murdering a minuet.

"Let us go in," said Haydn.

They entered the saloon. Haydn approached the first violinist and asked, —

"Whose is that minuet?"

"Haydn's."

Haydn assumed a scornful air, and said, —

"Well, it is a perfect —— of a minuet."

"What's that? what's that?" screamed the fiddler, nettled by the opprobrious epithet.

He sprang up and all the other musicians with him, threatening to break their instruments on Haydn's head. But Dittersdorf, who was tall and big, stretched out his arm and got him out of the door in safety.

In 1751 Haydn conducted another serenata, which had more fortunate consequences than the one above de-

scribed. He performed a quintet of his own composition under the windows of the gold and pearl embroiderer Anton Dirkes. In the same house lodged the popular comedian and manager named Kurz, who had a beautiful wife. Kurz was delighted. He rushed out. Carpani reports the dialogue.

"Whose music is this?"

"Mine," replied Haydn.

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine."

"So young."

"One must some time begin."

"Bravo! will you write an opera for me?"

"Certainly. . . . But I never wrote one."

"I will teach you."

"Very good."

"Come up-stairs."

There Kurz made Haydn sit down at the clavier and accompany with an improvisation the pantomime which he enacted: namely, that *Bernadon* (the clown) had fallen into the stormy sea, and was trying to swim ashore. Kurz stretched himself out on a chair, and floundered about imitating the motions of a swimmer, while a servant dragged him about the room.

Haydn had never seen the sea, and at first did not succeed in meeting the views of Kurz, who explained how hills rose up and valleys sank, and the waves roared.

At last Haydn in despair let his hands fall with a crash on the keys, and accidentally struck into a six-eight measure. Kurz leaped up, crying "*Bravissimo!*" almost suffocated him with his embrace, and declared that Haydn should compose the music to his new opera, "The Crooked Devil."

Haydn received twenty-five ducats; the opera was played twice with considerable success, but as it was supposed to satirize Affligio, the director of amusements at Vienna, it was prematurely withdrawn. Long years afterward, when Haydn crossed the British Channel, he warded off sea-sickness by laughing at the recollection of his attempt to represent a storm at sea on a tinkling clavier.

Haydn's pupil, Marianna, was taking singing-lessons of the famous Italian teacher, Niccolò Porpora, called "the Patriarch of Melody." Haydn accompanied the little girl, to play her accompaniments. Porpora was also teaching the beautiful Wilhelmine, mistress of the Venetian ambassador Correr, and Haydn became so useful, that when Correr with his whole household went to the baths of Mannersdorf, he was one of the train. He made himself almost the valet of the rough old maestro, blacked his boots, brushed his clothes, and put up with hard blows and harder words, for the sake of the instruction that he got in Italian, in singing, and in the art of composition.

It is said that at Mannersdorf he made the acquaintance of Gluck, who vainly urged him to go to Italy with him. Haydn never went to Italy.

When he returned to Vienna he worked harder than ever, devoting from sixteen to eighteen hours a day to his art, though two-thirds of this time procured him merely the necessities of existence. He earned sixty gulden a year by conducting the music for "the Brothers of Mercy," at the suburban church in Leopoldstadt, which required him to be on hand at eight o'clock in the morning. He was organist at the Haugwitz chapel, and sang at St. Stephen's for seventeen kreutzer a service. After

he found himself able to rent better quarters, he was robbed of all he had saved. His father came to Vienna to see him, and gave him a little money and the good advice to fear God and love his neighbor. He followed it implicitly, and loved his neighbor — especially, it has been said, if she was a pretty woman. He was always very gallant. He now felt justified in raising his price for teaching from two to five gulden a month!

He always made friends. Councillor von Fürnberg, a great lover of music, took a fancy to him, and invited him to superintend the music at his country seat, Weinzierl. For this nobleman — "from whom I enjoyed special favor," says Haydn, — he composed several string trios, six scherzandi for wind instruments, and eighteen quartets. Carpani says he was only about twenty when he wrote his first quartet. He wrote seventy-seven in all.

Their frankness, homeliness, originality, quaintness, childlike cheerfulness, often reaching jollity, quickly made them popular, and brought the composer to the notice of the same Countess von Thun who introduced Dr. Burney to Gluck.

There is a story to the effect that he came to her house, a shabbily-dressed and uncouth young man, to tune her clavier, and after the work was accomplished, forgetting himself, he sat and improvised till he was surprised by the countess. She was delighted, and asked him if he could play from notes, and showed him one of his own sonatas. He claimed it. To test him she made him play it from memory, and he, in his inspiration, added a host of turns and trills and other of those rococo decorations which the taste of that age demanded.

There was something about him particularly winning, and the countess became his friend. Her influence, joined to that of Von Fürnberg (in the winter of 1759), procured Haydn the appointment of kapellmeister to Franz von Morzin, a wealthy Bohemian who had a band of sixteen or eighteen performers at his country-house near Pilsen. For him Haydn wrote his first symphony, a work which, though "small and light," contained that germ of unity and clearness which made it the worthy precursor not only of his own classic compositions for grand orchestra, but also of those by Mozart and Beethoven and many more.

"Haydn," says his friend Carpani, "like Columbus, opened the way to a new world."

He was "the father of the symphony."

The condition attaching to Count Morzin's service was celibacy! But Haydn, always susceptible, had lost his heart to one of his pupils, the younger daughter of a hair-dresser named Keller. She seemed not to return his affection, but determined to go into a convent. So the father proposed that he should marry his eldest daughter, Maria Anna Aloysia Apollonia. There may have been some motive of gratitude, — for it is said the Kellers had sheltered Haydn in his poverty, — or it may have been inexperience of the world, that led him to accept the offer.

He married Maria Anna on November 26, 1760. Carpani says: "The lady's caprices changed the bond to chains, the pleasure to torment, and the affair went so ill that after suffering many years, this modern Sokrates finally separated from his Xantippe."

She was older than himself, ugly, bigoted, and extravagant. The complaints of narrow means that fill

Haydn's letters were due to her lavishness. She was jealous, shrewish, and uncultivated. Haydn declared that "it was all the same to her whether he was an artist or a cobbler."

She used her husband's compositions with equal indifference as gifts to her cronies the priests, on whom she lavished much money for masses, or as material for curl-papers!

Good-natured and lovable as he was, her temper was too much for him. Just before he formally separated from her in 1792, after thirty-two years of a fruitless, unhappy union, he wrote a letter in Italian calling her a *bestia infernale;* and in 1805, five years after she had died at Baden, Haydn showed her picture to the violinist Baillot, saying, "That is my wife, who has often brought me into a rage."

Dies relates that Count Morzin did not find out about his kapellmeister's marriage for six months, but another circumstance lost him his position. The count felt obliged to curtail his expenses; his great establishment was reduced; his musicians were discharged.

Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy, while on a visit to Count Morzin, had heard some of Haydn's compositions and was struck by them. He asked the count to let him have Haydn. Nevertheless, several months passed, and no orders came. Haydn, by the advice of his friend Friedburg, wrote a new symphony, which he managed to have performed on the Prince's birthday.

Haydn was present. The Prince had him summoned. Carpani tells the anecdote delightfully. The Prince, seeing the little dark man, called him a Moor, and asked him his name. "Joseph Haydn." — "Why, you are already in my service; why have I not seen you before?"

Haydn murmured some excuse, and the Prince immediately ordered him to be dressed in uniform, or rather livery of light blue and silver, knee-breeches, white stockings, lace ruffles, and white stock. Of course he wore the famous wig with side curls and pigtail. As he was "below medium height, and his legs were too short for his body," the Prince wished his height to correspond to his intellect, and, so the story goes, bade him increase it by wearing shoes with higher heels.

Haydn's appointment as vice-kapellmeister was confirmed on May 1, 1761. The form of agreement called upon the incumbent to be temperate, mild and lenient, frank and calm, and behave as should become an honorable official of a princely house; abstaining from undue familiarity, from vulgarity in eating, drinking, and conversation. He should appear each day before his master for instructions; he should compose "such music as his Serene Highness should command;" take charge of music and musical instruments, instruct singers, and practise on the various instruments that he understood. He received the salary of four hundred florins, and boarded at the officers', that is, the servants' table.

It speaks well for Haydn's temper, that he lived peaceably with his nominal superior, the superannuated Werner, who had been kapellmeister for a third of a century. Indeed, he felt such esteem for him, that after his death he published six of his fugues arranged as string quartets.

Prince Paul Anton was about fifty years of age; and after a brilliant career, during which he had been raised to the dignity of Field Marshal, he retired to the magnificent palace begun by his father at Eisenstadt, in Hungary, where he intended to spend the rest of his days. He

lived only a year after Haydn's appointment, and was succeeded by his brother Nicolaus, known as "the Magnificent."

He had fabulous wealth; his personal attractions and popularity would have made him an idol in the society of the capital; yet the Prince preferred the country. He occupied himself in building a new Versailles at Esterhaz, on the southern shore of the vast salt Neu-Siedler See. On this unhealthy site, not drained till fifteen years later, arose the new palace, containing 162 rooms, white marble reception hall, splendid library, theatre, and opera-house, all royally decorated and furnished. It was finished in 1766, the year that Werner died.

Haydn was immediately appointed kapellmeister; his salary was raised to 600 florins (about $500); he had a suite of three rooms, and abundant time for his favorite occupations, — composing, hunting, and fishing. It is said that more than once game that he shot found its way to the table of the Empress.

He had enough to do, and the immensely long list of his compositions proved that he could never have been idle. He was obliged to provide for two operatic performances, and one or two concerts each week; when distinguished visitors came — and more than once archdukes, foreign princes, and even the Empress, visited Esterhaz — he had to furnish extra entertainments.

The Prince himself played on the baryton, a six or seven stringed instrument, something like a 'cello, or viol da gamba, and now obsolete. Haydn wrote not less than 163 baryton compositions, of which 125 were trios. The Prince was rather jealous of his own proficiency, and Haydn's efforts to learn the instrument were not

favored. In one trio, Haydn introduced a solo for second baryton. The Prince tried it over, but came to a passage which was too difficult for him. He exclaimed angrily: "For the future, write solos only for my part. It is no credit to you to play better than I do; it is your duty."

No wonder Haydn exclaimed in later life: "I have associated with emperors and queens, and many great gentlemen, and have had many flattering remarks from them; but I do not care to live on a confidential footing with such people, and prefer folk of my own walk in life."

Haydn's letters give us little glimpses of his life at Eisenstadt and Esterhaz. Now he sprains his ankle, now he is suffering severely from polypus in the nose, now he wants to mortgage a future composition for a few ducats. He mourns over the loneliness and isolation of his life, and yearns for more sympathetic companionship than he can have in the country.

He found consolation for his wife's incompatibility in Luigia Polzelli, or as Carpani calls her, Boselli, on whom he lavished money and affection, until at last he discovered that she was a heartless coquette. A happier and more worthy friendship bound him to Madame von Genzinger, at whose house, during his too short and infrequent visits to Vienna, he enjoyed much, and with whom he kept up a genuine correspondence.

Once Haydn's old father came to visit him at Eisenstadt. He procured his younger brother a place in his choir; and in 1801, the three brothers Joseph, Francis, and Johann, dined together, and listened to a serenade performed in their honor.

This busy but monotonous life in Prince Esterhazy's

service lasted till September, 1790. During this period he produced sixty-three symphonies, forty quartets, twenty-eight sonatas, seventeen trios.

"Haydn," says Nohl, "was the first to assume absolute control in that realm of love which finds expression through the use of instruments alone, and who knew how to give life and individuality to each component part of the orchestra."

His quartets have been compared to the conversations of four amiable and intellectual persons: the first violin, a middle-aged man of wit, and good humor, a good talker, taking rather more than his share of the conversation; the second violin, a friend of the first, rarely occupied with himself, intent on repeating and seconding the ideas broached by the first; the bass, learned and sententious, with laconic but set opinions, sometimes prophetic, like one versed in affairs; while the viola is a bright-tempered matron, not apt to indulge in very deep or important remarks, but adding a touch of grace to the whole.

This idea did not originate with Haydn, but is to be traced back to Ph. E. Bach, who in his trio for strings imagined a conversation between a melancholy man and a sanguine man, resulting in the former attaining the spirits of the latter.

Cheerfulness, naturalness, spontaneity, were the characteristics of Haydn's work. The adjective *heidnisch* in German means heathenish: in English, Haydnish stands for every thing in music that is particularly melodious and jolly, simple and unaffected and bright. Goethe said of Haydn: "He may be superseded, he can never be surpassed." It has been well said: "Like Montaigne, he conceals nothing from you; he shows you his homely

nature; he chats with you, he jokes with you; and never does he wish to appear better than he is. He is free from morbidness; he accepts nature and life and death with the laughing confidence of a child, and does not pother his head about them."

He often indulged in genuine fun expressed in his music. Examples of such are found in his divertimento "Echo," for four violins and 'cello, in his famous "Farewell Symphony," where at certain passages the performers two by two put out their candles and left the room, till all but Haydn himself were gone, thereby hinting to the Prince that the musicians, who had been kept unusually long at Esterhaz, were anxious to go home; and again in his "Surprise Symphony" at London, in which he woke up the sleeping nobility by an unusually loud alarum on the drum. And every one knows the amusement that has been caused by Haydn's so-called Toy or Kinder Symfonie, suggested by the medley of noises heard at a village fair.

As years went by, Haydn grew more than ever restive at the "dreary solitude" of his Hungarian exile. He had received many invitations to go to foreign lands. The King of Naples invited him to Italy. He was urged to visit Paris, where his "*Stabat Mater*" had been performed with great applause. Cramer wrote him from London begging him to come at any price; and Salomon, director of the Academy of Ancient Music, sent Bland as special messenger under the pretext of purchasing some new compositions, but in reality to tempt him to London. Bland overheard Haydn, as he was torturing himself shaving, exclaim, "I would give my best quartet for a good razor," and immediately offered him an English razor, for which he received his latest composition, hence called the "Razor Quartet"!

But he could not move Haydn from his oft-repeated vow "to live and die" with his prince.

When Prince Nicolaus died in 1790, he left Haydn a pension of a thousand florins, to which his successor Prince Anton added four hundred, but without requiring his presence. Shortly after, a gentleman suddenly appeared in his lodging.

"I am Salomon from London," said he abruptly, "and I have come to fetch you; to-morrow we will come to terms." The terms footed up to over twelve hundred pounds sterling, and Haydn determined to accept. His friends tried to dissuade him. Mozart especially begged him to give it up, urging his age, his ignorance of the world, and his unfamiliarity with English.

Haydn replied that he was well and strong, and that his language was understood by all the world. The two friends, bound all the closer by Haydn's recent entry into the order of Masonry, parted with the presentiment that they should never meet again. But it was not Haydn who was the first to go "into the silent land." Haydn landed in England on the first day of the new year, after an eventful journey. At Munich he met the famous Cannabich, who had done so much for raising orchestral music in Germany. At Bonn he heard one of his own masses sung, and was cordially received by the Elector Maximilian, who introduced him to his chapel, and invited him to dinner. Beethoven was then twenty years old and living in Bonn. He probably played before him.

Above all, he enjoyed his first sight of the sea, which he called "a monstrous beast," but in his letter he acknowledged that "he was a little frightened and a bit uncomfortable"!

We might fill pages with the details of his London visit, — the dinners, the receptions, the concerts; his quaint and amusing comments on a life so strange.

It must not be supposed that London, which had more than once let Händel fail, did not put difficulties in the way of the new lion who had been saluted with such effusion.

> "Welcome, great master, to our favor'd isle,
> Already partial to thy name and style."

Thus sang the poet, but rivalry was ready to injure him. Faction ran high, and those who affected to sneer at the great composer did their best to prevent the opening of Gallini's new theatre. Indeed, the contest threatened to grow political: the King supporting one party, and the Prince of Wales the other.

In spite of all these feuds, however, Haydn's London visit was a great success. He was grievously disappointed that the Lord Chamberlain refused to license the theatre so that his opera could not be performed, for he had a mistaken idea as to the value of his dramatic works; but his instrumental works roused the greatest enthusiasm.

While he was in London he made the acquaintance of a well-preserved widow of sixty, Madame Schröter, a sentimental dame who had begun life with a clandestine marriage with her music-teacher. She fell desperately in love with Haydn, who remarked, "Had I been free, I should certainly have married her." He returned to Germany laden with honors, — Oxford had created him Doctor of Music, — *fêted* and "weary of many labors," and richer than he had ever dreamed. Above all, he enjoyed the consciousness of his freedom.

He had even dared to neglect his prince's summons back to Esterhaz, and his only reprimand was, "Haydn, you might have saved me forty thousand thalers!" Haydn's motto was, "Free must the soul and spirit be."

On his way back he met at Bonn the young Beethoven, who showed him the manuscript of a cantata. Haydn urged him to come to Vienna, and he would give him lessons. These lessons, which continued over a year, were paid for at the rate of about twenty cents an hour, and, as we shall see, proved to be very unsatisfactory.

In 1794 Haydn, accompanied by his life-long friend Joseph Elssler, grandfather of the famous dancer, was back in London again, more popular than ever. It was at the rehearsal of one of his new symphonies that he gave (Sir) George Smart a lesson in the proper mode of handling drumsticks. He had not forgotten the use of his first instrument!

Especially during his visit to Bath with Dr. Burney was he lionized. During the winter concert season he was frequently invited to Buckingham Palace, and he directed the private concert in which the Prince and Princess of Wales took part. It was only after many months that he ventured to send in his bill for a hundred guineas for twenty-six attendances at Carlton House!

When he returned to Vienna, more famous than ever, and with a substantial bank account besides hosts of gifts — including a parrot which was afterwards sold for fourteen hundred florins — he settled down at his suburban villa at Gumpendorf in January, 1797; the same month that he composed the Emperor's Hymn, "*Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,*" — the Austrian national air.

Haydn's friend Salomon proposed that he should compose an oratorio. He, who had heard so much of

Händel's music in London, and had declared fervently, "He is the master of us all," was moved to make the attempt. Hence resulted that masterpiece, the "Creation." It took him eighteen months. "Never," says he, "was I so pious (*fromm*) as during the time that I was working on the 'Creation.' Daily I fell on my knees, and begged God to vouchsafe me strength for the fortunate outcome of this work."

The first performance of the "Creation" with German words took place at Prince Schwarzenburg's palace. Haydn said, "One moment I was cold as ice; the next I seemed to be on fire. I thought I should have a fit." It was first publicly performed in Vienna, on March 19, 1799. It has always been popular, though the best critics have found just fault with the imitative or program music which occasionally detracts from its dignity. Beethoven made sport of his musical beasts and birds. It was first given in London, on March 2, 1800; and portions of it were sung at the first concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, September 16, 1815. It is interesting to remember that Napoleon was on his way to hear the first performance of the "Creation" in Paris, on December 24, 1800, when he so nearly perished by the famous infernal machine.

Haydn's next choral work was the "Seasons," adapted to words taken from Thomson's poem. It is said the Emperor Franz once asked Haydn which of the two oratorios he preferred.

"The 'Creation.'"

"Why?"

"Because in the 'Creation' angels speak, and their talk is of God. In the 'Seasons' no one higher speaks than Farmer Simon."

Haydn's religion was always cheerful. When he was an old man he said, "When I think of my God, my heart dances within me for joy, and then my music has to dance too!"

Haydn always ranked his "Seven Words of Christ," written for the cathedral at Cadiz in 1785, and afterwards enlarged to a cantata, as one of his best works.

After Haydn's second return from London he was appointed assessor senior for life by the Society of Musicians of Vienna, which had once treated him with "incredible meanness." Haydn showed his generosity by presenting it with the scores of the "Creation" and the "Seasons." Medals struck in his honor and poems celebrating his fame gave the old man great gratification.

His work on the "Seasons" brought on an attack of illness. A report of his death was circulated in Paris, and a mass was sung there in his honor. Haydn was amused, and said: "I am much obliged to those gentlemen, and if they had informed me, I would have come myself to applaud the mass."

So long as he was able, he followed the daily routine which had so long made his life regular and serene; rose early, breakfasted at eight, and spent the rest of the day in solitude or with friends, occasionally improvising at the clavier or trying to get inspiration for composition. His friend Carpani visited him a year before he died, and found him occupied solely with the thought of his fading life. For a moment, his face grew animated, a light and a tear came into his eyes, a sweet smile irradiated his lips, his voice took new tone, but soon fell back into his habitual torpor.

Carpani was present when the Society of Amateurs in Vienna gave the "Creation," and Haydn for the first

time for some years, and for the last time, appeared in public. It was the 27th of March, 1808. "Surrounded by the great and by his friends, by poets and the fair sex," naïvely says Carpani, "hearing the praises of God imagined by himself, and his own praises commingling with those of the divinity, the good old man must have believed himself in heaven."

Salieri conducted. At the sound of the introduction to the words "And there was light," the audience burst into loud applause. Haydn pointed up, exclaiming: "It came from above." As he left the hall, his friends, among them Beethoven, gathered around to bid him farewell. At the door he stopped his bearers, turned around, and, lifting his arms, seemed to give his benediction to the musicians. "Never," said Carpani, "was such a pathetic spectacle."

In 1809 Vienna was bombarded by the French, and a cannon-ball fell near his dwelling. Haydn tried to cheer his servants, but the excitement was too much for him. The last visit he received was from an Italian officer, named Clement Sulemi, who sang his aria, "In Native Worth," to him, greatly moving the old master. Four days before he died he was carried to his clavier, and solemnly played the Emperor's Hymn three times: his farewell to music.

On the thirty-first of May, 1809, he was no more. "I believe I have done my duty, and have helped the world by my labors: let others do the same," he once remarked.

Haydn was buried at Eisenstadt, on Prince Esterhazy's estate. His skull, however, is said to be among the treasures of the Vienna Anatomical Institute.

Haydn was a wonderful illustration of native genius

finding recognition without seeking it. Fame came to him. He thought his life in the country was wasted. All the time, almost without his knowing it, the world was apotheosizing him: even in his lifetime the enthusiastic Italians called him "the God of instrumental music," and compared his "sacred and splendid name" to "the Sun in the Temple of Harmony." The French Encyclopédie declared that all composers of instrumental music "yield to the inexhaustible Haydn in invention and originality."

Surely such a life ought to be a stimulus to any one, however poor and humble.

MOZART.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

(1756-1791.)

IN the beautiful old town of Salzburg, at the foot of the Mönchberg, was born on the twenty-seventh of January, 1756, a boy, who received the name or names of Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Sigismundus; this portentous array melted down for common use into Wolfgang Amade or Wolfgang Gottlieb, according as the Greek name expressing the Love of God was put into Latin or German.

The boy's father was Johann Georg Leopold Mozart, who, instead of following the example of other members of his family and becoming a book-binder, broke away from the ancestral trade and devoted his life to music. He was an excellent organist, having been trained by the Benedictine monks of Augsburg. He drifted to Salzburg, where he acquired renown as a violinist, and was made court musician and afterwards court composer and conductor of orchestra to the archbishop, who kept up princely state.

Leopold Mozart was a voluminous composer, but his works display more knowledge than inspiration: symphonies, serenades, concertos for all sorts of instruments, oratorios, masses, and secular and religious pieces attest his industry.

The very year that his son was born, he published at Augsburg, at his own cost, a practical treatise on the violin, which went through several editions, was translated into different languages, and was a standard instruction book for many years. Otto Jahn declares that it is written in "a clear and trenchant style," with a strong tendency to sarcasm. Judging from the quotations that he gives, it contains many wise and profound observations on the art of music. Hard work was recommended as a necessary adjunct even for genius. Leopold Mozart applied this principle to the education of his children.

He was a man admirable in every way. A strong Roman Catholic, but free from bigotry and scarcely tinctured with superstition; firm and strict, but not stern; learned but not a pedant; shrewd but not mean; wise and lovable.

Amid a society notorious for its low pleasures, its taste for buffoonery, and its utter lack of sympathy for aught that was high and sober, Leopold Mozart preserved a serene cheerfulness, a noble dignity, and a fine seriousness.

Cruel fate that should have made such a man the menial and almost the slave of a pompous, selfish, and worldly churchman!

Leopold Mozart at the age of twenty-eight married Anna Maria Pertlin, a foster-child of the Convent of Saint Gilgen. Their engagement had been of long standing; but "good things require time," said Leopold Mozart, writing on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. The two were regarded as the handsomest couple in Salzburg. Frau Mozart was good-natured and affectionate, but not a strong character. It is probable

that Wolfgang inherited his genius from his father, and the easy-going disposition and fondness for gayety from his mother, who was a true Salzburger.

Seven children were born to the Mozarts, but of these only two survived, — Maria Anna, familiarly called Nannerl, and Wolfgang.

Nannerl early displayed a talent for music, and it was while their father was giving her instruction on the clavier, that, as it were by accident, Wolfgang's wonderful precocity was discovered. At three years of age he liked to amuse himself by picking out simple chords on the instrument.

When he was four, his father began to give him systematic instruction: he would learn minuets and other pieces in half an hour. In his fifth year he began to compose little pieces, which his father wrote down: the two earliest are dated May 11 and July 16, 1762.

One day when he was between four and five, his father and Herr Schachtner, the court trumpeter, found the little fellow daubing notes on a sheet of paper. As he dipped his pen each time to the very bottom of the inkhorn, many blots fell, but he was not discouraged; he wiped them off with the palm of his hand, and went on.

At first the men thought it was all "*galimathias*," — nonsense, — but after examining the work, Leopold Mozart said with tears in his eyes, —

"Look, Herr Schachtner! how correct and according to rule it is set; only it could be of no use, for it is so extraordinarily difficult that no one would be able to play it."

Wolfgang spoke up in its defence: —

"That is why it is a *concert*. You must practise (*exercieren*) it until you can make it go. See, this is the

way it must be played," and the little marvel went to the clavier and tried to show them what he meant.

Never was mortal more exquisitely endowed. The stories told of his innate musical equipment and his prodigies of genius would be almost incredible, did they not rest on the best authority, and had we not seen within the last few years several wonder-children, whose exploits recall the marvels of Mozart. Indeed, some persons, inclining to a belief in re-incarnation, felt that perhaps the spirit of Mozart had come back into the frame of that mysterious prodigy Josió Hofmann, who, besides his genius for reproducing the works of the greatest masters and for improvisation, has a serene and beautiful talent for composition.

Rubinstein has remarked that wonder-children generally fail to justify the hopes of their precocity. Certainly this is not true of musical prodigies: we know that most of the great composers very early displayed their genius. It is too soon to predict what Josió Hofmann, Otto Hegner, and Mauricio Dengremont, all of whom the writer has had the pleasure of knowing personally, will do in their maturity; and a premature death, alas! cut short the promising career of the young Hungarian, Charles Filtsch, who at thirteen played better than Chopin, and of whom Liszt said, "When this little fellow travels, I shall shut up shop!" Hummel and Cesarius Scheidel were also famous wonder-children.

But the Mozart children were the first to be brought before the public; and it was not strange that at first people were sceptical of his age and of his powers, or that in some places it was accredited to witchcraft!

Early in 1762 Leopold Mozart first arranged to take his children on a three weeks' concert tour to Munich.

It was so successful that later in the same year he decided to go to Vienna. At Passau the bishop detained them five days, and munificently rewarded the boy with one ducat!

They went down the Danube in a boat, and making a stop at the monastery of Ybbs, or Ips, where some of the ecclesiastical passengers performed mass, the boy made his way to the organ and played so that the Franciscan fathers, who were at dinner, stopped their repast and listened to him.

On their arrival at Vienna, Wolfgang struck up an acquaintance with the customs officer, and played him a minuet on his violin. This minuet saved the Mozarts their custom fees!

Leopold Mozart was soon "commanded" to bring his children to the Imperial palace of Schönbrunn. There before the Court and nobility, who were great lovers of music, the children played for three hours. Maria Theresa was then thirty-four, and had already made her famous jest that she believed herself to be the first of living vocalists. Her husband, Franz Stephan, took great delight in the "little magician." He told him sportively that it was no great art to play with all one's fingers; to play with one finger was the true way! The boy entered into the spirit of the thing, and did as he was bade. He then, at the Emperor's suggestion, played on a clavier, the keys of which were covered with a cloth. In this test he made no mistake, and it afterwards became a regular feature of the entertainment.

The boy was not in the least spoiled by all the attention and flattery of the great. He preserved his natural childlike ways, and would spring into the Empress's lap, throw his arms around her neck, and kiss her, and

play with the young princesses as though they were his equals. Marie Antoinette was his favorite, and once when he slipped and fell on the polished parquetry floor, she helped him to his feet.

"You are nice (*brav*): I will marry you," he exclaimed.

The Empress asked him why.

"Out of gratitude; she was kind to me, while her sisters stood by and did nothing."

Marianne was presented with a white silk court gown. Wolfgang received a lilac-colored suit trimmed with broad double border of gold braid, that had been made for the Archduke Maximilian Franz. The portraits of the two children in these gorgeous clothes still exist, and have been often engraved.

The aristocracy of Vienna vied with the Imperial family in lavishing attentions on the Mozarts. All the ladies fell in love with the charming boy. The Emperor presented Leopold Mozart with a hundred ducats, and fortune seemed to smile upon his enterprise. It was interrupted by a severe attack of scarlet fever which kept Wolfgang in bed for several weeks; and when he came out again, the great people who would have liked him to adorn their entertainments were afraid of infection.

During his visit at Vienna he was presented with a violin, and shortly after his return home he amazed his father and Herr Schachtner by playing at sight the second violin part of a series of six trios, saying, "There is no need of having learnt first to play second violin!"

It is a temptation to linger over Mozart's bright and happy childhood, when, under the wise and loving guidance of his father, we see him diligently perfecting him-

self in the solid foundations of his art, even while he was travelling about from city to city and from court to court, everywhere kindling the deepest wonder and interest.

Leopold Mozart was made vice-kapellmeister by Archbishop Sigismund in 1763, and shortly after left Salzburg for an extended tour. Details of their triumphs are abundant, for Leopold Mozart was a voluminous letter-writer, and he noted down all the incidents that occurred. Additional data are quaintly preserved in the diary that Nannerl, who was five years older than her brother, was in the habit of keeping.

After leisurely visiting various residences, and playing before kings, princes, and dukes, and other titled people, — "We hold intercourse with none but persons of nobility and distinction," complacently writes Leopold, — sometimes rejoicing over munificent gifts, and sometimes mourning that the children received more kisses than louis-d'or, they reached Paris in November.

Here the children repeated the triumphs of Vienna. They were received by the royal family; day after day, says a contemporary account, "These children have had the honor of playing before the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, and Mesdames de France, as well as before a great many people of distinction at court and in the city. The young Mozart has also had the honor of playing the organ in the king's chapel at Versailles for an hour and a half in presence of this august assembly."

The majestic and haughty Madame de Pompadour stood the boy on a table, but drew back when he wanted to kiss her.

"Who is this that will not kiss me? Why, the Empress kissed me!" he exclaimed indignantly.

The King's daughters were very friendly, and let etiquette go to the winds in their intercourse with the children.

Leopold Mozart wrote out a long list of the distinguished people who had been civil to them. He also thought the time had come to bring the boy out as a composer. He published four sonatas for violin and clavier: two dedicated to "*Madame Victoire de France. Par J. G. Wolfgang Mozart de Saltzbourg, agé de 7 ans; œuvre premier,*" and two dedicated to the Countess of Tessé.

Leopold was so afraid that people might think the boy had not really composed them, that he was not sorry for the error of three consecutive fifths that had crept in uncorrected; but Wolfgang's performances on clavier, organ, and violin, and his skill as an accompanist, which were put to the severest test, made it impossible that there was any deceit. The sonatas were ingenious, and, as the father said, displayed "remarkable taste."

In April, 1764, the Mozarts left Paris, and proceeded to England by a private vessel. In a fortnight's time they were in London, where they had even greater success than in Vienna or Paris. Leopold Mozart wrote to his friend Hagenauer enthusiastically about the friendly reception accorded them by the King and Queen. At the second performance at Buckingham House, for which the family received twenty-four guineas, Mozart played at sight pieces by the best-known authors. Leopold Mozart wrote that his son's performance on the King's organ surpassed his clavier playing. He accompanied the Queen in an aria which she sang, played a solo on the flute, and finally improvised "a most beautiful melody" to the bass of a piece by Händel, "so that all

were lost in the deepest amazement." His father adds to his account that his progress since he had left home "goes beyond imagination."

It is interesting to note that Johann Christian, son of the great Sebastian Bach, who lived in London, took a great fancy to Wolfgang. With the little fellow sitting on his knee, the two would play a sonata, each taking alternate bars with such precision that no one would have suspected two performers.

The announcement of Wolfgang's first public appearance promised "concerts on the harpsichord by Master Mozart, who is a real prodigy of nature. He is but seven years of age, plays anything at first sight, and composes amazingly well."

The event was postponed several times, but when it finally took place the receipts ran up to one hundred guineas in three hours.

Leopold Mozart was suddenly taken ill, and for almost two months was unable to reap the golden harvest which was ready at hand. Wolfgang meantime applied himself to composition, and did not touch his instrument, "out of consideration to his father." He composed three symphonies and other works, so that when Wolfgang's next concert came off, all the instrumental pieces were his own. Six sonatas for piano and violin or flute, "very humbly dedicated" to Queen Charlotte "by her Majesty's very humble and very obedient little servant," brought him an honorarium of fifty guineas.

The dedication, written in French, is quite dramatic in tone, and represents a dialogue between the composer and the genius of music. It contained the celebrated prophecy that he should become "immortal as Händel and Hasse, and his name be as famous as that of Bach."

In the autumn of 1764, Wolfgang for the first time heard notable singers in Italian opera. He took singing lessons of the famous soprano, Manzuoli, and quickly and easily mastered the technics of the art, which "to most men are the result of years of pains-taking study."

It was during this visit to London that Daines Barrington, a Fellow of the Royal Society, put the "wonder of nature," as he was called, to the severest tests of playing at sight and improvisation. Barrington in his published account compared Mozart's skill to that of a child of eight who should read "with all the pathetic energy of a Garrick" a capital speech of Shakespeare never by him seen before, and at the same time three different comments tending to its illustration,—in Greek, in Hebrew, and in Etruscan characters, all the time signifying "which comment is most material upon every word!"

Of his execution upon the harpsichord he declared it was "amazing, considering that his little fingers could scarcely reach a fifth" on the keys.

Barrington was so impressed by these feats of genius, and by "the masterly manner" in which he modulated and improvised, that although the boy acted like a boy, now jumping up to play with a cat, and now playing horse around the room with a stick between his legs, it was only after he had procured a copy of Wolfgang's baptismal register that he convinced himself and his friends that there was no imposition.

Leopold Mozart had long exceeded his leave of absence, and after fifteen months' stay in England he left Calais in August, 1765. On their way to the Hague, whither they had been invited by the Princess Caroline of Nassau-Weilburg, they were delayed for a month at

Lille, on account of Wolfgang being again attacked by a dangerous illness. They had hardly reached the Hague when Marianne in her turn was taken sick; she was delirious for a week, and as Leopold wrote, "She received not only the Holy Communion, but also the holy sacrament of Final Unction."

He gives a touching picture of the father and mother trying to persuade the daughter of the vanity of the world, and the blessedness of death for children, "while Wolfgang in another room occupied himself with his music."

Marianne fully recovered. Her talent for music, great as it was, for she was regarded as one of the cleverest pianists in Europe, paled before her brother's. The friendship between the two was very warm, though it was expressed on Wolfgang's part often in rude and even rather gross jests and pranks, due to the Salzburger love for buffoonery. A Salzburg paper declared that it was ravishing to hear the twelve-year-old sister play the most difficult sonatas on the clavier, while the brother accompanied her impromptu on another.

Marianne became a handsome woman; in 1784 she married Baron von Berchthold, a widower with several children; and survived her husband twenty-eight years, dying in October, 1829, after enjoying not only a competency but great popularity in her native place. She was all her life devoted to music; she even composed a few pieces, and was an excellent teacher as well as performer.

To return: Wolfgang fell ill of a violent fever at the Hague, and was reduced to great weakness; but he insisted on having a board laid across his bed, and on this he wrote, among other things, a soprano aria containing "curious turns of harmony."

At Amsterdam, where they spent a month, Wolfgang gave two concerts, consisting entirely of his own compositions. It was Lent, and all public amusements were forbidden; yet the Calvinistic authorities made an exception in favor of the little Mozarts, "because the propagation of the wonder gifts of these children redounds to the praise of God."

Their stay in Holland abounded in honors. The Prince of Orange came of age. Leopold Mozart's Violin School was brought out in Dutch translation, and dedicated to him. Wolfgang was commissioned to write six sonatas for the Princess. He also played on the famous Haarlem organ.

Before returning home they went back by a roundabout way to Paris, where, during the early summer, they had good success, but not equal to that of their first appearance. The Princess of Orleans presented Wolfgang with a rondo for clavecin and violin, of her own composition. The "Brunswick Achilles," Prince Karl Wilhelm, the hero of the Seven Years' War, who played the violin so well that "he might have made his fortune by it," declared that many a kapellmeister had lived and died without having learned as much as this nine-year-old boy knew. In July they were at Dijon at the invitation of the Duke de Condé. Later they travelled through Switzerland, everywhere receiving great attention. It is probable that Voltaire was ill when they reached Lausanne, for Dr. Gehring quotes a letter from the famous philosopher speaking of a young clavecin player whom he had not been able to hear. Wolfgang, on his part, as being a strong Catholic, regarded Voltaire as a monster of unbelief.

At Donaueschingen, the Prince von Fürstenburg

entertained them for twelve days; every evening there were musical performances from five o'clock till nine. On their departure the Prince wept; he gave them twenty-four louis d'or, and each of the children a diamond ring.

At Biberach, Wolfgang and a lad two years his senior named Sixtus Bachmann had a competition on the organ, in which each tried "to dispute the other's superiority, and both came out with honor."

In November, 1766, they were in Munich, where the Elector was greatly pleased by Wolfgang composing, during dinner-time, a little piece, the motive of which he had caught from the Prince's lips.

By the end of that month the Mozarts were at home in Salzburg once more, after an absence of three years and a half. They brought considerable money and enough jewellery and other gifts "to open a shop." Leopold felt that it was high time for the boy to subject himself to the quiet routine and discipline of home. He was above all afraid that his children might contract idle habits. It was certainly remarkable, that in spite of the public life and the flattery to which they had been exposed, these wonderful children came back unspoiled, full of spirits and fun.

But they had not met the great of the earth without learning something. The archbishop or some other dignitary at Salzburg, not knowing exactly how to address the boy, whether familiarly or deferentially, remarked one day, "Well, *we* have been in France and England, *we* have been presented at Court, *we* have gained honor." Mozart interrupted him, saying, —

"But I don't remember, sir, to have seen you anywhere but here in Salzburg."

The archbishop was somewhat incredulous of Wolfgang's powers, and shut him up alone for a week with orders to compose an oratorio on a given text. The oratorio was printed, and performed several times. The score, which fills 208 pages, is now in the Royal Library at Windsor. Great originality was hardly to be expected, but the work is regarded as fully equal to similar compositions of the time. The same year he composed a musical prologue entitled "*Apollo et Hyacinthus*" on a Latin text, for a school festival at Salzburg. It was modelled on the conventional form of Italian opera.

In the summer of 1767 the Mozarts again went to Vienna so as to be present at the marriage of the Archduchess Maria Josepha with King Ferdinand of Naples. But an epidemic of small-pox broke up all their plans. The bride died, and both of the Mozart children, who had been taken to Olmütz, were very ill. Wolfgang lay blind for nine days. They were kindly cared for by the dean of Olmütz, who happened to be also a canon of Salzburg. Leopold Mozart remarks in one of his letters with what rare kindness and hospitality they were treated by Count Podstatsky "under the impulse of pure humanity."

Both Gluck and Haydn also showed strong marks of the ravages of that dreadful disease.

On full recovery they returned to Vienna, but only to find themselves cruelly deceived in their hopes. The new Emperor Francis Joseph was penurious; his mother, Maria Theresa, received them kindly, but gave them no substantial favor. The nobility seemed no longer to care for music. All the clavier players and composers of the city, seeing a dangerous rival in the boy, ranged themselves in opposition; by intrigues,

cabals, and calumnies, they tried to put him down. Leopold Mozart writes bitterly enough of their experiences.

Finally Wolfgang was commanded to write an opera at the price of a hundred guineas. Here seemed the opportunity to show his enemies of what stuff he was made. But even the Emperor's influence failed to conquer the opposing powers. The opera was written, but malign influences caused it to be postponed again and again during nine months, till at last Mozart withdrew it in disgust, and preferred a charge against Affligio — the same Affligio who balked Haydn's first opera. Owing to certain pecuniary complications chaining the Emperor, the case never came to trial. Jahn says that Wolfgang's opera was far superior to the majority of the comic operas of the time.

Meantime little money was coming in; Leopold's small salary as vice-kapellmeister was withheld on the ground of his continued absence, and as Italy seemed to offer prospects of recouping themselves, Leopold determined to take his son there.

Before they left Vienna, Wolfgang for the first time wielded the conductor's bâton in public. It was at the performance of his first mass composed for the consecration of a chapel at an orphan asylum. He was then twelve years old. The imperial family were present, and a contemporary paper says that the work was "received with universal applause and admiration."

The account of Mozart's Italian tour reads like a dream or a fairy tale. They did not start till about a year after their disappointing experiences in Vienna. Mozart's opera had been performed with success at Salzburg, and he had studied diligently under his

father's wise and strict direction, and the archbishop had appointed the boy concertmeister.

At Innsbruck, Verona, Milan, Parma, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples, he gave concerts in public and in private, and amazed every one by his mastery of all phases of his art. He made many acquaintances with the notabilities of the time: Piccinni, Gluck's brilliant rival; Field Marshal Pallavicini; Padre Martini, "the first musical authority of the day," who set his seal of infallibility on the boy; the retired singer Farinelli; Thomas Linley, a young English violinist of the same age and great ability, whose career was interrupted by untimely death; Cardinal Pallavicini, Sir William Hamilton, and scores of others, who had more or less influence upon his development.

He was commissioned to write an opera for the Milan theatre. At Rome, where they arrived in Holy Week amid a thunder-storm, — "received like great men with the firing of heavy guns" (so he wrote home), he performed his immortal but greatly exaggerated feat of transcribing from memory, after hearing it twice, the jealously guarded *Miserere* by Allegri, which was forbidden to be taken home or copied by the chapel musicians under pain of excommunication. In Mozart's case his action was regarded as too wonderful to be condemned. Leopold wrote to his good Catholic friends at Salzburg, to calm their anxieties, saying that even the Pope was aware of it, and that it had brought him honor.

When Mozart played at the Conservatorio della Pietá, at Naples, his skill with his left hand so amazed the audience that they ascribed it to the witchcraft of a diamond ring that he wore. He took off the ring, and

played more brilliantly than ever. This incident has given rise to a German poem.

He was invited to write an opera for San Carlo. They witnessed an eruption of Vesuvius, travelled by post to Rome in twenty-seven hours, were upset in the last stage, and reached the Holy City so weary that Wolfgang was put to bed with his clothes on, not knowing, when he woke, where he was. His letters home are full of all sorts of quaint conceits, and are written in a burlesque mixture of Italian, French, German, and the rough dialect of Salzburg. He was always an affectionate boy, and he generally remembered to inquire after "Miss Dog" and "Herr Canary."

The Pope created him a Cavalier of the Golden Spur, just fifteen years after Gluck had received the same order. Leopold wrote home: "He is obliged to wear a pretty gold cross, and you may imagine how I laugh when I hear him called *Signor Cavaliere.*"

Unlike Gluck, he cared nothing for these petty distinctions of rank. He put no *von* before his name, and though he used the cross a few times, and even put his title on a few early compositions, he seemed to treat it more as a joke than a serious matter, and ultimately forgot all about it.

A greater distinction was given to him at Bologna, where he was enrolled as a member of the *Academia Filarmonica*, after passing most triumphantly and in an incredibly short time the severe test imposed.

The usual cabal against a new composer was begun at Milan, whither they returned in October, 1770, but it was effectually silenced. The opera "*Mitridate*" was performed toward the last of December. Mozart himself conducted. The whole audience shouted with delight.

The little "*cavaliere filarmonico*," as he was called, won the most extraordinary success. It was given twenty times before crowded houses.

In the spring of the following year, Wolfgang was in Germany once more. His voice was changed; he had grown almost to man's stature (he was always slight in build); he was one of the acknowledged "great" composers of his day; he had commissions to write other operas and works for his Italian patrons.

In August of this same year they returned to Italy. In spite of the tumult caused by various violinists, singing-masters, and oboë players in the house where Wolfgang resided at Milan, he finished in about twelve days a dramatic serenata for the wedding of the Archduke Ferdinand. No wonder he complained that his fingers were sore. The distinguished Hasse, who heard it performed, prophesied: "This youth will outshine us all." The Empress presented Wolfgang with a gold watch set with diamonds and ornamented with her portrait.

So far Wolfgang's life had been mainly sunshine. The rest of his career was overshadowed by clouds growing ever sadder and more dense till the end.

Sigismund, Archbishop of Salzburg, died in December, 1771, about the time that Mozart again reached home, and his successor, Hieronymus, "an arrogant, conceited priest," was elected in the following March. The grief and despair of the people at the choice of a man whom they had good reason to fear, proved to be justified, at least so far as the Mozarts were concerned. Wolfgang was commissioned to compose an opera for the installation; but he probably felt little interest in it. Jahn inclines to think that the comparative barrenness of

work (both in quality and quantity) during this year, was due to his intense desire to get out of the uncongenial atmosphere of Salzburg. It is curious to know that the Englishman, Dr. Burney, who was there during that summer, judged that Mozart had reached his prime. Premature fruits, he declares, are more rare than excellent. How mistaken he was!

Five years passed away without any very important change in the circumstances of the Mozart family; a third journey to Milan, where Wolfgang produced a new opera that was repeated twenty times; negotiations that failed to procure him a place at the Florentine Court; a long visit at Vienna, where they were warmly received, but here again found no hope of a permanent position; a trip to Munich, where Wolfgang brought out a comic opera, that is even now regarded as the best of its day, and where he composed the "*Misericordias*," "one of the noblest pieces of church music ever written," and played in rivalry with Herr Hauptmann von Bulke, "the Hercules of the pianoforte;" and long, weary months of disappointed hopes, and galling sense of dependence at Salzburg, occupied these years.

The Salzburg society of that day was thus characterized by a traveller: "The men hunt and go to church; the nobility go to church and hunt; the burghers eat, drink, and pray; the rest of the population pray, drink, and eat."

The new archbishop had filled up his chapel with Italians, whom the Mozarts had good reason to dislike. One was appointed kapellmeister instead of Leopold Mozart, who ought by good rights to have been promoted to this office. His son, whom all Italy honored, received a salary of only twelve and a half gulden, or a little more

than five dollars, a month, and was constantly called upon for new compositions for which he received no extra pay.

In March, 1777, Leopold prayed for an increase of salary. His request was received in silence. Then he asked for leave of absence. The archbishop refused, giving as his reason that he would not have his subjects "going on begging expeditions." He remarked, however, that Wolfgang, who was only half in his service, could go by himself. He had already sneeringly advised the academician of Bologna and Verona, to go and study at the Naples Conservatory that he might learn something!

Wolfgang, unable to persuade his father to resign his position, which, though it gave him only twenty gulden a month, was a certainty, and go on a grand concert tour, determined to leave. He wrote a dignified letter asking to be dismissed, and thanking the archbishop "for all great favors received."

The resignation was ungraciously accepted, and when Count Firmian courageously mourned their loss, and praised Wolfgang to the archbishop, his Grace had nothing to say.

In September, Wolfgang set forth to make his fortune — to enter into his unhappy struggle with a world that did not appreciate him, and with which he was unfitted to cope. His father, who had been his guardian angel hitherto, who had, perhaps, not sufficiently let him develop self-reliance, was able now only to guide him through the uncertain and unsatisfactory medium of letters. His mother went with him on the tour from which so much was expected.

First Munich. But there was nothing for him except flattery, and frequent opportunities to appear as a performer on the violin and piano. A plan that "ten good

friends" should guarantee him a salary of six hundred gulden, fell through, nor did anything come of his proposal to furnish four operas a year for half that sum.

At Augsburg, Leopold's birthplace, Wolfgang and his mother made quite a stay, and the young composer struck up a warm friendship with his cousin Anna, who was as fond of fun and jokes as he was. He gave a concert at which his concerto for three pianos was first performed, but their profits were only seventy-four gulden.

At Mannheim, "the paradise of musicians," where there was the best orchestra in Europe, Cannabich took him to a rehearsal of Vogel's "*Magnificat.*" Some of the musicians stared at him rudely. He wrote to his father: "They think that because I am small and young, there can be nothing great and old in me; but they will soon see."

Evidently he was learning to cultivate what a recent French writer calls his "prodigious vanity!"

Nearly all the musicians of Mannheim vied with each other in their glorification of Mozart. One of the two exceptions was the Abbé Vogler, Weber's teacher, whom Robert Browning makes the subject of one of his poems.

A rich Dutchman, named Déchamp, agreed to give Mozart two hundred gulden for a few short compositions. Chances for teaching and learning something seemed to open in Mannheim. But owing to his easy-going disposition, he failed to complete the pieces for "the nabob," as he was called, and Leopold Mozart had to borrow money to help them on their way. A trip to the residence of the Princess of Orange, brought him the munificent reward of seven louis-d'or for playing twelve times, and the dedication of four symphonies! He was accompanied by the copyist of the Mannheim theatre, Fridolin

von Weber, and his beautiful daughter Aloysia, then only fifteen, but a fine singer.

Mozart was in love with her!

Leopold's quick perceptions soon saw how matters lay. In a series of kind but terribly earnest letters he tries to shake his son from the dangerous sleep which was overcoming him on that enchanted ground. "Off with you to Paris! and that soon," he writes, and advises him to make up to the great: "*Aut Cæsar, aut nihil!*"

Mozart took his father's advice, tore himself away from his friends, and toward the end of March reached Paris, where he put up with a room so small that he could not even get a piano into it.

The Duke de Guines commissioned him to write a concerto for flute and harp (two instruments he detested) and to teach his charming daughter musical composition. The splendid reward for these services was three louis-d'or, which he returned.

On the other hand, when Legros, director of the so-called "*Concert Spirituel*," bought and paid for a symphony and two overtures, Mozart, who was certainly lacking in ordinary honesty, wrote: "He believes himself to be the sole possessor of them, but he is mistaken: I have them still in my head, and I shall write them out from memory so soon as I get home."

He was offered the appointment of organist at Versailles, with a salary of two thousand louis. But the salary was small, and at Versailles he would be, as it were, buried. He refused it. No commission came, as he hoped, for writing an opera for the Royal Academy of Music. The great war between Gluck and Piccinni occupied all minds. He wrote two symphonies, however, which brought him honor.

In May, Mozart's mother fell ill, and after a long illness and a long agony she died in July. Wolfgang's letter to his father, communicating the sad news, well deserves to be read, for it would seem to show real genuineness and greatness in the young man's nature.

Yet a fortnight later he penned his famous attack on the virtue of French society: he was indeed of a most buoyant and volatile disposition.

There was nothing for him more in Paris; his time had not been exactly lost, for his study of French models and the French brilliancy of orchestration made itself tell in his later work. He left there the last of September, but did not reach Strasburg till the middle of October. Here he gave three concerts, but they brought him only seven louis-d'or. The Webers had moved to Munich: their pecuniary circumstances had improved slightly, though they were still pinched. Mozart joined them there on Christmas. Aloysia von Weber, who had become a famous singer, no longer cared for Wolfgang; she even pretended not to know him in his gay Parisian clothes. He wrote her a farewell aria, which is interesting as showing the girl's capacity as a vocalist, and Mozart's improvement after study of Gluck and Grétry as models. It showed also that he could vastly excel Gluck in his own field.

There was nothing for him to do, however, but accede to the Archbishop of Salzburg's offer to him, to enter his service again in a position which gave him a fixed salary, and chance of occasional travel.

During 1779 and half of 1780 he was at home engaged in "quiet, steady work." That year he received a commission to write an opera for the Munich Carnival of 1781. The archbishop might have been proud of the

honor done Salzburg; the libretto was by his court chaplain, the German translation by Herr Schachtner, the music by Wolfgang. In November the latter went to Munich on a six-weeks leave of absence.

After much wearisome work in rehearsal, "*Idomeneo*" was performed on the 29th of January, with great success. All the Mozart family were present.

Having exceeded his leave of absence, he received a summons to Vienna, where the archbishop was staying. The archbishop gave him a room in the house where he lodged, but obliged him to take his meals with the servants. The unworthy prelate refused him permission to give a public concert, but made him play at various private houses for a mere pittance. Mozart was righteously indignant. At last he had an audience with Hieronymus, who insulted him and showed him the door. Mozart, against his father's advice, formally demanded dismissal; Count Arco, his Grace's chamberlain, *kicked* him out of the ante-chamber!

He took refuge with the Webers, but his life with them was made miserable owing to the scandal over his innocent relations with their younger daughter Constance. The girl's guardian — her father having died — obliged him to sign a document, binding himself to marry her within three years. Constance tore up the paper, exclaiming, "Dear Mozart, I believe your word."

All sorts of intrigues kept Wolfgang out of his proper place. The Vienna musicians looked upon him as a dangerous rival, and as they had the Emperor's ear, he was helpless. He was commissioned to write a comic opera, and the "*Entführung aus dem Serail*," or "Abduction from the Seraglio," was the result. It was performed in July, 1782, with immense success; but the

Emperor said, "Too fine for our ears, and vastly too many notes!"

This work is regarded as the foundation of German opera.

In spite of Leopold Mozart's strenuous opposition, Wolfgang married Constance Weber on the fourth of August, this same year. Frau Weber had already proved a most unendurable termagant, and treated her daughter so harshly, that the Baroness Waldstättin took the girl into her house, and arranged all the formalities. Though most unpractical, and perhaps unfortunate for Mozart's career, it was a beautiful alliance, marked by the most unselfish love. He always addresses his letters to her with a string of affectionate adjectives and diminutives, and in one he sends her 1,095,060,437,082 kisses! If the wolf, poverty, could have been banished from their home, the world would not have been obliged to mourn Mozart's untimely death. Constance Mozart was not practical or intellectual or deeply inspiring; but she was sympathetic and loving. Her health unfortunately became delicate. Six months after their marriage, they were in the deepest straits of need, from which friends relieved them.

The unhappy discord between Mozart and his father was at last resolved. The old man came to visit Wolfgang in Vienna in February, 1785, and was present at a concert at which the receipts were five hundred and fifty-nine florins. He was delighted because the Emperor, hat in hand, cried "Bravo, Mozart!" and still more, because Haydn said to him, "I solemnly assure you before God and as an honest man, that I consider your son the greatest composer whom I ever heard."

Mozart applied to be admitted as a member of the

Society of Musicians, the same that treated Haydn so shabbily. His request was not even answered, although he had composed a cantata for them, and frequently taken part in their concerts. Such treatment caused him to cling all the closer to the Masonic order, to which he was always warmly attached.

In 1785 Mozart, whose very existence had apparently been forgotten by the Emperor, composed in six weeks time the score to "The Marriage of Figaro." Da Ponte, the librettist, took it to the Emperor, who, after some hesitation, accepted it. In spite of the usual cabals it was produced, and with triumphant success. An eye-witness, speaking of the enthusiasm of the performers at the rehearsal, said, —

"And Mozart? I shall never forget his little countenance when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius; it is as impossible to describe it, as it would be to paint sunbeams."

In spite of its enormous success, intrigues succeeded in soon shelving it, and Mozart's circumstances were little if any improved.

In 1787 Mozart, who had been prevented by what seems like heartlessness on the part of his father, from going to England, received an invitation to Prague. Here he met with a genuine ovation. His concerts were crowded, he took a thousand florins, his "*Figaro*" was performed before enraptured audiences, and he was commissioned to write an opera for a hundred ducats. It was this year that he wrote in English in the album of an "English Freemason" this sentiment: "Patience and tranquility of mind contribute more to cure our distempers as the whole art of medicine."

The following May, Leopold Mozart died. What a

tender feeling Mozart had for him, is shown by his reproachful but sympathetic letter to his sister, now married to Baron Berchtold. In his boyhood it had been, "After God comes papa!" Never lived man with warmer heart than Wolfgang Mozart.

"*Don Giovanni*," — "that incomparable and immortal masterpiece," as Gounod calls it, — which Mozart composed for Prague, was first performed on October 29, 1787.

Mozart needed no extraneous aids to composition: neither piano nor notebook. He carried his harmonies distinct in his head; they occurred to him amid the gayest scenes; and so it is not so wonderful that the overture was written the night before; the copyist received the music with the ink still wet. The orchestra played it at sight, but Mozart said it "prospered well, though many notes fell under the desk."

The subject of "*Don Giovanni*" was popular with librettists and composers, in the eighteenth century. Gluck, among others, composed a ballet on the subject in 1761.

On Mozart's return to Vienna, after his ovation at Prague, the Emperor appointed him his chamber musician in place of Gluck. Gluck had received two thousand florins; Mozart's honorarium was only eight hundred. Afterwards he wrote over against the receipt for his salary: "Too much for what I do, too little for what I might do."

Haydn had already written these memorable words concerning Mozart's "inimitable music:" "it enrages me to think that the unparalleled Mozart is not yet engaged by some imperial or royal court."

"*Don Giovanni*" was not performed in Vienna until May, 1788. It is said that the score was returned to

the composer for the correction of harmonic mistakes. No wonder that musicians who found his immortal quartets too difficult could not appreciate his divine licenses in art! The Emperor was away, and did not return from the Turkish war till the opera had proven a glittering success.

Still his circumstances did not improve; he tried in vain to procure a few pupils, and his Masonic brethren had to come to his aid. Yet he was not extravagant, he was simply improvident, and the reports of his indebtedness were greatly exaggerated, and during that wretched summer he yet had the inspiration to write three symphonies. An example of his careless open-handedness is shown in his lending a stranger a hundred florins during a tour which he took in 1789, to Berlin and Leipzig, and which was more successful in honor than in money. He wrote his wife that she should rejoice more over his return than over the money he brought. It was during this tour that he stopped in Leipzig and played for an hour on the organ at St. Thomas's Church. The cantor Doles declared that it seemed to him his old teacher, J. S. Bach, had risen from the dead. Yet Frederick Wilhelm, King of Prussia, offered him the position of kapellmeister at Berlin, with a salary of three thousand thalers; and he refused it, saying, "Shall I forsake my good Emperor?"

He told the Emperor of this offer on his return, but Joseph did not take the hint to increase his stipend. When Leopold II. mounted the throne, Mozart, whose financial position was more critical than ever, owing to his wife's renewed illness, applied for the position of vice-kapellmeister with Salieri, — the Salieri who after his death cried, "Well for us that he is dead, for had he lived longer no one would have given us a crust of bread

for our compositions!" It was refused. His pupils grew less numerous; in May, 1790, he had only two. In order to reach Frankfurt for the coronation of the Emperor, he was obliged to pawn his plate. He there gave a concert, but with little success. At Munich he played before the Elector and the King of Naples. On his return to Vienna, he found Haydn just starting for London. At their parting the two friends were moved to tears. "I fear, Papa Haydn, that we are saying our last farewell," said Wolfgang prophetically.

On the fourth of March, 1791, Mozart played for the last time publicly in Vienna. About this time he was requested by Schickadener, a brother Mason, to compose a new opera. While he was at work on "The Magic Flute" ("*Zauberflöte*"), the subject chosen, he received in July a visit from a tall haggard man, clad in gray, who handed him an anonymous letter containing a request for a requiem. Mozart agreed to furnish it, and was paid in advance a certain sum, which was to be doubled on its completion. He was required to promise not to make any effort to discover his patron.

The mystery connected with this commission had undoubtedly a sinister effect on Mozart's mind. His superstition led him to believe that he was composing his own requiem.

Long afterwards it was discovered that the work was ordered by Count von Walsegg of Stappuch, who had an amiable weakness for palming off other men's compositions as his own. He copied out Mozart's score, and wrote his name on it in Italian as composer. He had the work performed for his wife, Anna, in December, 1793.

Mozart, in order to get the work completed at the

time agreed upon, called in a young composer, Franz Süssmeyer, to assist him. Mozart's wife, in order to get the honorarium, gave the whole to the purchaser. Süssmeyer's notation and handwriting were very similar to Mozart's, so that the deception was not detected for some time. Only within recent years has the exact part that Mozart himself finished in the requiem been pretty accurately determined. The incident has been a prolific source of romance and romancing.

Considering the state of Mozart's health, and the anxiety caused by his debts, it is wonderful how much he produced during this last year of his life. "*La Clemenza di Tito*," written in a few weeks' time, was splendidly produced for the coronation of Leopold II. as King of Bohemia, but was coldly received, because it happened not to please the Empress.

"The Magic Flute" was performed on the 30th of September. This became the most successful of Mozart's operas, reaching its two hundredth performance in November, 1795, and brought "fabulous receipts," — making a large fortune for the selfish Schikadener; but at first it fell flat. Bitter disappointment! Mozart never received a farthing for it. After this he tried to put all his energies into the requiem, but malarial fever, from which he was suffering, grew rapidly more violent. He died in the early morning of December 5, 1791. There is a legend to the effect that Mozart died of poison. The Russian poet Pushkin wrote a dramatic poem on this supposed incident, in which Salieri is represented as casting the poison into his cup.

The funeral was conducted in the most economical manner, as well became one who had been allowed almost to perish of starvation. The registered cost for

a third-class funeral was eight florins, fifty-six kreutzers, and three florins for carriage hire. His widow was too ill to go out. Baron von Swieten and a few mourners attended his body to the graveyard of St. Marx, where, owing to bad weather, it was left to the grave-digger. Mozart was buried in a pauper's grave!

When his widow recovered from her prostration, — her youngest child was only a few months old, — and the world from its amazing heedlessness, and it was desired to know where the great composer lay, no one could tell. To this day Mozart's grave is unknown.

Such was the melancholy end of him who has been called "the Master of masters."

"Mozart is Mozart, as Allah is Allah," said Viardot.

"Mozart," said David, "was music made man."

"Divine Mozart!" exclaimed Rossini.

"Mozart built a palace where Haydn founded a charming summer-house," said Reichart.

Mozart's widow, after a few months of neglect and suffering, was enabled to pay off the petty debt of three thousand florins ($1,500), incurred through illness. She afterwards married a Danish gentleman, G. N. von Nissen, whom she survived sixteen years. She died in 1842.

Mozart's younger surviving son, who bore the same name, inherited musical talent of no mean order, but his life was handicapped by his father's genius. He gave concerts when he was thirteen. He died unmarried at the age of fifty-three, leaving many unpublished compositions.

The oldest son, Karl, died in 1858, in Milan. With him the name of Mozart died.

In the great Mozart's brief career he produced upwards of six hundred finished works and some two hundred

fragments, — five times as prolific as Beethoven, six times as prolific as Mendelssohn. He was sometimes blamed for lack of decision, for easily drifting with the tide of events; but what industry those great operas, masses, concertos, symphonies, indicate!

He undoubtedly had faults. But in the great balance of character his virtues preponderate. He was hot and hasty, sometimes coarse and inconsiderate in speech, yet he was frank and honest, light-hearted and sweet-tempered, kind and generous, — over-generous and careless of money, — a lovable companion, an unselfish friend, a dutiful son, an affectionate husband, a diligent worker.

Was it not strange, that, as Haydn said, nations did not "vie with each other to possess such a jewel within their borders"?

But posterity has tried to atone to Mozart's memory. Medals, paintings, statues, every form of honor, have been dedicated to his name. At Salzburg, where he suffered so much humiliation, the "Mozarteum," a museum dedicated to memorials of him, is one of the attractions of the town; and here it is supposed that his skull, which is claimed to have been discovered by a strange freak of fate, has been in the possession of a Viennese professor, will at last be placed. And before this year is passed, the centenary of his death will be celebrated at his birthplace by the inauguration of a new theatre on Mönchsburg, where his "Magic Flute" will be performed in his honor. Death brings revenges!

BEETHOVEN.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

(1770–1827.)

BEETHOVEN!

That name alone stands in all its rugged simplicity and appropriateness on the pedestal of a memorial monument, in the city of Bonn.

It would have been easy to heap up adjectives and epithets. They might have been collected from every biographical notice of the man it commemorates. One of the very latest to be published calls him "the real musical giant of the nineteenth century," "the father of the great orchestral work created in this century," a "colossus of composition!"

Bonn was Beethoven's birthplace. On a tablet over a restaurant in the Bonngasse are cut — in German, of course — the words:

"In this house Ludwig van Beethoven was born, December 17, 1770."

He is known to have been baptized on that date, but he probably "first saw the light," as the saying goes, in a miserable little attic room in the back building, on the day preceding his baptism. Not until he was forty did Beethoven himself know his own age correctly; for his father, in order to exploit him as an infant prodigy, systematically represented him as two years younger than he was.

As the *van* before his name indicates, the family came from the Netherlands. Beethoven's grandfather was born in Antwerp, but at the age of eighteen removed to Bonn, which was at that time the seat of the munificent Electoral Archbishop of Cologne. Here he rose to be kapellmeister, and to hold a highly respectable place on the Court Calendar.

Unfortunately, having an eye open to business, he invested in wine, which he sold into the Netherlands, and it may be surmised that the domestic troubles that overwhelmed him arose from this speculation; his wife, Maria Josepha, became addicted to wine-bibbing, and their son Johann, the father of the great composer, inherited this passion for drink.

Beethoven had always a deep reverence for his grandfather, whom he strongly resembled in person. He was only three years old when the old man died, but his scarlet coat, and his flashing eyes, and his office as ministering angel to the wretched family, made a deep impression upon him.

He had less reason to remember with affection his weak and unworthy father.

Johann, who was merely tenor singer in the Electoral Chapel, had married, against his father's wishes, the daughter of the cook, and pretty young widow of the *valet de chambre*, to the Archbishop of Trêves.

On a salary that never rose above one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, and on what he could earn by giving music lessons — and he might have done well in this, for among his pupils were the children of the various ambassadors and of the local nobility; and often he had more than he could do — he undertook to bring up a family. Louis, or Ludwig, was the second though old-

est surviving son. Two others, Caspar Anton Karl, and Nikolaus Johann, were born respectively in 1774 and 1776. Better had it been for the great one of the family, had they like the other four children died in infancy. They lived to be a curse to him.

Ludwig's childhood was not happy. Like so many musicians, he early gave sign of his aptitude for "the divine art." At four he began to pick out tunes upon the tinkling clavier. The success of Mozart as an infant phenomenon occurred to the father, who, after the old kapellmeister's death, sank into deeper and deeper poverty. Fond as he was of riding *huckepack*, and of other games, there was to be henceforth no play for the gifted child, except to play on the various instruments deemed necessary for his career.

Was it strange that he came almost to hate music? He always spoke tenderly of his mother, and never forgot her great patience with his stubbornness. "She was a dear good mother; my best friend," he wrote in autumn, 1787. She was a "clever woman," able to hold her own in any society, high or low, a good housekeeper, careful and obliging, and a general favorite. Her married life was not altogether unhappy, though so cursed by the evil spirit of wine; and we have a very pleasant picture of the celebration of her birthdays, with music and song, and dancing (in stocking-feet, so as not to make too much noise). Johann, her husband, when not in his cups, was full of good humor, and liked a merry jest.

When Ludwig was nine, and they were living in a better house near the Rhine, he was intrusted to a teacher named Pfeiffer, who lodged with them. He was a strenuous man. On one occasion, returning home with

Johann from a drinking bout late at night, he dragged the poor boy from bed and kept him practising till morning. He was stern and severe, but when he was old and in poverty Beethoven sent him aid.

The next year his grandfather's friend Van den Eeden, the court organist, gave him lessons; and on his death, his successor, Christian Gottlob Neefe, took charge of him, and so well, that the boy, then only eleven and a half, served during his absence as deputy organist; at first without pay, but later, through the meanness of the new Elector, with a salary of one hundred and fifty florins, subtracted from Neefe's reduced emoluments. With him Beethoven studied Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier." In March, 1783, a notice of the young genius appeared in *Kramer's Musical Magazine.* It was written by Neefe himself, who says he displays "talent of much promise. He plays with finish and with power, reads well at sight. This young genius, . . . if he goes on as he has begun, will certainly become a second Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart."

His father had already published nine variations composed by "a young amateur, Ludwig van Beethoven, *ten years old*" (he was really twelve); later came a few songs, a two-part fugue, and three clavier sonatas, dedicated to the Elector with a fulsome letter written in obvious imitation of various Mozart dedications. Naturally, these pieces, like Mozart's boyish sonatas, are more interesting from their source than from their intrinsic merit.

There is also an unauthenticated legend that he wrote, in 1781, a funeral cantata, in honor of the English *chargé-d'affaires* at Bonn, a Mr. George Cressener, who had taken such a fancy to him, and saw such promise,

that he is said to have made him a gift of four hundred florins.

There is no explanation given why Beethoven's father never travelled with him, but it is supposed that once, in 1781, he went with his mother on a tour to Holland and Belgium. In the prospectus of the sonatas, Johann advertised that his son "had been favored with a hearing by the whole court, who listened to him with the greatest pleasure."

A proof of his advancement and ability was shown a year or two later, when the Elector Max Franz, son of Maria Theresa, established a National Opera Company at Bonn, with Neefe as director; the youth was appointed "cembalist" in the orchestra, his duties being to accompany from score, — a most exacting and responsible position. As usual his talents were employed without compensation, but the practice must have been valuable.

All the biographies of Beethoven relate a trivial though characteristic anecdote of his boyhood. During Passion Week, the year after the arrival of the new Elector, Beethoven played a practical joke on one of the Electoral singers. This man, Keller, had boasted of his correct ear, and wagered that Beethoven could not "throw him out." The wager was accepted. During the interlude, which Beethoven as accompanist played for the set piece from Lamentations, he modulated to a key so remote, that though he struck the note which Keller should have held, the singer was wholly at a loss. This jest caused considerable amusement, and Beethoven liked to tell of it in after life. Keller complained to the Elector, who took no notice of it further than to recommend a simpler accompaniment in the future.

In the spring of 1787 Beethoven went to Vienna, and

the memorable interview with Mozart took place. The famous maestro evidently found little to commend in the young man's playing, and it was undoubtedly crude and rough; but when Mozart gave him a theme upon which to improvise, it was a different story. Inspired by the occasion, he gave his genius free wing. Mozart, astounded, tiptoed out of the room, and said in great excitement to some visitors who were in waiting, —

"Take notice of him in there; he will make a noise in the world."

It has been supposed that Beethoven never heard Mozart play; but this is probably a mistake, for once, years after, when asked about Mozart's playing, he criticised it as neat and clear, but rather barren, monotonous, and old-fashioned. His own playing was characterized by tremendous energy and individuality and unexampled rapidity. He was often criticised for his lack of clearness and purity, for maltreating the piano, for over-use of the pedal; but no one could ever doubt his genius when he sat down to improvise, or *phantasiren* as he called it.

His hope of studying with Mozart was cut short by the news of his mother's failing health, which recalled him suddenly to Bonn. She died, and the same year his little sister Margaret died. Thus his seventeenth year was passed under shadow. Thayer pictures him as " poor, sick, melancholy, even despairing, motherless, mortified and cast down by his father's ever-increasing moral weakness."

More than once he was obliged to rescue his drunken father from the hands of the police; and in November, 1789, he was officially appointed head of the family, empowered to receive his father's salary.

Though affairs at home were so gloomy, there were some bright spots in his life at Bonn. Toward the end of his seventeenth year he was appointed teacher to Lorenz von Breuning, and was thus introduced to a refined and artistic family. Madame von Breuning was almost a mother to him. She gently guided his impetuosity, kept him to his duties, and often, when her influence availed not, would seize him by the shoulders and exclaim, "There, he has a *raptus* again." Beethoven appreciated her goodness: "She understood how to keep the insects from the flowers," he remarked long after.

The same year the young Count Waldstein came to Bonn and took charge of musical affairs at the court. Beethoven called him his first Maecenas. He came often to visit the musician in his humble lodgings, and was indefatigable in his efforts to help him along.

One bright memory of the Bonn days was a trip up the Rhine in company with an operatic troupe. They went by boat from Drachenfels to Bingen, from Bingen to Mainz, enjoying the ever-changing panorama of castled banks and wooded islands of the Rhine and Main. For Beethoven, who was passionately fond of nature, this journey ever remained "a fruitful source of the loveliest pictures." It was a jolly company under the rule of "King Lux," as they called their director; and Beethoven, who started out with the humble designation of scullion to his Majesty, was formally promoted at Bingen. He long preserved the patent or diploma, sealed with a seal as imposing as that on the Golden Bull at Frankfort, and dated from the heights overlooking Rüdesheim.

At Aschaffenburg-am-Main, Beethoven with several

others went to pay their respects to the Abbé Sterkel, regarded as the greatest clavier-player in all Germany. His delicate technique was a revelation to Beethoven. The young composer himself was called upon to play, and amazed every one by his wonderful variations on a theme by Rhigini. One who heard him during the month that the troupe spent at Mergentheim, wrote: —

"The greatness of this gentle and amiable man as a virtuoso may be estimated, I think, by the inexhaustible wealth of his imagination, the skill of his execution, and the thorough originality of his expression."

But the time for Beethoven's flight from Bonn was approaching. The year after the pleasant trip to Mergentheim, Haydn again passed through the city. Beethoven had an interview with him, showed him a cantata which he had written on the death of the Emperor Joseph II., and probably then and there made arrangements to pursue his musical studies with him.

He must have laid up some money by his teaching or by gifts from friends, and it is known that he had reason to expect reasonable aid from the Elector, whose attention had been drawn to his genius.

Count Waldstein, in his farewell note, dated October 29, 1792, prophesied that through unbroken industry he might receive the spirit of Mozart from Haydn's hands. He left Bonn a day or two later. Says Thayer: "The small and insignificant-looking, dark-complexioned, pock-marked, black-eyed, black-haired young master came quietly to Vienna to study with the small and insignificant-looking, dark-complexioned, pock-marked, black-eyed, black-haired old master."

As court organist, Beethoven wore a sea-green dress-coat, green short-clothes with buckles, white or black

silk stockings, white flowered waistcoat with pockets and gold lace, white cravat, frizzled hair tied in a pug behind, carried his hat under his arm, and wore a sword.

Later he became extremely negligent about his personal appearance. An artist who painted his portrait in 1815[1] described him as wearing a pale blue dress-coat with yellow buttons, white waistcoat and necktie, but his whole appearance bespeaking disorder. Even when he dressed neatly, as sometimes happened, nothing could prevent him removing his coat if it were warm, — not even the presence of princes or ladies.

He was only five feet four inches in height, broad-shouldered, "stocky" in figure; his small head was thick and round; his nose stubbed; his complexion ruddy and coarse; his eyes small, deep-set, bluish-gray, and full of fiery brilliancy; his hair steely black, and when he walked in the wind it gave him "a truly Ossianic and demonic appearance." More than one in those days, when Ossian was so universally read, saw in him one of the gray-haired bards of Ullin. Every passing mood of his spirit was reflected on his features. His fingers were short, all of the same length, and covered with hair. Bettina von Arnim declared that his forehead was heavenly. Once a lovely lady of rank pointed to his forehead and exclaimed, "How beautiful, how noble, how spiritual, that brow!"

[1] Sir Julius Benedict, while he was Weber's pupil, met Beethoven in 1823. "I see him yet before me," he says, "and who could ever forget those striking features? The lofty vaulted forehead with thick gray and white hair encircling it in the most picturesque disorder, that square lion's nose, that broad chin, that noble and soft mouth. Over the cheeks, seamed with scars from the small-pox, was spread high color. From under the bushy, closely-compressed eyebrows flashed a pair of piercing eyes; his thick-set cyclopean figure told of a powerful frame."

Beethoven was silent for a moment, and said, —

"Well, then, kiss this brow!" And she did. With the same spirit, a woman in Boston, when Rubinstein had been playing there, mounted the platform and kissed the keys that his fingers had touched.

Ugly as Beethoven unquestionably was in personal appearance, there was something immensely attractive about him. Women especially were drawn to him. He was said to have made conquests where many an Adonis would have failed. But his worship of woman was ideal. "Virginly pure" his sentiments were said to be. Dr. Weissenbachs, who knew him, praised his moral uprightness, and called him spotless. He had a lofty ideal of life. In one of his letters he says, "Never, never will you find me *un*noble. From childhood up, I have learned to love virtue, and all that is beautiful and good."

Beethoven kept a diary, so that much light is thrown upon his doings in Vienna. We know what he spent for black silk stockings, for walking-stick, seal, boots, shoes, overcoat, desk, wood, for piano-rent, for his meals. He had hardly got settled in his room "on the ground," when the news arrived of his father's sudden death by his own hand. He immediately petitioned for a continuance of his father's salary, and his petition was granted; but the receipts ceased after March, 1794. The French Revolution had sent a wave up the Rhine, and the glittering court of the Electors of Cologne vanished forever. It is believed that after that time he was left to his own resources. But Beethoven, as Wagner says, faced the world with a defiant temperament, and kept an almost savage independence.

He certainly had no reason to distrust his own abilities, and his former position as court organist to the

Emperor's uncle, as friend to Count Waldstein who was connected with many of the princely families of Austria, and as pupil of Haydn, sufficed to give him an *entrée* into the first houses of the capital. As early as October, 1794, he was established as a guest of Prince Lichnowsky's, and had his own horse and private servant. Here he was treated, as he said, in the most *grandmotherly* fashion. "The Princess would have liked to put me under a bell-glass, so that no one unworthy might touch me!"

Some idea of the musical opportunities at Vienna may be gathered from the fact that nine Austrian princes, eleven or more counts, and a dozen other wealthy men had more or less extensive orchestras in their service. There were at least ten private theatres, and the number of young women who were studying music was simply incalculable. Hummel in 1820 declared that there were at least a hundred who played as well as he did.

Beethoven began to take lessons in composition from Haydn, but it was not a success. He quickly discovered that the famous old maestro did not correct his exercises faithfully. The reason for this neglect is not known, but it inspired the young man with distrust. Resolved to have absolute knowledge of his art, he quietly engaged another teacher to overlook his work; he did not absolutely break with Haydn, and even dedicated his first three trios to him, but he refused to call himself his pupil, "for I never learned anything of him," he said. "Papa Haydn" introduced him to Prince Esterhazy, and it is said wanted to take him to England, but though Beethoven's diary shows that he often treated him to coffee or chocolate, Haydn could have hardly been ex-

pected to approve of Beethoven's stubborn independence and revolutionary contempt of arbitrary rules. He called him "the Great Mogul."

Until 1795 Beethoven published almost nothing. What a comparison with Mozart's two hundred and ninety-three works during a corresponding period! But Beethoven was in no haste: he meant to perfect himself in his art before he spread his wings. And when he did trust himself to publish, what a list of masterpieces he gave to the world! In the eight years ending with 1802 there are ninety-two compositions, including two symphonies, the Prometheus Ballet, thirty-two sonatas, two great concert arias, six quartets, three quintets, one septet, and an oratorio. Undoubtedly, some of these works were thought out while he was still in Bonn.

His chamber-music was performed first at the house of Prince Lichnowsky, who had in his service a famous quartet made up of talented lads, none of whom, in 1793, was over sixteen. The youngest was only fourteen.

These must have been happy days for the young genius. He found appreciation and friendship among a cultivated society. Countesses wrote rhyming letters to him, calling him "Apollo's greatest son," "the greatest of great spirits." Brilliant artists worshipped him, and called him *Musik-Kaiser* — "the emperor of music." He was fêted and invited everywhere.

But there was one thing dearer to him than anything else, and that was freedom. "It was his dearest good," said Dr. Müller, who visited him. He utterly abominated anything like condescension. He was, perhaps, jealous of his genius. It grew more and more difficult, as time went on, to induce him to play for company.

He declared "it made the blood tingle to his fingers' ends." "The soothsayer of the innermost world of tones" quarrelled with his dearest friends, rather than gratify them by going to the piano. It required strategy and a degree of finesse to lure him to play; but if his fingers touched the keys, he quickly forgot his surroundings.

When he played, his muscles swelled, his eyes rolled wildly; "he seemed like a magician, overmastered by the spirits that he conjured up."

As may easily be imagined, spies were ready to filch from him his original ideas. His brothers, seeing that he was the coming man in music, got hold of his compositions and disposed of them without consulting him. Thus many pieces which he had withheld as unworthy were given to the world, and it was a frequent source of trouble with his regular publishers.

His relations with his brothers throughout his life were strained and often turbulent. The youngest, though educated to be a musician, secured a small public position through Beethoven's influence. He was a little mean-looking man, with red hair and insecure morals. He fell into evil courses, and finally married a disreputable woman, whom Beethoven called "The Queen of the Night." When he died, after costing his brother thousands of thalers, he left him as a legacy the "nephew Karl," whose weakness and ingratitude poisoned the composer's last days.

The other brother became an apothecary, and through certain transactions during the war amassed a fortune, and purchased a fine estate at Gneixendorf. He was a handsome man, but mean and presumptuous. He was fond of driving on the Prater with four horses, and had

printed on his card: *Johann van Beethoven, Gutsbesitzer* (land proprietor). When once he left one of these cards on his brother, Ludwig wrote on the other side: *Ludwig van Beethoven, Hirnbesitzer* (brain proprietor), and returned it. Beethoven was fond of his brothers in spite of their ill actions. When people urged him to break with them, he refused, for he felt strongly the ties of family. In his letters to the apothecary he addresses him as *Bestes Brüderl*, (dearest little brother), "Most potent of Landed Proprietors," "Possessor of all the Islands in the Danube around Krems," "Director of the universal Austrian pharmacy."

He was terribly impetuous and quick-tempered, but when once the storm had passed no one could be more rueful and contrite. He was constantly quarrelling with his best friends as well as with his brothers, and numberless letters of apology are preserved that show the genuine goodness of his heart. The truth was, that he had an unusually sensitive and irritable organization. Those who understood him were able to make allowances, but the majority of people saw only his eccentric and disagreeable side.

A still deeper shadow was coming over the great composer's life. The first intimation of it he kept to himself, but at last in 1801 he wrote to a friend: "For two years I have avoided almost all society — because I cannot tell people *I am deaf.*" Again he wrote: "I have to appear as a misanthrope, — I, who am so little of one!"

The influence of this malady was far-reaching. Deaf people are proverbially suspicious. In Beethoven's case it almost preternaturally intensified his mistrust of men. At first he rebelled and thought of suicide. But he felt

that he had a part to play in the world. He wrote during that same year, of his joy in work; he even grudged the time spent in sleep. At another time, much later, he said, "No friend have I. I must live by myself alone; but I know well that God is nearer to me than to others in my art, so I walk fearlessly with Him. I have always known Him and understood Him. I have no timidity about my music; it can have no ill fate; who understands it must be free from all the sorrow which encompasses others." And again we find in his diary these pathetic words: "For thee, poor Beethoven, there is no good fortune from without; thou must create everything in thyself; only in the ideal world findest thou delight."

In 1802, ill and despairing, he went to Heiligenstadt, and there wrote that most pathetic of all his letters, his "Testament" as it is called, describing his condition, and his resolve to be patient. He pardons his brothers for all they have done, and urges them to teach their children virtue, which — and not money — can alone give happiness. Here he wrote also his Second Symphony. The path under the trees along by the brook where he used to walk is now known as Beethoven Street.

"Beethoven," says Liszt, "led by his genius, strong as a wrestler, melancholy as one disinherited, radiant as a messenger from heaven, — Beethoven first pointed out the transition of our art from the inspired period of its youth into the epoch of its first ripeness." "Beethoven," says Riehl, "brings to an end the classic period of musical art, and opens the romantic modern." And says Louis Engel, "Beethoven was the first man, who, building on the sweet traditions of Haydn and Mozart, left

the path of the nightingale to soar on the mighty wings of the eagle."

Such being the case, he was naturally misunderstood. When the first trios and the First Symphony appeared, the conservative critics declared that they were "the confused explosions of a talented young man's overweening conceit." The Second Symphony was called a monster, a dragon wounded to death and unable to die, "threshing around with its tail in impotent rage!" Later, Karl Maria von Weber declared of the sublime Seventh Symphony, that "the extravagances of this genius have reached their *non plus ultra,* and Beethoven is quite ripe for the madhouse!"

The fact that he was deaf gave additional point to the criticisms of his enemies, and the innovations that he made were regarded as the vagaries of an absolutely deaf man. But he who had so strenuously striven to make himself perfect in all technique, who had by endless diligence remedied the defects of his early education, was sure of his ground. In 1803 he exclaimed, "I am dissatisfied with my previous works; from to-day forth I am going to strike out into a new path."

Speaking to his friend Czerny he said, "I have never thought of writing for fame and honor. What is in my heart must out, and so I write."

While his deafness caused him to fall aloof from his friends, and prevented him from making any of the long "artistic tours" which he had planned, and perhaps to a certain extent unfitted him for writing for the human voice, it was not an unmixed evil. It shut him *into* the realm of higher harmonies, and it made him better known to posterity. As his deafness increased upon him, and all the attempts of the doctors but made him

worse, he fell into the habit of keeping little conversation books for use when he talked with visitors. One hundred and thirty-six of these books are preserved in Berlin, covering the years between 1819 and 1827. His replies are often absent, because he answered orally, but we know intimately what he was talking and thinking about during all that time; and he kept up a voluminous correspondence with his friends.

Misunderstood, and often savagely abused, even regarded by some as crazy, it must not be supposed that Beethoven lacked admirers who were able to follow his dizziest flights. He was constantly receiving proofs of consideration. Once while he was eating his supper he was delighted by a visit from an English sea-captain who came to tell him how he had enjoyed hearing his symphonies in the East Indies. In this respect he was fortunate above his predecessors. As Riehl well says, "Beethoven's works were often enough criticised very badly; but they were taken notice of as soon as they appeared. Haydn's and Mozart's works were for the most part ignored when they appeared, and that is far worse; while Sebastian Bach's works scarcely appeared at all, and that is the worst of all."

In a certain sense he was a martyr to his time and generation, but still more to himself. His behavior was often atrocious. In giving lessons to young ladies he would sometimes tear the music in pieces and scatter it about the floor, or even smash the furniture. Once when playing in company there was some interruption. "I play no longer for such hogs," he cried, and left the piano. He once called Prince Lobkowitz an ass because a bassoon-player happened to be absent. He called Hummel a false dog. In Madame Ertmann's drawing-

room he used the snuffers for a tooth-pick. And yet he declared that he strove to fulfil sacredly all the duties imposed upon him by humanity, God, and nature. In the highest sense this was true. He was prone to frequent fits of melancholy and depression, but when not depressed he was always gay, good-humored, full of wit and sarcasm, and "cared for no man."

After he settled in Vienna he is known to have made a journey to Prague and Leipzig; in 1798 he was in Prague once more; once he went to Berlin; in 1812 he was at Teplitz, where he met Goethe. The rest of his life was spent in "hateful Vienna" or the immediate vicinity. He was passionately fond of the country. Every summer he went to Baden, twelve or fifteen miles from the city, or to some other pretty place, and wandered for hours every day through the woods. He wrote from Baden: "My unlucky deafness troubles me not here. It is as though every tree around me said to me, 'Holy! holy!'" He grows almost lyric in his delight at the "sweet stillness of the woods." He wrote to Theresa von Malfatti: "How happy I am amid bushes and forests, to be able to wander among trees and rocks! No one can love the country as I do!"

It was his habit to rise at daybreak, work till two or three, with breakfast and a stroll or two interposed; then he would spend the afternoon in the open air, no matter what the weather was. He often forgot his dinner-hour and even his guests, and dropped into a random restaurant where he could get his favorite dinner of fish, and especially trout. Old Zelter used to tell how people thought he was a fool because he would sometimes go into a restaurant and sit for an hour at a time without eating anything, and then call for his bill.

When he composed, he was fond of pouring cold water over his hands, and oftentimes people below him complained at the deluge of water that soaked through his floor.

He detested giving music-lessons, because it robbed him not only of his time but also of his inclination to write, and as Dr. Laurencin truly says, his art in and for itself, in its highest purity and significance, was the highest thing in his spiritual life. He found it trying to have to teach even his favorite pupil, the Archduke Rudolf. He often spoke bitterly of it, and yet he was very fond of the talented prince.

Owing to his utter lack of practical training in money affairs, he was in almost chronic difficulty. He declared that anything except the mere essentials of living seemed to him as theft, but he was endlessly generous to others, always thoughtful of his friends.

In 1808 Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, made him a "pretty offer" to become his kapellmeister at Kassel, with a salary of six hundred ducats. It was a dangerous temptation, but his freedom was assured by a promise of eighteen hundred gulden a year from his friend Prince Kinsky, fifteen hundred from the Archduke Rudolf, and seven hundred from Prince Lobkowitz. This annuity was also a snare. It was paid in paper money, so that it really amounted to only about 320 gulden in gold, and everything was rising. Shortly after Kinsky was killed, and Lobkowitz went into bankruptcy. A law-suit ensued, and after that was settled his income amounted to only about six hundred thalers.

That, together with what he made from his music, would have been well enough, had he known how to manage his affairs. Once when Spohr went to call upon

him, not having seen him for several days and asked him if he had been ill; "No," replied Beethoven, "but my boots have; and as I have only one pair, I was condemned to house arrest."

Not long after he notes in his diary that he has seven pairs — one for every day in the week. He was always welcome to lodge free of expense at more than one noble house, but he found the necessary etiquette too irksome. Baron Pronay furnished him one summer with luxurious quarters at Hetzendorf, but as the Baron insisted on bowing to him whenever they met, Beethoven was so annoyed that he took up his lodgings at the house of a humble clockmaker. Sometimes he found himself burdened with two or three different boarding-places. His habitat was often hard to find. When Reichardt visited him in 1808, no one in Vienna knew where he was living, but he found him at last in a great, bare, lonely room, and looking as gloomy as his dwelling, — "a strong nature, externally cyclops-like, but right gentle (*innig*), warm-hearted, and good."

Friedrich Starke, who had won his confidence and become his nephew's teacher, was breakfasting with him once in 1812, and after the coffee, which Beethoven himself prepared, asked him for a breakfast for heart and soul. Beethoven improvised for a while, and then they played together the sonata for piano and horn (in F). Beethoven transposed the whole piece as he played — not the first time that he had done such a feat. "The whole," said Starke, "was a divine breakfast!"

This same Starke, on another occasion, entered the room unannounced, and found the composer in his night-clothes. He had soaped his face the night before, and forgotten to shave. Perhaps he dreaded to shave, for he

always cut himself. He was extremely clumsy in his motions, and was apt to break anything that he touched. More than once he flung his inkstand into his piano, and, curiously enough, though he took dancing-lessons on his first arrival at Vienna, he could never dance in time.

When Beethoven conducted he indulged in all sorts of queer gyrations. These grew upon him in later life. Now he would vehemently spread out his arms; then when he wanted to indicate soft passages, he would bend down lower and lower until he would disappear from sight. Then as the music grew louder he would emerge, and at the fortissimo he would spring up into the air.

One time when playing a concerto he forgot himself, sprang up, and began to direct, and, almost the first thing, knocked off the two candles on the piano. The audience roared. Beethoven, quite beside himself, began the piece again. The director stationed a boy on each side of the piano to hold the candles. The same scene was re-enacted. One of the boys dodged the outstretched arm. The other, interested in the music, did not notice, and received the full blow in the face, and fell in a heap, candle and all. "The audience," says Siegfried, who conducted, "broke out into a truly bacchanal howl of delight, and Beethoven was so enraged that when he started again, he broke half a dozen strings at a single chord."

He played for the last time in public in April, 1814, at a matinee. It was in his glorious trio for piano, violin, and cello. In private he sometimes "fantasied" as late as 1822, but he was so deaf that it was painful rather than otherwise.

The pathos of his situation often appealed to people with such force as to draw tears. When, in 1824,

Beethoven after much difficulty was induced by his friends to give his Ninth or Choral Symphony and his great Mass — the "*Missa Solennis*"[1] in C — in Vienna instead of Berlin, and the great audience burst out into thunders of applause, he was utterly unconscious of it, and continued beating time till the contralto singer induced him to turn round and see the demonstrations. When the composer bowed his acknowledgment, "many an eye was dim with tears."

Beethoven was not much interested in his contemporaneous composers. He was inclined to laugh at them, and to take a slightly malicious delight when their works failed. Yet he appreciated Hummel, and even Rossini, though he considered him a scene painter. He over-estimated Händel: said he one day, "He is the greatest composer that ever lived," and the great consolation of his dying days was the splendid edition of Händel's works sent to him from London. He could not have known much of Bach's works: yet he had an intuition of his greatness; he said: "He ought to be called not Bach [brook], but *Meer* [sea]." He once said he dreamed of having in his room portraits of Händel, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, and Gluck, — "to help him to win patience." It will be remembered that he had the picture of Haydn's birth-place. Gluck seems to have made little influence on his work.

Yet he was a constant attendant at the theatre when new operas were given, and he studied the works of Gluck's followers. It was his desire to write operas. He tried as early as 1803. In 1805 his "*Leonore*," now

[1] In this mass he has been said to equal Händel in sublimity, Bach in artistic building up of voices, Mozart in magical melody: "thus hath the master plucked a wreath from the unfading stars."

known as "*Fidelio*," in which conjugal love is apostrophized, was first given. It was a most unfortunate time. The French had just entered Vienna. Beethoven's friends were for the most part scattered. The philistines who remained and heard it declared that never before had anything so incoherent, coarse, wild, ear-splitting, been heard! The wonderful introduction of the horn into the overture was misinterpreted; it was taken to be a post-horn!

Beethoven altered and curtailed it somewhat, and it was given two or three times in 1806, and shelved again till 1814, when he was induced to revise it, — "to build up the deserted ruins of an old castle," as he expressed it.

On the morning of the chief rehearsal the new overture was expected. Beethoven did not appear. Young Treitschke was sent to make inquiries. He found the composer in bed fast asleep, with innumerable sheets of music-paper scattered around. A candle burned out showed that he had worked till late.

The opera proved a brilliant success. Madame Schröder-Devrient, then a young girl, made her *début* in it. Nothing like her performance was ever known. She did not act the part, but *was* the part, "inspired from the first note with immense power." We have a picture of Beethoven wrapped in his cloak, with only his glittering eyes visible, following her every motion, and afterwards coming to congratulate her.

Young Moscheles was intrusted with the arrangement of the piano-forte score, and to this are due many characteristic anecdotes. One morning he went to show some pages of the transcription; Beethoven sprang out of bed and went to the window as he was to look

them over. The unusual spectacle attracted the street urchins, who began to hoot and point. "What do they want?" asked the master. But he threw a dressing-gown over his shoulders.

When the work was done, Moscheles left it on Beethoven's table with the words: "Finis, with God's help." When he got them back, Beethoven had written: "O man, help thyself."

Beethoven, though nominally a Roman Catholic, was not a formalist in religion; thus being a contrast to Mozart and Haydn. Haydn, indeed, regarded him as an atheist. He was not. He was deeply and truly religious, as is shown by frequent expressions in his diary. His favorite quotation was from an Ægyptian inscription: —

"I am what is. I am all that is, and was, and shall be. No mortal man hath ever raised my veil." This always stood on his table.

But his lack of interest in the church made his religious music less spontaneous than that of his predecessors. To be sure, his idea of church music corresponded with Palestrina's, but he declared that it was ridiculous to imitate Palestrina without his spirit and religious intuition.

His first mass was composed in 1807 for Prince Esterhazy, and performed at Eisenstadt. The Prince did not like it, and when it was over said in a tone of indifference, "But, my dear Beethoven, what have you been doing now?"

Beethoven, noticing that Hummel, Esterhazy's kapellmeister, smiled, was greatly offended; he instantly left the palace, and it was some time before he forgave Hummel.

His second mass was composed for the installation of his pupil Rudolf as Cardinal Archbishop of Olmütz — in March, 1820. But it was not completed till two years afterwards. Of course it was misunderstood and ridiculed. He was in advance of his day. It was offered to the various courts of Europe at fifty ducats each. Only six responded. Goethe paid no attention to his letter. Cherubini, to whom he wrote in a curious mixture of French and German, made no answer. Bernadotte, King of Sweden, who had once asked Beethoven to write a symphony for Napoleon, was silent. George III. of England disregarded his personal letter. Even Prince Esterhazy refused to subscribe!

Beethoven's brother Karl died in 1815, and left to him the charge of his young son. Beethoven adopted the boy, and henceforth all of his energies were turned toward making him good, happy, and independent. The story is infinitely tragic and pathetic. The nephew had talents, but his tastes were low, and all Beethoven's efforts for his well-being failed. He had a lawsuit with the "Queen of Night" over the possession of the boy. The case was mismanaged. The Dutch *van* before his name was supposed to indicate nobility like the German *von*. When the mistake was discovered he was remanded to an inferior court in spite of his exclamation, "*Here* and *here* is my nobility," pointing to his head and heart.

Years of trouble with the boy ensued. No wonder that in 1819 "not a trace of the gladness of life could be seen in his face or on his noble brow." That year he wrote: "I am *miser* and *pauper*." For four days running his dinner consisted of nothing but crusts and beer!

This was not because he had no money. During the Vienna Congress in 1814, Beethoven had produced for the entertainment of the assembled sovereigns several magnificent works, including the Seventh Symphony, dedicated to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia. She made him a present of two hundred ducats, and this, together with various other sums invested in bonds, amounting to several thousand dollars, was found after his death. He regarded it as a trust fund for his nephew, and rather than touch it he would have starved to death! He usually got from thirty to forty ducats for a sonata. But he was like a child in regard to business matters, and the terrible disorder which always reigned in his apartments, described again and again by those who visited him, obtained also in his finances, and caused him endless misery. His brothers did nothing to relieve him. It has been even suspected that the Landed Proprietor, who is sometimes known as the pseudo-brother, took advantage of it to feather his own nest

When his nephew was seventeen he came home to his uncle, and speedily began a course of dissipation, which ended in his expulsion from the university, and finally in his attempted suicide. He was ordered by the police to leave Vienna, and Beethoven took him to his brother's estate at Gneixendorf in October, 1826.

It was a melancholy visit, though Beethoven, engrossed in writing his last quartets, and thus living in a realm apart, was oblivious of discomforts and of men. He wandered about the fields, shouting and gesticulating, now taken for a madman, now for a servant, scaring oxen and children and superstitious peasants. His brother's wife insulted him; his niggardly brother threatened to charge him for board; and finally after

a violent quarrel, resulting from Beethoven insisting that Johann should make Karl his heir, he quitted the place on a chilly December day, in a cart, his brother having refused him his closed carriage. Overtaken by a storm, the composer caught cold, and returned to Vienna suffering with inflammation of the lungs. Two eminent doctors were called, but refused their services. Karl, the ne'er-do-well, left his sick uncle, and went to play billiards!

The illness thus neglected resulted in dropsy, and he had to be tapped. With the grim humor characteristic of him, he compared the doctor to Moses striking the rock, and exclaimed, "Better water from the belly than from the pen!"

It has been a cause of wonder that Beethoven on his death-bed was so neglected by his aristocratic friends; and it has never been explained why the Cardinal Bishop Rudolf, to whom he had been such a faithful and self-sacrificing teacher, did not fly to his aid. Great was the indignation in Vienna, when it was too late, to know that the last days of the "greatest composer of the century" had to be eased by a gift from the London Philharmonic Society of a hundred pounds sterling.

It was undoubtedly true, as some one wrote in one of the papers: "Only a word of Beethoven's necessities was needed, and thousands would have rushed to his aid." The truth was, that it had been known for some time that Beethoven was in failing health, and no sudden end was anticipated. It was also true, that Beethoven was to a certain extent forgotten in Vienna, where Rossini, "the swan of Pesaro," had become the idol of the day.

Among the last to call upon him was Schubert. Schubert's friend, the composer Hüttenbrenner, was with

him when he died. It was on the 26th of March, 1827. The ground was white with snow. The master lay unconscious, but suddenly a vivid flash of lightning was followed by a tremendous crash of thunder. Beethoven opened his eyes, raised his right hand, and with clinched fist gazed up with a long, threatening look. Then his hand fell, his eyes half closed: "not another breath, not another heart-beat. The spirit of the great master had passed from this false world to the kingdom of truth. I closed his half-shut eyes, and kissed them; then kissed his forehead, mouth, and hands. At my request, Frau van Beethoven cut off a lock of his hair, and gave it to me as a sacred relic of Beethoven's dying hour."

Beethoven's funeral was long remembered. Eight composers bore his remains. A large number of artists and musicians marched with torches. A crowd of thirty thousand people gathered to see the solemn procession.

Countless anecdotes are told of Beethoven's eccentricities. Many of them are fables. But in spite of all the myths that have gathered around him, we have an excellent and truthful knowledge of his personality, and his personality is more interesting than his biography. He was uncompromisingly honest. He was a passionate lover of the truth. He even dismissed an over-zealous housekeeper, who, in order to spare him some annoyance, told an untruth. When expostulated with, he replied, "Whoever tells a lie is not clean-hearted, and such a person cannot cook a clean meal!"

He loved freedom. His freedom of speech was extraordinary; but though he liked to talk politics, he was not troubled by the police. He was a privileged character. His independence was shown in a thousand ways. When Napoleon made himself emperor, he de-

stroyed the dedication of the Heroic Symphony, and made it general: "To celebrate the memory of a great man." But the funeral march was Napoleon's! Though he held his head high, and regarded himself as the equal of princes, and was not afraid even of Goethe's pride, he was humble. His customary answer to the salutation, "How goes it?" was: "As well as a poor musician can!" In a letter to Amalie von Seebold, who took such a motherly interest in him, he speaks of himself as "smallest of all men." He calls himself pupil of Salieri, who taught him something of Italian.

Deploring his early lack of education, he took pains to read great books. He knew something of Latin, and wrote letters in not altogether idiomatic French and English. In spite of his uncouthness, he gave the impression of being cultivated.

He was never married, but he had several "affairs" which he himself would have gladly consummated with marriage. In July, 1817, he wrote: "But love! only love can give thee a happier life. O God! let me find her — *the one* at last — who shall strengthen me in virtue." And there can be little doubt that it was only circumstances that prevented him from marrying the lovely Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, to whom he dedicated the famous Moonlight Sonata.

When he died he left a number of works in embryo. One was the Tenth Symphony, which was intended to contain in the adagio an ecclesiastical song, in the allegro the festival of Dionysos, for Beethoven had the idea that music was a higher revelation than all of wisdom and philosophy; and "I," said he to Bettina Brentano, Goethe's friend, "am the Dionysos who will press out this glorious wine," the cult of Dionysos seeming to him to imply all the tragedy of life.

The list of Beethoven's works and the order of their appearance may be easily found. This is not the place to discuss them, or to give a criticism of their greatness.

We have only sought to picture the man in his rugged simplicity, his tragic sensitiveness, his brusque honesty, his sublime purity. Under the rough exterior, beat the warm and generous heart. Take him all in all, in spite of his faults, he was a man whom one cannot help pitying, respecting, admiring, and loving.

ROSSINI.

GIOACHINO ROSSINI.

(1792-1868.)

GREAT men seem to be called forth by the needs of their day, and through the influence of their greatness come to be regarded as the cause of revolutions.

This is the great paradox of history. Nor is there anything more tragic than genius born before or after its time, as we say.

There is a curious parallelism between the career of Napoleon Bonaparte and that of Gioachino Antonio Rossini.

Both were Italians, both men of immense rapidity of execution, both won success by master strokes, both came to dominate Europe, both became French, both spent the latter part of their lives in inaction (the one compulsory, the other self-imposed), both had the gift of enrolling devoted followers.

Napoleon himself may have supposed that he was steering and guiding the mighty forces which gathered round him, and which at last crushed him. Rossini may have supposed that he brought about the revolution in music which for a time caused Beethoven to be forgotten, even in the chosen home of his activity.

Yet he was the child of his time, and the disposition

of men, weary of the uproar of battle, to be lulled by melodious tones, gave his music a vogue which is to us as incredible as the personal influence of Napoleon.

The period from 1800 to 1832 has been called the Beethoven-Rossini epoch of music.

"If," says Ambros, "we have in Beethoven the image of a great soul expressing itself in music and through music, and thereby filling with the loftiest spiritual content the tones which it orders in accordance with the norm and law of beauty; then Beethoven's contemporary, Rossini, is his direct antithesis, the musician who first brought to unconditioned acceptation the principle of mere sensuous enjoyment in music."

A generation ago it was said that with him began the decay of music; "when the dessert is brought on, the dinner is at an end." But dinners and desserts are recurring episodes in music as well as in real life, and it is no longer Beethoven but "the Sun of Italy," alias "the Italian bon-bon dealer," who is forgotten. Indeed, the young of this generation hardly realize how great Rossini was. They almost never have a chance to hear those passages of his which even his severest critics had to confess were full of "immortal freshness and the most fascinating beauty." Ambros compared his melodies to the Venetian beauties of Titian, in whose dark eyes lurks a wonderful something alluring, and yet noble: "they have, to be sure, a certain family likeness; they are like the daughters of one noble race, very beautiful, very lovely, but everywhere showing, with slight modifications, the same family features the first appearance of which may be plainly seen in the portrait of the ancestress who lived in the sixteenth century."

Schumann, a severer critic, called Rossini's melody

"Titian flesh without soul." He was the very embodiment of national Italian song, and as such was known as "the Swan of Pesaro."

Pesaro is a seaport town belonging to the Romagna. It has been the birthplace of three famous men: Pope Innocent II., the jurist Pandolfo, and the composer Rossini.

Rossini's father, Giuseppe Antonio, that is, Joseph Anthony, was town-trumpeter, and inspector of slaughter-houses. He did not know, for it was discovered after his death, that he came of a decent family, one of whom, some centuries gone by, had been governor of Ravenna, and that he had the right to a coat-of-arms, with three stars, a hand, a rose, and a nightingale on it. The Italians take great stock in escutcheons.

Perhaps if the town trumpeter, whose duty it was to lead processions on state occasions and to blow mighty blasts when the town authorities were to meet, had known of his patrician origin, he would have been too proud to hold such a menial position. He was exceedingly superstitious — a trait inherited by his son — and yet of such a gay disposition that he was called "*il vivazza*," "the lively."

It was quite in accordance with his nature, that when the French army marched into Pesaro in 1796, he adopted liberal and republican ideas. Then when the Austrians in their turn occupied the Papal States, the trumpeter lost both of his offices and was thrown into prison. Rossini years afterwards speaking of these events said, "Had it not been for the French invasion of Italy, I should probably have become an apothecary or an oil-merchant."

He was born on the twenty-ninth of February, 1792, a

genuine Leap Year's child. When he was sixty he used to say that he was fifteen.

The imprisonment of his father threw the support of the little family on the mother, Anna, who was one of the prettiest women of the Romagna. She sang by ear; and her singing, according to one who heard her, "was like her face, full of tenderness and grace." She became a *prima donna buffa*, and sung in operas, at fairs and carnivals.

After the father was liberated he joined his wife in her singing tours, as first hornist at the various country towns, at Lugo, Forli, Sinigaglia, and Bologna.

At first the boy was left in charge of a pork-butcher, or, some say, a master-cook. When he grew older his father taught him to play the horn, and the little fellow actually played duets with him and solos in public. His first teacher of the spinet was a man named Prinetti. Before Bach's day the thumb was not used. This Prinetti was, as regards technique, a relic of the Middle Ages. His method was limited to playing with only two fingers.

Rossini, who would have doubtless made immense progress under the right teacher, one who understood him, displayed what has been called his characteristic laziness; and his father, to shame him into a sense of his duties, put him into a blacksmith's shop opposite the Civic Theatre, where he had to blow the bellows all day long. Rossini speaking of it in later life declared it was not a bad way of teaching him to play in time!

His next teacher was a poor priest, Don Angelo Tesei, who had been for thirty-seven years training voices in Bologna. Tesei gave him some idea of harmony (figured bass), and practised him in solfeggios so that after a few

months, when he was ten years old, he was able to sing in churches. He was paid at the rate of three *paoli*, or about ten cents, for each service; and as he had a superb soprano voice and sung at sight, he won great success at the cathedral. Thus, and as always, he was of assistance to his parents, whose resources were limited.

When he was twelve he sang the part of little *Adolfo* in Paer's opera "*La Camilla*," which was revived in Bologna. His skill at the piano and at reading complicated scores was so great that, like Beethoven, he was intrusted with the responsible post of *maestro al cembalo*, for in those days the piano was an important part of the orchestra.

"To the mischief with it!" he cried one day when he was set at this work.

His father asked him what he would like to do: "Live on your income?"

"No, but I should like to compose."

Joseph Rossini flew into a rage, and is said to have kicked the lad, exclaiming, "Out of my sight! You might become the first trumpeter of the kingdom, and you will be nothing else but the poorest composer of Italy."

The lad's personality always won him friends. He had received some training in reading and writing at the hands of Don Innocenzo; Don Fini taught him a little mathematics. The Chevalier Giusti of Lucca, chief engineer at Bologna, took an interest in him, and initiated him into the beauties of Dante and the other Italian poets.

A tenor singer named Babbini, who had once enjoyed some reputation, and had created the principal *rôle* in one of Cherubini's operas, gave him still further training

in singing; and possibly through the influence of the Countess Olimpia Perticari of Pesaro he was admitted in March, 1807, into the Communal Lyceum of Bologna, where he fell into the hands of another priest, Stanislao Mattei, who had been a pupil of the famous Martini. Even before this he became the director of *I Concordi*, a singing society composed of amateurs who gave a concert every month; and he even directed in Haydn's "Seasons" with such success that every one was surprised.

Spohr, who recognized Rossini's genius, once said, "Had he been scientifically educated and led to the right way by Mozart's classic masterpieces, he might easily have been one of the greatest composers of our day."

It was not Father Mattei's fault that he failed of a scientific musical education. Unfortunately this learned man was devoted to routine, and could not realize that genius often attains at a bound what plodding industry takes years to master.

Rossini could never have submitted to eighteen months of such drudgery as Beethoven underwent in Vienna.

His aim was simply to compose operas; and when Mattei in an unguarded moment acknowledged that he knew enough to compose operas, he threw aside further instruction, except such as he could get from reading scores, and began that career which within a dozen years made him the best-known composer of his day.

When Richard Wagner visited him in 1860, Rossini said, "I had facility, and perhaps if I had been born in Germany, I might have done something worth while." He then realized that the Italy of his youth was not a land for earnest endeavor. A rigorous censorship suppressed all that was best. To wear a blue coat was

treason, and a man who read Dante was looked upon with suspicion as a Jacobin.

Music was at a low ebb. Just as in the days of Palestrina, Belgian and Netherland composers furnished most of the music for the Church, so now Italy sent across the Alps to satisfy its greed for new operas. We have seen Händel, Gluck, and Mozart composing for Naples and Milan; Simon Mayer, Peter Winter, Joseph Weigl, Paer, and other Germans had actually forsaken their fatherland and settled in Italy to write in the Italian style. In 1816 there was some talk, says Riehl, of inviting Beethoven to compose an Italian opera for Milan.

When Rossini was born, there were alive only three Italian composers of great repute: Zingarelli, Cimarosa, and Paisiello. Cimarosa died in 1801, and when Rossini made his first success people said Cimarosa had risen again.

Rossini is said to have composed his first opera without knowing that he did so. When he was fourteen he met with the Mombelli family, who in themselves formed a whole operatic troupe. The mother, seeing Rossini's talent, occasionally furnished him with verses, asking him to make of them a solo, a duet, or a trio, as the case might be. Thus unconsciously grew "*Demetrio e Polibio,*" which, though not played till six years later, established his reputation.

A singular incident that happened, probably about this time, cast its influence over his career. While he was accompanying at the Sinigaglia Theatre, the prima donna, whose name was Carpani, indulged in a cadenza which was so unmusical that the boy laughed outright. The sensitive singer complained to the Marquis Cavalli,

her manager and also her lover. He summoned Rossini, and threatened to put him in jail, if he presumed again to laugh at great artists. Rossini, quite unabashed, explained the reason of his laughter, and gave such a clever imitation of her method that the marquis was amused. Pleased with his ready wit, he promised him that if ever he wanted a libretto he would furnish him one. The marquis was also director of the San Mose Theatre at Venice, and when Rossini wrote to remind him of his promise the text was put at his disposal.

He had already composed, for the Lyceum of Bologna, a cantata entitled "The Lament of Music" (*Il Pianto d'Armonia*), which was performed in August, 1808. It was, as it were, his commencement part. Curiously enough, in the list of Rossini's works given by Edwards, the next one that followed was an orchestral symphony, and then a string quartet! The symphony in Italy and the symphony in Germany were as dissimilar as could well be. This one by Rossini, says Azevedo, was simply an overture with fugue, written by the young composer in imitation of that to Mozart's "Magic Flute." He had studied the violin, and had thoroughly learned the 'cello.

There is an absurd story that he transcribed and arranged some forty of Haydn's and Mozart's symphonies and quartets. Undoubtedly the greater part of his musical knowledge he obtained from reading over and studying the works of old masters in the excellent library of the Lyceum. But whatever he did in the form of concerted and chamber music, is quite forgotten, and justly so. He was himself so dissatisfied with his "symphony," that he tore it up. Rossini never had any illusions about his own merits.

About the same time, he wrote a mass for solo voices,

chorus, organ, and orchestra, for Triossi, an amateur musician of Ravenna. It was executed under his own direction during the annual city fair. The formation of the orchestra offered some difficulties: eleven flutes, seven clarinets, five oboes, and nine bassoons presented themselves: a terrible excess of wood-wind!

The opera which Rossini was now engaged to write for the Marquis Cavalli was in reality a one-act *farza*, or opera bouffe. He received about forty dollars for it. It was brought out with success at the San Mose Theatre, and the composer was fairly launched on his career. He was young, but Mercadante at twenty-four had written eight operas; Pacini was famous at eighteen, Generali at seventeen, Bellini at twenty-two; Donizetti at twenty-five had composed five great operas, and three less important ones. Fruit ripens early under Italian skies.

During the next fourteen years Rossini wrote upwards of thirty operas for the Italian stage; he wrote them for Ferrara and Milan, for Venice and Naples, for Rome and Vienna. The demand was great, and the supply was equal to the demand. When they succeeded he was happy; when, as occasionally happened, they fell flat, he would write his mother enclosing a pen-drawing of a bottle or phial, to signify a great or little *fiasco*, a word which in Italian means bottle.

One time, receiving an invitation to a picnic after the failure of one of his operas, he ordered from the confectioner a marchpane ship bearing the name of the opera: the mast was broken, the sails tattered, and she lay on her beam-ends in a sea of cream. He did his part to eat it up!

Another opera, written in 1812 for Venice, contained a trio which some one recognized as note for note the same

as a trio in Generali's "*Adelina.*" Generali is said to have approached and reproached Rossini. The audacious young pilferer replied: "I know it, but this trio is the most important situation of my opera. As nothing suitable occurred to me, I took the liberty of borrowing it from you. Could I have made a better choice?"

Yet of this same opera, which was one of the few of Rossini's early productions to be revived in Paris and Vienna years afterwards, "Stendhal" said, "An experienced eye [why not *ear?*] would easily recognize in this one-act opera, the germinal ideas of fifteen or twenty leading themes, which afterwards made the fortune of his masterpieces."

Rossini, like Händel and Gluck, had no hesitation in despoiling his earlier works to enrich his later ones. Some of his arias were made to do service three or four times, and he used his overtures over and over again.

Naples was at this time the musical centre of Italy. Rossini naturally gravitated thither. But before he left Naples he played a practical joke which came near having a serious ending. The Marquis gave him a wretched libretto. Rossini deliberately set it to the absurdest of music: the bass had to sing only high notes, the soprano only low notes; every thing was mixed; and to cap the climax, the orchestra had in one movement to tap the tin lamp-shades as cymbals. The Venetians had never heard such discords. They smashed the seats and chandeliers, and almost demolished the theatre. Rossini was hissed and hooted, and found it prudent to disappear.

To another of his early operas written for La Scala at Milan, Rossini owed his exemption from serving in the army. Eugène Beauharnais, vice-king of Italy, had

heard it, and when application was made to him in favor of the composer, he braved the anger of Napoleon and granted him exemption.

"Lucky for the army," Rossini said, "for I should have made a poor enough soldier."

The first opera to give Rossini a European reputation was "Tancred," brought out in 1813 in Venice. "Within four years," says Azevedo, "this masterpiece made the circuit of the world, except France; and its enchanting melodies carried everywhere the name of its fortunate author, who was henceforth immortal."

Strangely enough, it was full of what the Italians considered dangerous innovations. Mozart's later and greater works, for the very reason that they were greater, had scarcely crossed the Alps. It took them more than a quarter of a century to become popular outside of Germany! Rossini's great innovation was in writing his melodies exactly as they were to be sung. Hitherto it had been the custom of Italian singers to load their arias with all sorts of extemporized ornaments, till often the original themes were buried out of sight.

The taste of the Italians demanded that sort of thing. Rossini yielded to it, and, while he gave his melodies a permanent form, they, too, were over-decorated with filigree work. He also introduced recitative accompanied by quartet of strings in place of 'cello and piano.

A phrenologist who examined Rossini's head, not knowing who he was, recorded about this time a rather striking picture of the man: "A brilliant eye — a delicate, shrewd smile — an arched, prominent brow — inspiration — creative genius — energy — wit — fruitfulness — facility." It was a true picture.

All Venice was soon singing and whistling the arias of "Tancred." They penetrated the court-room, and the judges could hardly repress them. They were carried into church, and the Pope's command to banish them was found unavailing.

The famous "Aria of the Rice" (so called because it was apocryphally said to have been composed while the rice was cooking for dinner, and also said with perhaps equal truth to have been stolen from a hymn sung at vesper service), is even now occasionally heard in the concert-room.

Barbaja, manager of the opera-house of San Carlo at Naples, heard of Rossini, and, with the foresight which had raised him from the humble position of waiter in a café to be proprietor of several theatres and of the gambling-houses then attached to them, came and offered him an engagement at a handsome salary. Rossini accepted it.

He was required to write two operas a year, and was burdened with an immense amount of administrative details relating to Barbaja's two theatres. "If he had dared," said Rossini afterwards, "he would have made me do his cooking for him."

The Emperor of Austria gave La Scala $40,000 a year. The King of Naples paid $60,000 a year toward the support of the San Carlo Theatre. Rossini's salary was two hundred ducats a year, and an interest in the gambling which was then allowed by government, though not long afterward suppressed.

"*Elisabetta*" (his first opera written for Naples) was given in 1815. The part of Queen Elizabeth was taken by Isabelle Colbran, an imposing beauty with a "Circassian eye," and a magnificent mezzo-soprano voice. She

was Barbaja's favorite, but Rossini soon won her affections, thereby making the manager his bitter enemy.

His engagement at Naples did not prevent him from writing for other theatres. Thus the same year he composed for Rome in thirteen days the famous "Barber of Seville," which showed the Italians that comic opera was not obliged to follow idle traditions. The subject was familiar. Paisiello's opera with that title had been composed for St. Petersburg thirty-five years before, and was well known in Italy.[1]

Rossini's success was all the more brilliant because he had to contend with the prejudices of Paisiello's partisans. The first night it was hissed, owing partly to a series of unlucky mishaps, including the sudden apparition of a cat on the stage, and an aria sung by an artist who was taken with the nose-bleed; but after Rossini substituted a long cavatina modified from an earlier opera, it conquered. The next night Rossini stayed at home. The whole audience left the theatre between the acts, went to his lodgings, and gave him an ovation.

As an illustration of his popularity, a Milan theatre gave a ballet entitled "The Return of Orpheus from Hades, or the Glory of the celebrated Maestro Rossini." Orpheus tries to release his beloved Euridice with old-fashioned music, but it is of no avail. Only when one of Rossini's romanzas is played, do the cruel shades relent and let her go.

The Revolution, which expelled the King of Naples in 1820, the loss of revenue from the gaming-tables, and the large expenses of opera without royal subvention, almost ruined the redoubtable Barbaja. Rossini was requested

[1] Paisiello's "*Il Barbiere de Sevilla*" was revived in Paris in 1867 as a curiosity.

to write an opera for Vienna. He married Mlle. Colbran in December, 1821, and with her started for the Austrian capital. "*Zelmira*" had been played with immense success in Naples; its success was still greater in Vienna, where Rossini became the idol of the day, though the German papers and critics accused the public of ingratitude towards Mozart and Haydn, and blamed Rossini for corrupting musical art.

Rossini had the good taste not to quarrel with his accusers. He remarked: "The German critics wish that I composed like Haydn and Mozart. But if I took all the pains in the world, I should still be a wretched Haydn or Mozart. So I prefer to remain a Rossini. Whatever that may be, it is something, and at least I am not a bad Rossini."

He was always able to disarm criticism by his candor. Even the young man who threatened to assassinate him for having given so much to the bass drum to do in a certain overture, became his warm friend as soon as he came into the sunlight of his presence.

His popularity in Vienna was enormous. Day and night his house was surrounded by admirers anxious to get a sight of him. All the great princes who had patronized the German masters found a new "fad" in Rossini, and gave him elaborate dinners and suppers. The philosopher Hegel was so charmed by his music that he wrote to his wife in Berlin: "So long as I have money for Italian opera, I shall not leave Vienna!"

It has been said Beethoven refused to receive him. Such was not the case. He recognized his genius, but owing to his deafness their intercourse was painful and unsatisfactory. Speaking of Rossini's visit to Beethoven, Schumann afterwards wrote: "The butterfly

flew into the way of the eagle, but the latter swept aside from his course, so as not to crush it with the stroke of his pinions."

Rossini's last opera written for Italy was "*Semiramide.*" It was required for the carnival season at Venice. He received $1,000 for it. While he was writing it he was invited by Prince Metternich to dine. The story is told that at dinner the conversation turned on German music, and Rossini asked the prince to give him the theme of a tragic air for his new opera. Metternich, being further urged by the ladies present, finally said, "Dear maestro, at this instant I can think of only one appropriate German song. Perhaps you can make use of it. It is a melody of the deepest pain and despair."

He sang it.

Rossini was delighted, and took it for the grand aria and the overture, and it made a great impression in Italy; but the Germans who heard it could not understand why the Queen of Assyria, bewailing the death of her spouse, should sing the well-known theme, "Rejoice in life while the lamp still burns."

The next year Rossini went to London, stopping on his way at Paris, where he was both fêted and attacked. In London he made his fortune. King George IV. himself presented him to his court, and treated him to snuff, an honor which instantly raised him high above ordinary mortals. He drank tea at great houses, and received fifty guineas each time for accompanying his wife's singing. For directing at the theatre three times he was paid 2,500 pounds sterling. The King's pleasure at singing duets with him was so intense that the comic papers caricatured it.

Once when the King was singing a solo he made a

mistake. Rossini went right on. "It was my duty to accompany your majesty," he replied when the King remarked having gone off the key: "and I am ready to follow you to the tomb!"

He left London after five months (no small part of which was spent in writing in autograph albums for titled ladies), and though he did not compose the opera for which he had been engaged, he had a new bank account of 175,000 francs.

He returned not to Bologna but to Paris, where he had accepted the direction of the Theâtre Italien for a year and a half in place of Paer. Paer, who was given a place as conductor at an increased salary, became one of the leaders of the cabal which tried to ruin Rossini in Paris. Bertan called him Signor Crescendo!

But the French composers, Auber, Hérold, and Boïeldieu especially espoused Rossini's cause, and became greatly influenced by his style.

It was almost a repetition of the great battle between the Piccinnists and Gluckists. Politics also again was enlisted. But Rossini had really no rival, and so in a short time he became a sort of autocrat in Paris. His salary was 20,000 francs a year, and when he wrote his cantata, "The Journey to Rheims," in honor of the coronation of Charles X., he was given a superb service of plate. The same piece was revived in 1848 at the proclamation of the Republic.

Rossini, as director of the Italian opera, brought out a number of great singers; he had his own chief operas performed; he invited Meyerbeer, Bellini, Donizetti, and Mercadante to Paris.

Yet he was not considered a success as director, and at his own request he was retired in 1826, and given a

nominal position as "inspector of singing," with the same salary.

From this time he began to compose for the French Académie. Among other things he re-arranged his "*Mose*" (which on its first representation, nearly ten years before, had met with reverses, owing to the absurdity of the Red Sea as represented on the stage, and was saved by the famous prayer, precursor of all operatic prayers).

Rossini had made friends with a Mr. Aguado, a well-known banker, who invested and many times multiplied his British pounds. At Aguado's country house "William Tell" was for the most part composed.

Unfortunately the libretto was wretched, but Rossini's reputation as a composer largely rests on this work, which marked a new departure in his style. Hanslick declares that such a change in a man who had written forty operas was something unprecedented in the history of music. He was only thirty-seven, and at the height of his fame and powers. Yet this was the last opera that he ever wrote. It has been called his "swan song." Various reasons were given by Rossini himself, but none is satisfactory: his laziness least of all.

After the July Revolution, which cost him his pension, he returned to Italy for a time, but his father was dead, and there was nothing to keep him there. He was rich, and fond of good living. He came back to Paris, and built a magnificent mansion at Passy, where he lived a life of luxury and dissipation. After the death of Madame Colbran-Rossini, from whom he had been separated for some years, he married Mlle. Olympe Desguilliers, who had nursed him faithfully when he was ill. Rossini called her his providence. Nevertheless, not altogether pleasant stories are told of her.

He did not entirely cease to write. In 1832 he composed his theatrical, rather than religious, *Stabat Mater* for a Spanish friend. On the title-page stood the words, "Composed for Señor Varela and presented to him." This led to a law-suit. After the death of Don Fernandez, he replaced four numbers that had been written by his friend Tadolini, and sold the work to a French publisher for 6,000 francs. Varela's heirs brought suit, and were defeated. The work was first performed in January, 1842. In fourteen concerts it brought in 150,000 francs.

He wrote also a number of songs, piano pieces ("sins of his old age," he called them), and a little mass.

Once he exclaimed: "If my youth might be given to me for a year, a month, a week, a day, even for an hour, I would agree to write a two-act opera, oversee the rehearsals, and direct it myself."

But when he was offered a hundred thousand francs for a new work, he replied: —

"I have written enough Italian; I don't wish to write French; I cannot write German. Let me rest. I will not write more for fame. I have enough money."

A French caricature represented him lying on his back, like the classic representations of the Nile or the Tiber, and from his jar of harmony, carelessly overturned, was flowing a stream from which eager music-mongers were carrying away rich spoils.

He cared more for the glory of having invented a new salad dressing (and this brought him a cardinal's apostolic benediction) than for all his fame as a composer. He compared Mozart to truffles: each giving constantly new pleasure and comfort. Once he exclaimed, "Truly, I would rather be a sausage-maker than a composer."

That Canova praised his physical beauty, and wanted him for a model, was for him "worth more than all musical fame." He called life a comic opera; the four acts made up of eating, loving, singing, and digesting. "The stomach is the conductor who directs the great orchestra of our passions," was one of his sayings.

Though superstitious, he was sceptical. He cared nothing for the fine arts or politics. His one act of patriotism was the composition of a hymn during the independent rising at Bologna in 1815. When in 1848, being in Italy, he was asked to subscribe to the great national fund, he is said to have given a lame horse and an uncollectable note. The populace learning of it gave him a cat-concert, and in consequence he sold his palace, which had the seven notes of the scale over the portal as a sort of escutcheon.

He considered Mozart the greatest composer of the world, and two years before he died, when Vienna gave a great concert in behalf of a Mozart memorial, Rossini sent two choruses, and wrote that they came from a man who worshipped Mozart as divine.

Rossini was one of the wittiest and best-natured of men. In his rooms on the Chaussée d'Antin he received every Sunday morning dressed in a *negligé* costume. After he built his villa at Passy he refused to go there by train, but drove. He always chose a hack-driver with tired horses, because he was afraid to go fast. All sorts of honors were heaped upon him. He was Commander of the Legion of Honor, and member of multitudes of societies. Statues of him were erected in Pesaro and in Paris. He cared little for such things. He told Wagner, "I have no claim to be reckoned among the heroes."

Goethe once summed up the characteristics of Voltaire

in a wonderful sentence, attributing to him depth, genius, intuition, perception, sublimity, naturalness, nobility, wit, good taste, tact, many-sidedness, brilliancy, vivacity, elegance, and a dozen other qualities, some of them inexpressible either in English or German. Ambros applies this characterization to Rossini, and declares that the upward step which he made in "William Tell" was unexampled in the history of music.

Wagner declared that with Rossini died the old opera, but of his personality he said: "He gave me the impression of the fairest, the most truly great and admirable man whom I ever met in the world of art." But Wagner's prediction was not strictly true, as is proved by the tremendous interest excited in the year of grace 1890, at Rome, where during a Rossini revival nearly all of his early operas were given with great success.

Rossini's superstition caused him to dread Fridays and the number thirteen. He died on Friday, the thirteenth day of November, 1868! His body was at first placed in the Madeleine, but it was afterwards removed to Florence.

His manuscripts were sold for one hundred and fifty thousand francs. In July, 1889, the so-called *Fondation Rossini* — a retreat for the invalids of song — was opened in Paris with appropriate ceremonies. To this luxurious home, where fifty French and Italian musicians may find rest in their old age — a palace and a park — were devoted some four millions of francs by the childless maestro. There may be seen Rossini's spectacles, his wedding ring, his academic robes, his inkstand.

He died, like Beethoven, in the Catholic religion.

Though so easy-going in morals and life, he once exclaimed: "He who wrote the *Stabat Mater* must necessarily have had faith."

Among his manuscripts was found a composition with this inscription: "May this mass be reckoned as an atonement for all my sins, and open for me the gates of Paradise!"

Such was the strange and paradoxical career of one of the greatest and most disappointing of men.

NOTE. — It is said toward the end of 1863 Rossini composed a mass which was performed in Paris at the house of the rich banker, Pillet-Will, and that on the last page of the manuscript the following words were found: "Heavenly Father, — Finally terminated is this poor mass, actually composed of sacred music and of music damned (*musique sacrée et sacrée musique*). You know I was born for the opera bouffe, and all of my worldly belongings consist of a little bit of heart and less scientific knowledge. Therefore, bless me, and permit me to enter Paradise. — GIOACHINO ROSSINI."

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(1786-1826.)

IF Rossini was born under a lucky star, Weber, as he himself so often said, was under the life-long influence of an evil star. If Rossini's life (viewed superficially) was a gay comedy, Weber's was a tragedy. If Rossini charmed the world with his "filigree melodies," and even founded a school of opera, Weber has a greater claim upon fame, as the father of German song, the precursor of the Chopins and Liszts, and the prophet of the so-called "music of the future."

Weber was the musician-laureate of the age of romanticism. The age of romanticism has passed, and Weber is comparatively forgotten, though his influence still remains. Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Wagner had much to learn from him. Bayreuth and "*Parsifal*" are offshoots of Berlin and "*Der Freischütz.*"

Between Rossini and Weber there is a yet wider distinction. Rossini sank from a lofty height of activity to a life of sloth and dissipation. Weber cleared his wings from the soil of an unworthy life, and soared to noble distinction as a man and a composer. Rossini was the victim of himself and his passions. Weber rose superior to circumstances. Rossini's career warns and

WEBER.

preaches a sermon. Weber's is or ought to be an inspiration.

Most despicable among men is a titled adventurer. Such was the gay, fascinating, unscrupulous, disreputable Baron Franz Anton von Weber, by turns soldier, gambler, financial counsellor and district judge, fiddler, kapellmeister, theatrical manager, strolling player, town-musician, and pensioner.

Fortune smiled upon him generously when he married the proud and beautiful Maria Anna de Fumetti, and immediately succeeded his father-in-law in a lucrative and honorable position under Clemens August, Elector of Cologne and Bishop of Hildesheim. For nine years he was thus favored. Then, on the death of the Elector, he lost his position, and after five years of private life he started out on his wanderings as a viola player. We hear of him as settled in Lübeck, where he published some respectable songs, and became director of the theatre. His wife, whose fortune had been squandered, died of a broken heart, leaving eight young children. At the age of fifty the gay widower went to Vienna and married Genovefa von Brenner, a pretty maiden of sixteen, who had some reputation as a singer. He took her to Eutin, a small town of Oldenburg, where shortly before he had served as kapellmeister to the art-loving Prince-Bishop of Lübeck. His place was now another's, and he was obliged to earn a pittance as director of the town band.

Here, on the 18th of December, 1786, was born Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst von Weber — the child of genius.

His father, like Beethoven's father, had been dazzled by the success of young Mozart, and had vainly hoped that each of his children would turn out an infant

prodigy. The glamour was all the greater now because his niece Constance had married Mozart.

The poor little baron was a feeble child, suffering from a disease of the hip-bone, which made him lame for life. He was not able to walk at all till he was four; before he used his legs he was taught to sing, and his hands were wonted to the keys of the clavier. He showed no special bent for music, and his step-brother, who tried to teach him, is said to have flung down his violin-bow in despair, exclaiming, "Carl, whatever you may be, you will never become a musician!"

During his early years he had no settled home. His father was travelling about as director of a dramatic troupe composed chiefly of his own family. They were in Weimar in 1794, where the mother appeared in the theatre, under Goethe's direction, as Constanze in Mozart's "Elopement from the Seraglio."

When he was twelve, his gentle, unhappy mother died of consumption, and he was left to the care of his father's sister Adelheid. The forcing system to which he was relentlessly subjected at last began to produce some fruit. At Munich, under Court Organist Kalcher, he wrote a mass, trios, sonatas, four-part songs, and his first opera, all of which were afterwards destroyed by fire, perhaps purposely, perhaps accidentally. At Salzburg, under the training of Kapellmeister Michael Haydn, he composed six "little fugues," which his father promptly published, falsifying his age by a year. The Leipzig *Musical Times* spoke respectfully of them, but complained of the misprints. Even more flattering was Rochlitz's judgment upon his second published work — "Six Variations" on an original theme. He remarked, however, that the engraving and lithograph-

ing were ill done — apparently by an engraver who knew nothing of notes and their value.

This was particularly severe, because the lad had lithographed the pieces himself! An erratic genius named Sennefelder, who had failed as a lawyer, as an actor, as an artist, as a poet, and as a dramatist, was by accident the inventor of lithography, and taking a fancy to the fascinating old baron and his son, taught them his secret. Carl Maria, already grounded, superficially, in the arts of painting and engraving, attained some proficiency in this new process, and even made improvements in the press. He became so much interested in it that he had some thought of adopting it as his life-work. In a letter to the publisher Artaria, he wrote: "I can engrave music on stone in a manner not to be surpassed by the finest English engraving, as you will see by the accompanying specimens."

But Weber was born, not for lithography, but for the stage. His early amusements, as he followed the fortunes of his "Thespian sire" from town to town, were behind the scenes; and we cannot be much surprised to find that the manager of a theatre at Carlsbad, knowing of his precocity as a composer, gave him an original libretto called "The Forest Maiden, or the Dumb Girl of the Forest." This half-comic, half-romantic opera was set to music in the autumn of the year 1800, and performed at both Freiberg and Chemnitz, but with little success. It was given eight times at Vienna five years later, and travelled even as far as St. Petersburg. Only fragments remain. The next year, while studying at Salzburg with Michael Haydn, he composed another comic opera, entitled "Peter Schmoll and His Neighbors."

Haydn heard a private performance of it, and was

enthusiastic over its correct counterpoint, its fire and delicacy, and the ability shown by his "dear pupil," both as composer and pianist. Josef Otter, concert-master at Salzburg, prophesied that he would be a second Mozart. The work did not attain quite the success expected by these prejudiced friends.

Weber's last teacher was the celebrated, or rather notorious, Abbé Vogler, that "spangled mountebank of art," who, indeed, had influence at court and brilliant qualities. The young baron at his suggestion gave himself up for two years to "diligent study of the various works of the great composers." He also had the honor of arranging Vogler's opera "*Zamori*" for piano. Through the abbé's good offices he, the youngest of his pupils, was appointed conductor of the opera at Breslau at a salary of six hundred thalers a year.

He found it hard to quit gay, music-loving Vienna, where, in company with his friend Lieutenant Gänsbacher, poet and musician, he not merely tasted, but drank deep, of the Pierian spring of dangerous pleasures. His songs, sung in his rich, melodious voice, to accompaniment of the guitar, no less than his remarkably pleasing personality, gave him immediate entrance into all hearts. More than one lady of rank loved him with passionate devotion. He was then the Lord Byron of music.

For a "beardless boy" of seventeen to assume the direction of a number of professors, all older and more experienced than himself, required considerable courage, but he grappled manfully with the task. He carried out with a high hand many necessary but displeasing innovations, and enforced a discipline such as had never been known before in the little theatre. This course

made him enemies, and when, just after having finished the overture to his new opera, "*Rübezahl*," he accidentally drank some nitric acid, instead of wine, and was laid up for two months, and lost his beautiful voice, matters came to a crisis. His enemies had made such headway against him that he resigned his position in disgust.

Breslau had proved disastrous to his finances. Disreputable pleasures, and the demands of his father, who was now wholly dependent upon him, loaded him with debts which were not discharged for years.

Musically he made progress at Breslau. He discovered his great gift for conducting, and laid the foundation of his fame as a pianist. It is said that his improvisations at this time were "golden dreams, rich, beautiful, and edifying." But the fragments of an opera which he wrote then, he himself long afterwards confessed to Spohr, were of little value or promise.

After he left Breslau, he spent a few months as "music-director" in the service of Prince Eugen of Würtemberg, at Carlsruhe, where he had a position somewhat like Haydn's at Esterhaz. It was expressly stated in his diploma that he was thus received on account of his talent, and not his family, "of which no consideration was taken." Still, when the Duke learned that Weber's father and aunt were left behind in wretched circumstances, he sent for them and gave them lodgings near the palace.

The few months that he spent in that stiff, formal, and absurd, but music-loving little court, made "a brilliant spot in his checkered and troubled existence." He heard good music, and composed, among other things, two so-called symphonies for the Duke's band.

But war broke out. The Duke went to the frontier.

The chapel was dismissed, and Weber became private secretary to his patron's brother, Duke Ludwig, at Stuttgart.

A more unfortunate move he could hardly have made.

Friedrich, King of Würtemberg, was a man of talent and power, but tyrannical, cruel, and utterly unscrupulous. He was enormously fat, so that a space had to be cut in the royal dining-table to allow him to get near enough to feed. He was mean, contemptible, fond of coarse jests, fearful in anger, dangerous in friendship. He loved pomp. Three hundred chamberlains served him. A host of idle and dissipated young nobles, chosen mainly for their good looks, swarmed in the palace.

The King's favorite was an unprincipled scoundrel named Dillen, who, from being groom in the ducal stables, had been made a count, a general, and finally minister. Partially dependent on the King was his brother Duke Ludwig, who, having failed of the throne of Poland, had come to live at Stuttgart, where he kept up an extravagant and unseemly establishment.

Into this false and miserable life Weber was suddenly thrown. His principal duty was to raise money for "horses, dogs, hunting-parties, journeys, gambling debts, wine, pensions, and all sorts of dubious allowances." When the Duke's purse was empty he had to apply for aid to the King, who repaid with interest Weber's open dislike, and treated him ignominiously. On one occasion, after a terrible scene with the hideous old monarch, he met an old lady who asked where she could find the court laundress. Weber showed her to the King's private apartment. The King disliked old women, and when the unwelcome visitor stammered out that a young gentleman had directed her there, he suspected that

Weber had played this trick upon him, and ordered him arrested. It is said that while he was in prison he got hold of a miserable old piano, tuned it with a door-key, and composed one of his well-known songs. This was in October, 1808. The Duke got him released, but the King never forgot the insult.

The young musician found plenty of friends. Some had a bad influence upon him. F. C. Hiemer, a dissolute young poet who adapted works for the German stage and tried to remodel the libretto of his opera "The Dumb Girl," introduced him to "the sirens of the Royal Theatre" and all the follies of a perfectly reckless society.

On the other hand, Lehr, the royal librarian, opened his eyes to the glories of German philosophy, and did much to train his mind toward logical thinking. Danzi, the new conductor of the Royal Opera, a man of weight and character, though old enough to be his father, formed an intimate friendship with him, gave him excellent counsel, and tried to restrain him from the dangerous and unhappy life which he led.

Weber, like Mozart and Beethoven, had a fund of uproarious wit, and this he displayed, as they did, in his letters. Like Mozart, he often wrote them in verse, and many were addressed to his friend Danzi. Some of them are still in existence, set to humorous music, and signed "Krautsalat" (cabbage-salad), his nickname among his wild young friends. Weber's money affairs went rapidly from bad to worse. They were still further embarrassed by the sudden arrival of his old father with bass-viol, two poodle dogs, and a fresh burden of debts — those for gambling, the most dishonorable, being then considered the most honorable.

The debt of honor at all events had to be paid, and it was paid. One story says that the old Baron — who still insisted on being called Major — found in his son's desk a sum of money belonging to the Duke, and sent it off. Another relates that Weber obtained the necessary sum through a former groom of his, who, unknown to him, pledged that the lender's son should be spared from the conscription. The pledge was not kept. The King heard of the scandal, and saw in it a chance to punish his enemy.

On the 9th of February, 1810, while rehearsing his new opera "*Silvana*," Weber was suddenly arrested and dragged off to prison. There was a mock trial presided over by the King, who outdid himself in violence. But Weber showed so much dignity and pleaded his cause so well that even the King saw there was no case against him. Nevertheless the young man and his father were unceremoniously bundled out of the country without a chance to bid any one of their friends farewell.

Thus was Weber banished from Würtemberg for life, but he could say in the words of Catiline, —

> "What's banished but set free
> From daily contact with the thing I loathe?"

It was the turning-point of his life: a harsh medicine that wrought a moral cure.

With only sixty-five florins, and with a trunk full of manuscripts of songs, piano duets written for his pupils, — the Duke's two daughters, — and other compositions (for he had not neglected his art), Weber with his father came to Mannheim, where he found firm friends. But his old teacher, Vogler, was at Darmstadt with Gänsbacher, and after a few months of various musical

and social enjoyment he also went there. At Vogler's he made the acquaintance of young Meyerbeer, and under the stimulus of their activity he wrote his first piano concerto, six sonatas for violin and piano, and his operetta "*Abu Hassan.*" In alliance with Meyerbeer and several other musical friends, he founded a Harmonic Union (*Harmonischer Verein*), composed of literary and musical people, "with the general object of furthering the cause of art, and the special object of advancing thorough and impartial criticism." Each member had an assumed name, and it was proposed to establish a journal. In this regard Weber's mantle fell on Schumann.

"*Silvana,*" composed at Stuttgart, was now produced for the first time at Frankfurt, but with small success owing to the rival attraction of a balloon ascension. Caroline Brandt, who afterwards became his wife, sang the title rôle.[1]

In spite of the musical court of the Grand Duke, and the "skittish" pleasures which the three young musicians enjoyed together, "melody-hunting," eating cherries on a wager, making merry music at beer-houses, Weber found Darmstadt dull, and was not sorry to leave it. He felt lonely and sad, but he was able to say honestly, "Within the last ten months I have become a better man." And his naturally buoyant spirits soon conquered.

A project to secure for him a permanent position at Mannheim, though supported by the Princess Amelie of Baden, fell through and he was driven to undertake an

[1] It is interesting to note that this opera has been recently fitted with a new libretto, remodelled and enriched with other of Weber's music, and performed with great success. The hundredth anniversary of Weber's birth was widely celebrated throughout Germany by revivals of his operas and a complete publication of his works.

artistic tour. After a farewell concert at Darmstadt, by which he cleared two hundred florins, he slowly made his way to Munich, here giving a concert to enthusiastic students, there stopping to dally with some maid who at a masked ball had touched his ever-susceptible heart. At Munich he made the acquaintance of Carl Baermann, a famous clarinetist, for whom he wrote a number of clarinet concertos and other pieces. Owing to the good-will of the Bavarian court, his concert was successful, and he found pleasant and profitable employment for several months. Here he wrote, "Every man in the orchestra wants me to compose a concert piece for his special instrument." He was nothing loath, and even composed a piece for a new instrument called the harmonichord.

After leaving Munich, he went on a long tour through Germany and Switzerland, first alone and afterwards with Baermann. On his way to Lake Constance he inadvertently crossed a corner of Würtemberg territory, and suddenly found himself under arrest again. But orders came to carry him to the next frontier, and so he was transported at the King's expense exactly where he wanted to go!

At Prague, Dresden, and Leipzig he gave several concerts, and made hosts of pleasant acquaintances. He had some notion of settling in Leipzig, and devoting himself to literary work. A novel which he began, entitled "A Musician's Wanderings," was interrupted by an invitation to visit Emil Leopold August, Duke of Gotha, whose talents Napoleon respected, but who was as mad as a March hare.

This merry monarch had a mania for wearing female attire; he dyed his hair different colors on different

occasions; he played the absurdest tricks on his courtiers; he wrote ridiculous poetry, and set his own verses to still more ridiculous music. Yet he had sane moments when he corresponded with great men in fitting language, and he knew how to appreciate genius.

When Weber and Baermann reached Gotha, they found their great contemporary Spohr residing at the same court and engaged on his "Last Judgment." Spohr, who had known Weber as a dissipated youth at Stuttgart, was not at all gracious; but the Duke would scarcely let Weber out of his sight, and kept him so busy composing and performing that his son calls this visit "an artistic debauch!"

Weber was glad enough to quit this exciting and nerve-shattering life, and to be on the free road again.

After a short delay at Weimar, where the Grand Duke and his Russian daughter-in-law welcomed him, and the worshipful Goethe unaccountably snubbed him; and after a concert in Dresden, the receipts of which, in spite of his thirty-three visits paid in one day to all the notabilities, amounted to only fifty-six thalers, — Weber, still in company with Baermann, reached Berlin on the 20th of February, 1812.

Here a new life began for him. He found a home in the palatial mansion of the Beers — the parents of his friend Meyerbeer. The gay, loose immoralities of the Southern cities were frowned upon in the Northern capital. A serious, sober, intellectual spirit here reigned, partly due to the grave political crisis that year of Napoleon's fall, and it had its influence upon him. Moreover, he was saddened by the death of his old father, whom he loved devotedly, in spite of his faults and foibles.

Just about this time his opera "*Silvana*" was produced with medium success, but it opened his eyes to its faults, and showed him what he must do. His acquaintance with the first male chorus ever founded in Germany (*der Liedertafel*) was a great stimulus to him, and he composed for it some excellent four-part songs.

Yet this time his stay lasted only till September, when he found himself once more the guest of the Duke of Gotha, with whom he passed nearly three months and a half of enjoyable yet irritating activity, and got much gain, especially from his intercourse with Spohr, of whom he often speaks in his diary.

But Weber had his father's debts to pay, and in December he was once more on his wanderings. Sir George Grove finely compares him at this period to an ancient troubadour, singing his melodies from house to house. The wanderings ended at Prague, where Wenzel Müller, one of the most popular and original musical geniuses of his day, had been for many years director of the theatre. He had just resigned, and Weber was offered his place at a salary of 2,000 florins ($400), a benefit guaranteed at a thousand more, and three months' vacation. The opera had to be remodelled, and Weber was obliged to engage the artists.

As it were by accident, the very first person with whom he made a contract was the brilliant young singer, Caroline Brandt. She made her *début* on the first day of January, 1814, in Isouard's "*Cinderella*," and by reason of her beauty, her excellent acting, and her well-cultivated voice, she became a great favorite. Weber himself was pleased with her dignity and modesty, her unaffected simplicity and innocence. Unfortunately, soon after his arrival at Prague he had become infatuated with an

actress, who, though the mother of several children, managed completely to enthrall him. His diary is witness to what he suffered through her heartless treatment of him. Weber could not help contrasting the character of the two women, and after a severe struggle, and not without many jealous tribulations, he tore himself loose from the unworthy, and gave himself up to the worthy love. On his first benefit night, after Caroline Brandt had made a great success as Zerlina, in "*Don Giovanni*," she accepted Weber's hand. Owing to her rival's machinations, however, the engagement was broken more than once, and it was not till December, 1817, that they were married.

At Prague he was indefatigable in the duties of his office. He was "scene-painter, stage manager, prompter, copyist, superintendent of costumes, and musical director." In order to manage his men better, he even learned Bohemian, so as to talk with them in their own tongue. For three years and a half he retained this position, notwithstanding a great many annoyances. During this time he brought out no less than sixty-one operas, of which thirty-one were entirely new works. He atoned for a youthful attack upon Beethoven by producing "*Fidelio*," but much to his disgust it was coldly received. He wrote, "Punch and Judy would suit them better!" Nor did he use his position to further his own interests. On the contrary, he injured his health, and at last, worn out with the struggle, he sent in his resignation.

His most important compositions during these years were songs, and especially the four-part patriotic male choruses from Körner's "Lyre and Sword" — works which even to-day are unrivalled in their kind, and which gave Weber immense popularity among the people.

As a song-writer, Weber knew how to move the masses. He collected and remodelled the popular folk-song. He felt that the spontaneous melodies bubbling up from the heart of a people are as genuine music as the more refined themes of elaborated art. The world has come to Weber's standpoint in this regard; but in Weber's day, Wenzel Müller, whose melodies were like folk-songs, was looked down upon by the cultivated; and Weber, whose lineage was aristocratic, separated himself from the aristocracy of music by the same form of innovation. He wrote one hundred and twenty-eight songs, and many of them are still sung, though Schubert, Schumann, and Franz have outshone him.

His cantata "Battle and Victory," in honor of the battle of Waterloo, is even now regarded as superior to Beethoven's "Battle of Vittoria."

Weber, on leaving Prague, had hopes of being appointed court kapellmeister at Berlin, but his evil star prevailed. Another less worthy received the place. Even the two concerts which he gave there had small success, owing to violent storms and the expected coming of Catalani, the Patti of the day.

In 1816 he was appointed kapellmeister of the German opera at Dresden, though his title was not confirmed for life till the following year. It seemed like a bright prospect. But it had its dark side. Italian opera was more strongly intrenched in Dresden than in any other German city. The King of Saxony, August, called "the Just," hated the King of Prussia, and saw in Weber's patriotic songs of the "Lyre and Sword" reason for detesting the composer also. This feeling of ill-will was fostered by his prime minister, Count Einsiedel, a small, arbitrary, narrow-minded man, who

from the very first interview became Weber's bitter enemy; the Italian kapellmeister Morlacchi was Count Einsiedel's favorite.

In this city, then, Weber was called upon to establish German opera. When he was first presented to the new company he astounded them by declaring that he should exact implicit obedience, that he should be just but pitilessly severe. He was described at that time as a small, narrow-chested man, with long arms, refined but large hands, thin, pale, irregular face, with brilliant blue eyes flashing through his spectacles; "mighty forehead, fringed by a few straggling locks;" awkward and clumsy, but charming in spite of all, especially when he smiled. His dress was a blue frock coat with metal buttons, tight trousers, Hessian boots with tassels, a cloak with several capes, and a broad round hat.

It was not long before his subordinates began actually to worship him. His genial temper, his high ideal, his genius, made them forget his frail body and bend to his will. The operas given under his direction were so admirably performed that even the King had to acknowledge it, though he found it hard to forgive the new kapellmeister for re-arranging the orchestra, and for actually publishing in the paper analyses of the operas over his own name. This was a terrible innovation in strait-laced Dresden.

As a writer and a poet Weber has been described as restless, unfinished, but original, striving after new ideas, overloaded with figures, humorous with the childish humor of the romantic school. His criticisms on music and musicians were generally mild and sympathetic.

Ten years before, Weber had come across a little volume of ghost stories by Apel. He had then been

struck by one of them, which seemed to promise well for an opera libretto. But the scheme was laid aside. At Dresden he accidentally picked up the same volume, and having at a reunion of musical and literary people called "The Poets' Tea" met Friedrich Kind, he made arrangements for a libretto on the story of the Magic Huntsman.

Kind wrote the book very rapidly, and thus Weber began the composition of "*Der Freischütz.*" It was his habit to compose mentally, and not to put music to paper till it was all complete. His power of mental abstraction was marvellous. Yet so many interruptions occurred — his marriage, his extra duties as conductor of the Italian opera during Morlacchi's eight months' absence, his constant struggles with cabals, the birth and death of his little daughter, and his insecure health, that it was not until midnight of November 30, 1819, that the first act was finished, and the last on the thirteenth of the following May.

And meantime what a rich abundance of works his fertile pen poured out; more than 128 pieces! — songs, duets, and quartets, festival cantatas, incidental music to dramas, concertos for various instruments, — piano, bassoon, harp, guitar, — overtures, offertories, and last and not least his two great masses.

His best-known piano composition of this time was the "Invitation to the Dance," which, says Ambros, contains all that the German has of "poetry, gallantry, tenderness, grace" — "not a dance but *the* dance, as a poetic idea expressed musically with all the rich forms included in it with such fascination, nobility, and brilliancy," the foretaste of Strauss! We must also mention the music to Wolff's Spanish drama "*Preciosa,*" "more than half

an opera," as he calls it, and containing some of his most fascinating numbers.

Weber's popularity among the youths of Germany was proved this same year, when he and his wife went on an artistic tour to Leipzig, Halle, Göttingen, and other cities. The students, especially, simply worshipped him, gave him serenades, and showed him every honor. He was regarded as one of the greatest pianists that ever lived.

After most vexatious delays "*Der Freischütz*" was given for the first time in Berlin on the 18th of June, 1821, the sixth anniversary of Waterloo and "*la Belle Alliance*," when Germany threw off the foreign yoke! What a significant event! For now Rossini and Spontini were all the vogue, and the triumph of "*Der Freischütz*" was the triumph of German nationalism. A full description of the performance is given by Sir Julius Benedict, in his Life of Weber. Benedict at that time was his pupil, and was present. Such a popular success was scarcely ever scored. Yet the critics croaked, and even Spohr failed to see the reason for its popularity. The romantic poet Tieck thought it the most unmusical din that he ever heard on the stage. But Tieck, who wanted to elevate the drama at the expense of the opera, was naturally opposed to Weber, who wanted to elevate the opera at the expense of the drama. His very individuality was what the critics could not appreciate.

But the people liked it, and it was given no less than fifty times in eighteen months, with receipts amounting to 37,000 thalers. Its five-hundredth performance took place in 1884.

He wrote a friend from Berlin: "How often the

highest desires which I thought beyond my reach have been attained, and still the true, beautiful goal has arisen ever farther and farther away! And how little I satisfy myself in what has seemed to satisfy others! Believe me, high approval weighs like a great obligation on the honest artist's soul, and he never pays it, though he do his best."

A week after the first performance of "*Der Freischütz*," he gave a concert in Berlin, and played for the first time his famous "*Concert Stück*," which he had completed on the very morning of that exciting day.

The two months that he had spent in Berlin were the happiest of his life.

When he returned to Dresden he found a laurel wreath that some one had put in his trunk. He seized it, and crowned Mozart's bust with it, exclaiming, "This belongs to thee."

He had become one of the most famous men of Europe, but still there was no change from the studied coldness and insulting neglect with which the King and his minister treated him. It was remarkable that the authorities even refused to the end of his life to gratify him by conferring a paltry order upon him — "perhaps the only instance on record," says Benedict, "of this favor being withheld from an artist of such eminence."

He had an offer from the new Elector of Hesse Cassel to become the director of opera there, at a salary of 2,500 thalers ($1,875). The chance was most flattering, but so great was his desire to conquer the hostility of the Saxon court that he refused it, and generously recommended Spohr, who was then living in Dresden. This self-sacrifice was rewarded by an increase of 300 thalers ($225) to his paltry salary! The opera was not

given in Dresden till early in 1822, but then its popular success was enormous. Yet even then the court did not realize what a great man Weber was.

On his return from a delightful visit to Vienna, where "*Der Freischütz*" was given no less than fifty times consecutively (though at first the censorship cut out the part of "Samiel," the Evil One, and refused to allow the enchanted ballet, and made other mutilations), Weber removed with his wife and their baby son (his future biographer) to a farmhouse about five miles from Dresden, and not far from the King's summer residence at Pilnitz. Here, amid the picturesque beauties of "the Saxon Switzerland," a delightful home-life began for him. He had the fortunate faculty of forgetting the annoyances of his public position so soon as he crossed his threshold, and his joyous nature made him a delightful companion. He never lacked guests from among the congenial spirits of the literary and artistic world. Among those who enjoyed his boundless hospitality were the poets Jean Paul Richter, Tieck, and Wilhelm Mueller, the composers Benedict and Spontini, and many others.

Unfortunately he had parted company with Friedrich Kind; and for his next opera, which was written at the order of Rossini's manager, Barbaja, for Vienna, he accepted a libretto from a ridiculous elderly blue-stocking named Helmina von Chezy, whom Weber called "that confounded old Chez." This was composed in 1822 and 1823, at Dresden and Hosterwitz; and in the month of September, 1823, Weber went to Vienna to superintend the production there of "*Euryanthe.*" He jestingly called it "*Ennuyante!*"

It was during this visit that he went for the first time

to call upon Beethoven, with whom he had already had a lively correspondence, now unfortunately lost. Sir Julius Benedict accompanied him, and gives a charming account of the visit to the cyclopean genius at his summer place at Baden.

Weber was amazed at the chaos of the man's room. Beethoven reminded him of King Lear. "His hair thick, gray at ends, here and there quite white; brow and skull wonderfully broadly arched, and lofty like a temple; the nose square like a lion's, the mouth nobly formed and gentle, the chin broad and double, the jaws seemingly capable of cracking the hardest nuts."

Weber wrote his wife: "He received me with a love that was touching; embraced me certainly six or seven times in the most affectionate way. . . . We spent the afternoon together in great joy and content. This rugged, repellent man actually paid me as much attention as if I were a lady he was courting, and served me at dinner with the most delicate care."

"Success to your new opera; if I can, I will come on the first night," were Beethoven's parting words.

On the 25th of October "*Euryanthe*" was given for the first time at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, which, in spite of the rival attractions of Rossini and his troupe, was packed with a most brilliant audience, including "the highest political authorities, the flower of nobility and beauty," and all the musical notabilities of the city.

On the fourth performance Weber was called out fourteen times, and hosts of congratulatory poems were showered upon him. Beethoven, though unable to be present, wrote: "I am glad, I am glad. For this is the way the German must get the upper hand of the Italian sing-song."

In "*Euryanthe*" we find perfect unity of coloring, immense brilliancy of orchestration, and more than a hint of "leading motives," thus being a precursor of "*Tannhäuser*" and "*Lohengrin.*"

Weber's own idea of it was expressed in a letter to the Academy of Music at Weimar, who wished to give the music of "*Euryanthe*" in concert: "It is a purely dramatic effort," he said, "its effect to be expected only from the aid of all the sister arts." Thus he appears as the prophet of the music of the future. "*Euryanthe,*" says Ambros, "is an epoch-making work. Wagner is found rooted in this opera."

Nevertheless, after twenty performances it was withdrawn. It was killed by its impossible libretto.

Weber returned to Dresden sick and weary, and during the following fourteen months could do nothing except attend to his official duties. When Benedict next saw him, he "seemed to have grown older by ten years in those few weeks; his former strength of mind, his confidence, his love for the art, had all forsaken him. Sunken eyes, general apathy, and a dry hectic cough bespoke clearly the precarious condition of his health."

In 1824 Weber had a letter from Charles Kemble of London, telling of the unprecedented success of "*Der Freischütz*" there, and urging him to write an opera for Covent Garden Theatre.

The proffered reward — £1,000 — was large. With a presentiment of speedy death he accepted it, decided to take "Oberon" as the subject, and began with feverish anxiety to study English; and between the second of October, 1824, and the eleventh of February, 1826, he took no less than one hundred and fifty-three lessons.

While engaged in composing the opera he was taken

violently ill, and was ordered to Ems. On his way he called on Goethe, and for the third time the great poet treated him as an intruder. A more cheerful event was the first production of "*Euryanthe*" at Berlin, in December, 1825. He had not visited the capital for four years, and he received an ovation. The opera was given to perfection. He wrote his wife that he had achieved "the most complete and magnificent triumph."

He returned to Dresden, and prepared for his journey to England. To his friends he said: "It is all the same whether I go or stay. I am a dead man within a year. But if I go my children will have bread to eat when their father is dead. If I stay they will starve. What would you do in my place?"

The King was icily cold when he went to bid him farewell. When he tore himself away from his wife and children, and the coach door closed, Frau Weber sank to the floor, exclaiming, "I have heard his coffin lid shut!"

Accompanied by his friend Fürstenau the flutist, he travelled with his own carriage and horses, passing through the places made memorable by his wedding journey ten years before. Everywhere he was received with ovations. He went also to Paris, where he made the acquaintance of the leaders of French music. Rossini was, as usual, full of tact and kindness. Cherubini welcomed him warmly. At the opera he was loudly applauded.

He reached London on the sixth of March, and was delighted with England. He wrote his wife that no king could receive greater proofs of love and interest than he did. Strangely enough Weber, who was quite worshipped by the public, was almost wholly neglected

by the aristocracy, who had taken such a fancy to Rossini. They shut their hearts and their salons to the little insignificant, sickly man who had come among them. His hopes of large rewards from private sources were cruelly disappointed.

But in spite of his racking cough he superintended sixteen rehearsals of "Oberon," and on the twelfth of April directed the opera, which was received with every mark of approval. For the first time in the history of the English opera, the whole audience remained and yelled frantically till Weber appeared before the curtain.

Yet a concert which Weber gave in May, and at which "a phalanx of the best English artists" took part, did not half fill the house, and brought him only $480. And yet more than 30,000 Germans were then living in London! At this concert Weber played for the last time upon the piano.

A projected benefit had to be given up on account of the change in his health. He was forbidden to appear in public again.

Then the restlessness which was always characteristic of him came over him. His one desire was to get home. He bought gifts for his Dresden friends, wrote his wife a last letter, telling her she need not answer it, for he should be with her soon, and made ready to go. But on the morning of the fifth of June, Sir George Smart, at whose house he stayed in London, found him dead in his bed, with "no trace of suffering on his noble features." His last words had been, "Now let me sleep."

Seventeen years later his body was brought back to Germany and re-interred in the Catholic cemetery in Dresden, where Richard Wagner spoke a splendid tribute to "the most German of German composers," the creator of the romantic opera.

"Behold," he said, "the Briton does thee justice, the Frenchman admires thee, but only the German can *love* thee!"

He had redeemed the errors of his youth by suffering. The glamour of vice and dissipation had been seen in its true colors. Manliness, simplicity of character, true nobility, were Weber's legacy to his people. Nor in musical literature is anything more beautiful and pathetic than his letters to his wife, especially those from London, just published by their grandson. What courage, cheerfulness, love, breathe in those touching words, and what a contrast to the reality of his diary! Jestingly he writes her that "Mr. Cough [*Mosjö Husten*] is very capricious, coming and going without any reason," but is a "right good aid to early rising." If any one would know Weber the man, he is seen at his best in these charming, graceful, affectionate epistles.

the

SCHUBERT.

SCHUBERT.

(1797-1828.)

VIENNA, in the early years of this century, was a cruel and capricious foster-mother to the sons of Art. Mozart came to her from Salzburg, and she allowed him to starve. Beethoven came to her from Bonn, and she allowed him to die in melancholy solitude, deserting him for Rossini.

She was a still more cruel and neglectful mother. Schubert was her one native-born singer. He died before his time, in the very plenitude of his powers, unknown, unappreciated, the victim of privation and sorrow.

Such is the natural and sentimental way of looking at it.

There is a truer and more philosophical point of view. The pity that has been evoked by Mozart's disappointed career is found to be, if not misplaced, at least tempered by a knowledge of how far he himself was responsible for his disappointment. Beethoven's seclusion from the world was self-chosen. "The soothsayer of the innermost world of tones" found consolation in that "far countree." And Schubert's poverty was not only his own fault, but was probably less the cause of suffering than it would have been to a person of finer physical

fibre. What he wasted on strong drink would have procured for him "the common necessities of life," the lack of which, though pitiable, need not make "one's blood boil," as Sir George Grove indignantly exclaims.

Schubert is the Burns of music. Of peasant origin he had a marvellous gift for singing. As W. Müller says, "The German folk-song found in him its highest and finest ennoblement; through him, the genuine German native singer, came the ancient folk-song into life again, purified and transfigured by art." Like Burns, he was most at ease among those of his own station in life; like Burns, he was too fond of gay carousals. Unlike Burns, however, being of mean personal appearance, he cared little for the fair sex, nor did the fair sex care for him. And yet, strangely enough, he had a "nameless personal charm" which always won for him earnest friends.

Franz Peter Schubert was born on the last day of January, 1797, at the house of the Red Crab (*Zum Rothen Krebsen*), in one of the immediate suburbs of Vienna. His father was a schoolmaster, poor, but of sterling character, who, like Beethoven's father, had married a cook. A patriarchal family of nineteen children blessed this and a subsequent union, but only eight grew up.

Little is known of the home-life in the Schubert household, or of the influence and character of his mother.

There are no anecdotes of the musical precocity which must have been shown by the gifted child, so strangely placed. From his father's own words regarding his youthful days, we know merely that at five he was prepared for school, at six he was the leader of his comrades, and always fond of society.

"In his eighth year," the father continues, "I taught him the rudiments of violin playing, and brought him along far enough to play easy duets tolerably well. Then I sent him to take singing lessons of Mr. Michael Holzer, the parish choir-master, who declared many times, with tears in his eyes, that he never before had such a pupil. 'If I wanted to put anything new before him,' said he, 'I found that he knew it already. So I really gave him no instruction, but simply talked with him and looked at him in silent amazement.'"

His oldest brother Ignaz, who followed his father's calling, gave him lessons in piano playing; but as Sir George Grove says, he soon outstripped these simple teachers. What a pity that he had not a father like Leopold Mozart, capable of guiding wisely such a portentous genius! He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came; but there was no one who dared correct the songs and other compositions which he wrote before he was ten years old. "He has harmony in his little finger," exclaimed the delighted Holzer, who heard him extemporize on a theme that he gave him.

When he was eleven years and eight months old he was examined for the Konvíkt, or school for educating the choir-boys for the Imperial Chapel. The other candidates, seeing the fat awkward lad in his light gray suit of homespun, took him for a miller's son, and made sport of him; but they repented of their impertinence when Salieri and the other examiners called him up, and his clear, pure voice rang out in the well-known tunes; for he had already been first soprano in the parish church of Lichtental, where he had also played the violin solos required in the service.

The "miller's" suit was soon exchanged for the gold-

laced uniform of the Konvíkt. A boys' school in those days was not a paradise, even when the uniform was decorated with gold lace. Schubert's earliest known letter to his brother Ferdinand, dated November 24, 1812, gives a serio-comic picture of the hardships endured by the lads of the Imperial Chapel: —

"You know from experience that oftentimes a fellow would like to eat a biscuit and a couple of apples, especially when one has to wait for eight and a half hours from a mediocre dinner till a wretched supper. . . . *Nolens volens*," he adds, "I must have a change." And he beseeches his brother to send him two *kreutzers* a month, on the principle that he who hath two coats should give one to the poor.

His father could spare him only two groschen, and those were quickly spent. In winter the practice-room was unheated and icy-cold. In spite of cold and hunger and other discomforts, the love of music flourished.

There was an orchestra, into which Schubert was admitted. The leader of the band, an older lad named Joseph von Spaun, "turned round the first day to see who was playing so cleverly, and found it to be 'a small boy in spectacles, named Franz Schubert.'" The two became great friends, and Spaun was generous enough to provide Schubert with music-paper, which he was too poor himself to buy.

He thus had a chance to become acquainted with the orchestral works of the great composers. During a performance of Mozart's G-minor Symphony he declared he could hear the angels singing. His reverence for Beethoven was deeply ingrained. Soon after he entered the school, when some one said that he could already do a great deal, he shook his head and exclaimed, "I some-

times have such dreams, but who after Beethoven can do anything?"

It seems strange that so little care was taken to give Schubert a thorough grounding in the foundations of musical composition. The director, Rucziszka, is said to have given him lessons in harmony, but soon found that his pupil knew more than he did, and declared that he had got it "from the dear God." Salieri, when he saw the boy's capacity, exclaimed: "He can do everything! He is a genius. He composes songs, masses, operas, string-quartets, in fact, anything you like."

It was true: between May-Day, 1810, when he finished his four-hand fantasia for piano, and October 28, 1813, when he finished his first symphony, he had composed a quintet overture, seven string-quartets, and many other instrumental pieces, besides a quantity of vocal compositions.

Music occupied him so wholly that after his first year in the school, his general studies, comprising mathematics, history, geography, poetry, writing, drawing, French, Latin, and Italian, were neglected. Many of his compositions were played by the pupils of the Konvíkt; and his quartets, as well as those by other composers, were practised on Sundays and holidays at home; his brothers taking the first and second violin, his father the 'cello, and he himself the viola. His ear was quick to detect the slightest false note, and he would say with a modest smile, "Herr Vater, there must be some mistake there."

He also occasionally had a chance to hear an opera by Weigl, Cherubini, Boïeldieu, or Gluck. At various concerts during these years, Beethoven's masterpieces, the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Symphonies, and other

works, were given. All such privileges were eagerly seized, and added fuel to his zeal for composition. But at that time he seemed to think that Beethoven united too much "the tragic and the comic, the agreeable and the repulsive, the heroic and the petty, the holiest and a harlequin." "Mozart, immortal Mozart," as he calls him in his diary, was his favorite, and exercised a deeper influence on his compositions.

When his voice changed he might have stayed on in the school on the Merveldt scholarship, had he consented to pass a certain examination. He did not choose to do so, since it involved studying during the summer vacation. It is interesting to know that Schubert's memory was warmly cherished in the school, that the Konvíkt orchestra still continued to play his compositions, and that a number of the friends whom he made during his five years' stay, afterwards, when they reached positions of influence, always stood by him in calling public attention to his works.

It speaks volumes for the quality of Schubert's education at the Konvíkt, that in order to become his father's assistant he was obliged to study several months at the Normal School of St. Anna, and even then was given only the preparatory classes! Why he should have taken up with a work that was sure to be utter drudgery, is not known. His brother thought that it was to secure his exemption from service in the army. Possibly it was because his father doubted his ability to earn a livelihood by music.

He was a nervous, irritable teacher, and sometimes so severely boxed the ears of the stupid or mischievous little girls under him, that their fathers interfered. Indeed, one such scene is said to have led to his resignation of the position.

The three years of drudgery had been prolific in wonderful music, — a list of upwards of four hundred compositions of every sort and kind. In 1815 he wrote one hundred and thirty-seven songs; some of them his most characteristic, most of them immortal. On the fifteenth of August he wrote eight. Once written he threw them aside, and even forgot sometimes that they were his. The *"Erlkönig"* was written on the spur of the moment, Schubert having just seen Goethe's ballad. He took it the same evening to the Konvíkt, to try it over, for there was no piano at the house; but it was not very well received; the extraordinary harmonies and its originality were not understood.

His first mass was composed for the Parish Church, and first performed on Sunday, October 16, 1814. It was repeated ten days later at the Augustine Church. Franz conducted; his brother Ferdinand played the organ. Holzer led the choir, and Therese Grob — with whom it is supposed Schubert may for a short time have been in love — sang the soprano part; and Schubert's father was so proud that he presented the composer with a five-octave piano. Salieri was present, and claimed Schubert as his pupil, — a relation which Beethoven also gladly acknowledged.

A number of operas, composed unfortunately to wretched librettos, fell in this same period. Some of them are now fragmentary, owing to the ravages of a servant-girl, who, in that revolutionary year, 1848, could find no better fuel wherewith to light her fires than those precious but neglected scores.

Salieri is said to have given him many lessons, but to have advised him to avoid Goethe and Schiller's poems. He was wise enough to follow his own counsels. It was

through Goethe, especially, that he was inspired to the highest lyrical flights; and yet, strange to say, Goethe did not appreciate the honor. He neither expressed pleasure at the immortal alliance, nor even acknowledged the receipt of them. Fifteen years afterward, when it was too late, the famous Madame Schröder-Devrient sang to the gray-haired old man, and he suddenly awoke to the beauty of the "*Erlkönig*" music, and confessed that when thus sung he saw its completeness, which before had escaped him.

In 1816 a government school of music was established in connection with the new Normal Institute at Laybach, near Trieste. Schubert applied for the position of director, which carried with it a salary amounting to little over a hundred dollars. He failed to secure it, nor did he ever, in spite of several efforts and applications, hold any public place. It may be reasonably doubted whether, in fact, he was qualified by temperament or training to succeed in any such charge. His life was wholly private. He was not a master upon any instrument. He was a composer, pure and simple; even teaching music was irksome to him, and his pupils were few and far between.

In the autumn of this same year, having forsworn the duty of grounding infants in the mysteries of the German alphabet, we find him lodging in town with a young student of gentle birth, named Franz von Schober. "Fortunate is he who finds a true friend," wrote Schubert in his diary that summer. Schober was that true friend. Knowing Schubert's songs, he was anxious to make the composer's acquaintance, and when he saw how hampered he was by his drudgeries, proposed that they should live together. How happy he was, may be

judged from a letter written to him by his brother Ignaz, who was also a teacher, and never broke loose from the toils: —

"You fortunate man! How you are to be envied! You live in a sweet golden freedom; can give your musical genius free rein, can express your thoughts as you please, are loved, admired, idolized, while the rest of us are devoted, like so many wretched beasts of burden, to all the brutalities of a pack of wild youth, and, moreover, must be subservient to a thankless public, and under the thumb of a stupid priest."

Another of Schubert's friends was the eccentric, gloomy poet, Mayrhover, of whom Bauernfeld wrote: —

"Sickly was he, peevish-tempered;
Held aloof from gay companions,
Busied only with his studies,
Found in whist his recreation.
Earnest were his features, stony;
Never even laughed or jested.
Both his learning and behavior
With respect filled all us blackguards.
Little speech he made, but meaning
Weighted all the words he uttered.
. . . . . .
Only music could enchant him
Sometimes from his stony dulness;
And when Schubert's songs were given,
Then his nature grew more cheerful."

It was a curious companionship between the light-hearted Schubert, fond of practical jokes and all sorts of buffooneries (his favorite amusement was to sing the "*Erlkönig*" through a fine-toothed comb!) and the misanthropic poet whose career was so pathetic. Schubert set more than fifty of his poems to music, else had they been wholly forgotten. The two even lived

together for some time in quarters which Mayrhover thus describes: —

"It was in a gloomy street. House and room had suffered from the tooth of time; the roof was somewhat sunken, the light cut off by a great building opposite; a played-out piano, a small bookcase — such was the room, which, with the hours that we spent there, can never pass from my memory."

Still a third of Schubert's new friends was Johann Michael Vogl, a tenor singer of the Vienna opera-house. Spaun, his early friend of the Konvikt, claims to have introduced them, and tells how the awkward, retiring, and blushing Schubert met the famous and rather haughty singer "with a clumsy bow and scrape, and a few disconnected, stammering words."

Vogl, perfectly at his ease, came into the room, which was littered with music. He picked up some of the songs and hummed them through. Then, when he took his departure, he slapped Schubert on the back, and said: "There is something in you, but you are too little of a player, too little of a charlatan. You squander your beautiful thoughts without bringing them to anything."

Nevertheless, he came back, and soon found himself under their spell. He was a man of culture and refinement; his hints were of real value to the composer; and as he had the *entrée* to all the great houses of Vienna, and sang many of Schubert's best songs, it was not long before they were well known in society. Vogl, in his diary, speaks of them as "truly divine inspirations," "utterances of a musical clairvoyance," exemplifications of the phrases: "speech, poetry in tones," "words in harmony," "thoughts clad in music."

Vogl understood how to enter into the very spirit of

Schubert's songs. The latter wrote his brother Ferdinand: "The way in which Vogl sings and I accompany, the way in which for the moment we seem to be one, is something quite new in the experience of these people."

In 1817 Rossini's music was introduced into Vienna; Schubert was inclined to make fun of it, and even wrote a travesty of the "*Tancredi*" overture, but it decidedly influenced his compositions, as may be noted in his Sixth Symphony. Perhaps it was due to Rossini's all-conquering popularity that the quantity, but not the quality, of his compositions fell off during this and the succeeding year.

How he lived during this time is not known. His friendship with Schober was not broken, but the arrival of Schober's brother deprived him of his lodgings. He had no pupils, and the only money that so far he had earned by his music was only about twenty dollars by the sale of a cantata written and performed some years before.

In the summer of 1818 Schubert became music-teacher in the family of Count Johann Esterhazy. This position gave him a winter home in Vienna, and a summer home at Zelész on the Waag, and an honorarium of two gulden for each lesson that he gave the three children. The whole family was musical, and the great baritone singer, Baron von Schönstein, who afterwards sang many of Schubert's songs with great applause, was a frequent member of their home concerts, at which they sang Haydn's "Seasons," Mozart's "Requiem," and other things, including works by Schubert himself, for he writes his friend Schober that he is "composing like a god."

He doubtless yearned for the freedom and independ-

ence of his humbler life, and in September he writes again, declaring mournfully that "not a soul there has any feeling for true art, unless the Countess be an exception. So I am alone," he adds, "with my beloved, and must hide her in my room, in my piano, in my breast. Although this often makes me sad, on the other hand, it elevates me all the more."

Sir George Grove inclines to think that he was more at home in the servants' quarters than in the Countess's salon. He was there, perhaps, treated with more consideration. He writes: "The cook is rather jolly; the ladies' maid is thirty; the housemaid very pretty, often quite social; the nurse a good old soul; the butler my rival. The two grooms are better suited for the horses than for us. The Count is rather rough; the Countess haughty, yet with a kind heart; the Countesses nice girls. . . . I am good friends with all these people."

It has been surmised that Schubert fell in love with the youngest daughter, Caroline von Esterhazy. There is a story, not well authenticated, that once when she was teasing him because he had never dedicated any of his works to her, he replied, "Why should I, when all I do is consecrated to you?" But the Countess Caroline was only eleven that summer of 1818, and though she played the piano well (Schubert wrote some of his best four-handed pieces for her), any love which he felt would be ideal. But his love must at any rate have been ideal.

He was a little man, not much over five feet tall, with rotund figure, fat arms, and such short fingers that he could not master the technique of his own pieces; his complexion was bad; his nose insignificant; the beauty of his eyes hidden by the spectacles which he wore even

in bed. What hope could such a *peasant* have of winning the love of a lovely Austrian countess of the proud race of Esterhazy!

He longed to get back to "beloved Vienna," where, as he wrote his brother, all that was dear and valuable to him was to be found. It is interesting to know that his stepmother looked out for his comfort. He thanks her "motherly care" for sending him pocket-handkerchiefs, stockings, and cravats.

The following winter was spent in gay companionship with congenial friends. Having brought back from Hungary plenty of money, — his earnings for July alone were two hundred florins, equivalent to about forty dollars, — Schubert was "without anxiety." He was loved by all the circle that gathered at Schober's rooms or some convenient coffee-house. They called him "the Tyrant," because he made Joseph Hüttenbrenner fetch and carry for him; they called him "Kanevas," because when any new man joined them, he always asked, in his quaint Viennese dialect, "Can he do anything?" They called him "Schwammerl" (toadstool) or "Bertl." They were rough and noisy; they indulged in sham fights; they howled and played practical jokes; they drank deep, and staggered home late at night.

Marvellous contradiction! Strange dual nature of man! Even amid these wild orgies what lovely songs were born, as water-lilies, pure and white, grow from the filth and ooze of the pond! Thus once in a beer-garden Schubert picked up a volume of Shakspere that some literary friend had laid on a table. The song, "Hark! hark, the lark!" met his eye. He exclaimed: "Such a lovely melody has come to me! If only I had some music-paper!"

A few staves were hastily drawn in pencil on the back of a bill-of-fare, and amid such incongruous surroundings one of the most perfect of songs was jotted down. Yet Schubert exclaimed, "My music is the product of my genius and my poverty, and that which I have written in my greatest distress is what the world seems to like the best."

He was naturally shy, free from self-conceit, utterly lacking in jealousy; what he sometimes was in his cups, is shown by a rather comical incident told by his friend Bauernfeld.

It was late at night. Schubert had been drinking a good deal, when two musicians from one of the theatres dropped into the beer-room, and spying the composer, asked him to compose something for their special instruments. Schubert leaped to his feet, drained a last glass of punch, pushed his hat over his ear, and drew up threateningly against the two men, one of whom was a head and shoulders taller: —

"Artists, you?" he cried. "You are musicians, and nothing else. One of you bites the brass mouthpiece of your wooden stick, and the other puffs out his cheeks over his French horn. Call that art? That's a mere trade. . . . You, artists! You are blowers and fiddlers, one and all. *I* am an artist! I, I am Schubert, Franz Schubert, whom everybody knows and names, who has done great and beautiful things above your comprehension, and will do still more beautiful ones: cantatas and quartets, operas and symphonies. For I am not merely a composer of country waltzes [*Ländler*], as it says in the stupid paper, and as stupid fellows prate. I am Schubert, Franz Schubert, I would have you know, and if the word 'art' is spoken, it concerns me, and not you,

worms and insects, who want solo pieces — but I will never write them for you, and I know why, you creeping, gnawing worms which I would crush under foot — the foot of a man who reaches the stars — *Sublime feriam sidera vertice* — translate that! — yes, the stars, I say — while you poor, puffing worms wriggle in the dust!"

The men stared at him in utter amazement at this outburst. When Bauernfeld went to Schubert's room the next morning, he found everything in the direst disorder, an inkstand overturned, and a few aphorisms scratched down on paper.

Schubert tumbled out of bed somewhat shamefaced, and promised to atone for his rudeness by writing the solos for the virtuosos.

It must not be judged by this that he was an habitual sot. His habits were generally regular; his hours of labor arduous. A beautiful poem, or such music as Beethoven's C-sharp minor quartet, threw him almost into paroxysms of excitement. It was like the rock touched by Moses' rod: the fountains gushed forth. The finer fibre in him was hidden, but it was there, ready to vibrate in unison with all harmony. The orgies — which were less culpable at that time — were simply those of good fellowship, and not wanton.

Schubert's earnings at Zelész were sufficient to allow him the next summer to make an excursion into Upper Austria with Vogl, who introduced him into the circle of his family and friends. Several letters dated at Steyr and Linz describe the delights of this excursion: the fascinating scenery, the jovial comradeship, the music and dances. Schubert was famous for his facility in improvising waltzes by the hour when among those

whom he knew well. His stubbed little fingers flew like lightning over the keys. He played with wonderful expression — "like a composer," said some one who heard him — and made the piano sing like a bird.

In February, 1819, a song of Schubert's was sung for the first time in public. Two years later, after a semi-public performance of the "*Erlkönig*," a hundred copies were subscribed for, and the great song was engraved and printed "on commission," no publisher being willing to incur the risk. In nine months eight hundred copies were sold. This was the entering wedge, and it was followed by a succession of eighteen in five numbers, dedicated to men who had been kind to him: Salieri, Count Dietrichstein, the Patriarch of Venice, and other noblemen. The success was so great that the Diabellis were now willing to publish others on their own account. Had Schubert been wise, or his friends looked out for his interests, his future might have been assured. He foolishly sold his first twelve works for eight hundred silver gulden ($400). One single song in Opus Four — "The Wanderer" — brought its publishers between 1822 and 1861 upwards of $13,000. Moreover, he mortgaged his future works in the same short-sighted way.

About this time he was offered the position of organist to the Court Chapel; but, much to the distress of his father, he refused it knowing that his erratic and unsystematic habits would not conduce to his success. "Absolute freedom of movement was more necessary to Schubert than to the fish in the water!" exclaims one of his biographers. Perhaps also his attraction to the theatre stood in his way.

His great desire was to write an opera. But, poor fellow! Such wretched librettos he had! He himself,

whom Liszt called "the most poetical musician that ever was," could be inspired by a placard; and his judgment as to the merit of poetry was most unfortunate. Not one of his many operas was successful; some were not heard till years after he died. Such was the case with "Alfonso and Estrella," begun during a visit with Schober at the castle of Ochsenburg — where in company with "a princess, two countesses, three baronesses," and other music-loving friends, he spent a delightful time in the autumn of 1821. This opera was resurrected by Liszt in Weimar, twenty-six years later; but not until 1881, with a new libretto in place of the inane and stupid one written by Schober, did it meet with success when given at Karlsruhe.

With this opera is connected a curious story concerning Schubert and Weber. Schubert, like Spohr, could see no reason for Weber's popularity. He declared that "Euryanthe" contained not one original melody. "The '*Freischütz*,'" he said, "was so tender and sincere, it charmed by its liveliness; but in 'Euryanthe' little sentiment is to be found."

Weber heard of his criticism, and exclaimed, "Let the snob learn something before he judges me."

Schubert, to prove that he knew something, took the score of "Alfonso and Estrella" to Weber, who glanced through it, and said slightingly, "I tell you, puppies and the first operas are drowned!"

Such was not a very harmonious beginning; but Schubert was good-natured and generous, and the two masters of romantic song parted amicably, and Weber made some attempt to have the new opera played at Dresden.

Another bitter disappointment came in the rejection

of his more ambitious three-act opera "*Fierabras*," — a thousand pages of beautiful music, written in four months, to a wretched libretto. He shows in his letters signs of low spirits. He speaks of his brightest hopes come to naught; of his health broken beyond repair; of being "the most unlucky, the most wretched man in the world;" he declares that he goes to sleep every night hoping never to wake again.

Schubert had been ill: indeed, several of his loveliest songs (*die Schöne Müllerin* series) had been written in the hospital. But in the summer of 1824 he was with the Esterhazys again, among the Hungarian mountains; and the wholesome country life entirely restored his health. While he was with the Esterhazys he became familiar with the fascinating melodies so characteristic of the Hungarian peasantry and which he reproduced with so much originality.

He felt his isolation even more than before, and writes his regret that he had been for a second time enticed into the "deep Hungarian land" where he had not a single man with whom to speak a sensible word.

Yet we find him enjoying walks with Baron Schönstein, and composing splendid piano pieces and songs for the young countesses now in the very bloom of life.

May not the complaints which fill his letters be the outcome of that hopeless love for the Countess Caroline? It seems reasonable.

Renewed health, plenty of money, — wasted in playing the Crœsus for the benefit of his impecunious friends, whom he fed and treated to concerts, — as, for instance, taking Bauernfeld to hear Paganini, "that infernally divine fiddler;" evenings at Bogner's Café, on the Singers' Street, where wine flowed in streams; mornings

devoted to work; letters from distant publishers inquiring about his terms; and finally five summer months passed with Vogl "in a delightful mixture of music, friends, fine scenery, lovely weather, and absolute ease and comfort," — all this went to make the year 1825 one of the happiest of his life. What good spirits he felt may be judged from his letters, which were more numerous and lengthy that summer than at any other time, — full of odd rhymes and quaint conceits, as well as vivid descriptions and sound common sense.

Early in 1826, in consequence of the death of Salieri, the vice kapellmeistership of the Royal Chapel became vacant. It bore a salary of a thousand gulden, and free lodgings. Schubert applied for it. It was given to Weigl. Schubert said: "I should have liked that place, but since it is given to such a worthy man, I ought to be content."

He failed also to obtain the post of director at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, owing, as some say, to his obstinacy in refusing to alter his test-piece. Schubert's great fault was a dogged obstinacy, which even his best friends could not overcome. This year six publishers issued over a hundred of Schubert's works, some fairly well paid for, others at incredibly low prices. Often he got only twenty cents apiece for his songs."

Schubert was one of the torch-bearers at Beethoven's funeral. This was right and proper. The younger had long worshipped him from afar. Though they lived in the same city, Schubert rarely met with him personally. The first time he was so confused that he could not write a word on that ever-ready tablet. Beethoven, who cared little for the works of his contemporaries, was pleased however with some variations which Schubert dedicated

to him. On his death-bed he was shown some of Schubert's songs, and was amazed to learn that he had written more than five hundred. "Truly he has the divine fire in him!" he exclaimed; and he often spoke of him, regretting that he had not known him sooner.

At the last Schubert visited the dying man twice, and Beethoven is said to have exclaimed, "Franz has my soul."

On the way back from the funeral, Schubert went into a tavern with several friends, and drank two glasses of wine; one to Beethoven's memory, the other to the one that should follow next. He drank to his own spirit.

Once more Schubert enjoyed an outing with congenial friends at Gratz, — "excursions and picnics by day through a beautiful country, and at night incessant music; good eating and drinking, clever men and pretty women, no fuss, a little romping, a good piano, a sympathetic audience, and no notice taken of him." This was in the autumn of 1827.

The next year he composed "his greatest known symphony, his greatest and longest mass, his first oratorio, his finest piece of chamber music, three noble piano concertos," and a number of splendid songs including the "Swan Song." In March, the anniversary of Beethoven's death, he gave his first and only public concert. It consisted wholly of his own compositions, and netted him over one hundred and fifty dollars, so that "money was as plenty as blackberries" with him. Most of it went to pay his debts. That year he got only thirty florins for a piano quintet, and only twenty-one for his splendid E-flat trio.

When summer came he felt too poor to make a proposed journey to Styrian Gratz. If he had gone, it might

have saved his life. He stayed in hot Vienna; though in October he enjoyed a three-days' walking tour with his brother Ferdinand, with whom he was now living in the Neue Wieden suburb. They visited Haydn's old residence and grave at Eisenstadt, and the out-of-door life did him good. He had been ailing for some time. On his return the bad symptoms reappeared, — giddiness and rush of blood to the head.

Nevertheless, he determined to work on counterpoint, his deficiency in which had been brought to his notice by study of Händel's works. He made arrangements to take lessons of Sechter, an authority on the subject.

The lessons were never begun. On the eleventh of November, he wrote Schober that he had not eaten anything for eleven days. On the fourteenth he took to his bed; on the nineteenth he died. Shortly before his death he tried to raise himself up, and with feeble voice sang that pathetic part of the "*Erlkönig*" where death is mentioned. He died fearlessly, peacefully; his face was calm.

By his own request he was buried near Beethoven, and over his grave was erected a monument bearing an inscription to the effect that "Music had buried a rich treasure, but still fairer hopes."

Schubert and Beethoven now both rest in the great Central Cemetery of Vienna. The reburial of the former took place in September, 1888, with most impressive ceremonies.

He who had left as his sole earthly possessions a few old clothes valued at only fifty florins, and "a quantity of old music" inventoried after his death as worth about ten florins ($2), — had to wait a generation before his greatness was realized. Schumann was one of the first to discover the buried treasures of his genius.

Now Schubert stands second only to Beethoven, and is by some regarded as by nature greater even than Beethoven. No one finds his "heavenly length" too long. Every scrap that bears his name is prized. His pencil, says Schumann, "was dipped in moonbeams and in the flame of the sun." Richest in fancy, most spontaneous in musical creation, his only fault was lack of proportion.

He himself predicted that he should be in his old age like Goethe's harper, — creeping and begging at the gates. His life was cut short like his great unfinished symphony, and yet such was his fecundity that even now the stream of Schubert publications is still flowing. What inspiration he has been to other musicians, may be seen in the multitude of transcriptions of his songs, the influence which his style has exerted.

Taken all in all, he was certainly the most remarkable composer who ever lived. "There never has been one like him, and there never will be another." He was "the last star that glittered in the musical firmament of Vienna."

LOUIS SPOHR.

(1784-1859.)

"SPOHR," says one of his critics, "was a master who, during a period critical for its individual and national development, led German art with courage and lofty idealism, in the right direction, and preserved it from harm."

The career of Spohr offers a decided contrast to those of most of the great musicians. He found appreciation wherever he went. He was singularly happy in his domestic relations. Success crowned him, and after a long life he died full of honors — almost an autocrat of German music.

His grandfather was a clergyman in the district of Hildesheim, where the famous ever-blossoming roses grew. His father, Karl Heinrich, to escape punishment at school, ran away at the age of sixteen; and, after an adventurous life, succeeded in establishing himself as a physician at Brunswick, where he married the daughter of the pastor of the Aegydian Church. The young couple resided at the parsonage. Here Louis, or Ludwig, was born on April 5, 1784. Two years later his father became district physician and ultimately *Oberappellationsgerichtsrat*, or judge of appeals, at Seesen, where four brothers and a sister were born.

Both parents were musical, so that Louis's feeling and love for the art were early awakened. When he was four, a terrific thunderstorm came up. The house grew dark. The rain poured down. The boy sat in a corner troubled and frightened. But soon the clouds lifted; the deep organ tone of the thunder sounded far in the distance; the sun burst forth, and the room was flooded with light. A little bird hanging in the window broke forth in song, and Spohr's young heart was filled with strange emotion. It was the awakening of the spirit of music. This same year he began to sing duets with his mother. His father bought him a violin, on which, without instruction, he tried to "pick out" the melodies that he heard. Soon after, he took lessons from a Mr. Riemenschneider, and was allowed to share in the evening music. With his father and mother he played trios for flute, piano, and violin.

An *émigré*, named Dufour, came to Seesen in 1790, and supported himself by giving music and French lessons. Under his direction Louis wrote some violin duets, which the two executed together to the delight of their friends. His father long preserved these youthful effusions, which were naturally full of musical bad grammar and yet were not wholly formless or unmelodious. As a reward he was presented with a gala-dress, consisting of a crimson jacket with steel buttons, yellow breeches, and laced boots with tassels.

Dufour, astonished at the lad's ability and rapid progress, urged his parents to make him a musician instead of a doctor; and it was decided to send him to Brunswick, where he might receive more thorough instruction.

A difficulty stood in the way. He could not go until he was confirmed, and according to a law in that Duchy

SPOHR.

confirmation could not be granted before the age of fourteen. Accordingly, he was given over to the charge of his grandfather at Woltershausen. The kindly but strict old minister did not approve of the plan; but he taught his grandson religion and other things, and let him walk throughout the winter twice a week to Alefeld, where the precentor helped him with his music. Halfway stood an old mill, where he often stopped and played to the miller's wife, who liked to treat him to coffee, cake, and fruit.

At Brunswick he boarded in the family of a rich baker, and studied the violin with *Kammermusicus* Kunisch; and harmony with an old organist named Hartung. "The latter," says Spohr in his autobiography, "corrected his essays in composition so unmercifully, and scratched out so many ideas that to him seemed sublime, that he lost all desire to submit anything further to him."

Lessons in theory were soon ended, owing to Hartung's illness. Henceforth in this department of his art Spohr was left to his own guidance. By reading works on harmony, and studying scores, he learned to write correctly, and even appeared at a Katharine school concert with an original composition for the violin.

Shortly after he was invited to take part at some subscription concerts, and was mightily pleased with his first honorarium as an artist. He also sang soprano in the perambulations of the school chorus through the town.

The best violinist of the Brunswick orchestra was the director Maucourt. With him Spohr studied for nearly a year, until his father, finding the expenses of his growing family too great, determined to send him to Hamburg, for the purpose of giving concerts there.

Provided with several letters of introduction he went "full of hopes and high spirits," ready to conquer the world. But he found that the possession of a great name, or else of considerable means, was necessary to get a hearing in the big, busy city; and, moreover, it was summer, and most of the influential people were at their country residences. All this he learned of Professor Büsching, the head of the commercial college where his father had taught when a youth.

Young Spohr was so discouraged that he packed up his violin and sent it back to Brunswick, whither he himself returned on foot. At first he was cast down by the thought that his enterprising father would reproach him for his lack of energy; then the thought struck him that the Duke of Brunswick had once played the violin, and would perhaps recognize his ability.

He accordingly wrote a petition, and, waiting for a good opportunity, handed it to the Duke in person as he was walking in the palace park. The Duke read it, and asked him a few questions which he answered with characteristic readiness. He was commanded to repair to the palace at eleven the next morning. The groom addressed him in a supercilious manner, but announced him. Spohr was so indignant that he burst forth: "Your serene Highness, your servant insults me. I must protest earnestly against being addressed in such a way!"

The Duke was greatly amused, and assured him that the groom should not offend again.

It was arranged for Spohr to play at the next concert in the Duchess's apartments. The Duchess was more fond of ombre than of music; and usually at her concerts a thick carpet was spread to deaden the sound, and

the orchestra were bidden to play as softly as possible. This time, however, cards were banished, and the Duke himself was present.

Spohr played his best, knowing that his fate depended on it. After he had finished, the Duke patted him on the shoulder, and said, "You have talent; I will take care of you."

Thus in August, 1799, he was appointed kammermusicus, with a salary of a hundred thalers a year and the duty of playing at court concerts and at the theatre. From that time forth he was enabled to pay his own way, and even to help his brother Ferdinand obtain a musical education.

The Duke kept watch over his progress and was often present at the concerts when he was announced to play some new work. One time when the Duke was not present, and the game of ombre was in full swing, he tried a new violin concerto of his own, and forgot the Duchess's prohibition. While he was playing with the greatest zeal, a lackey suddenly arrested his arm and whispered:

"Her Grace sends me to order you not to scrape away so furiously."

Spohr played louder than ever, which resulted in his receiving a rebuke from the court marshal. He complained to the Duke, who laughed heartily and then asked him which of the great violinists of the day he would prefer as a teacher. Spohr immediately named Viotti, called "the father of modern violin playing," who was then living in London. Viotti, who had discovered that the English liked wine better than music, wrote back that he had become a merchant and could not receive any pupils.

The next application was made to Ferdinand Eck of

Paris; but he too refused to take any pupils, having married a rich countess with whom he lived on the fat of the land. He suggested his brother, Francis Eck, who was then travelling through Germany. Francis Eck came to Brunswick, played at court; and it was arranged for Spohr to accompany him on his artistic tour as a pupil for a year, the Duke paying for the instruction and half of the travelling expenses.

They set forth in April, 1802, and reached St. Petersburg toward the end of December. Spohr's diary and autobiography give interesting pictures of their journey and adventures.

At Hamburg, he lost his heart to a charming Miss Lütgens, who, though only thirteen, was a born coquette. She had curly hair, bright brown eyes, and a dazzling white neck. Spohr, whose allegiance was divided between painting and music, took a miniature likeness of her; but her coquetry for him spoiled all the pleasure of her acquaintance.

At Strelitz, where they spent the summer, he worked assiduously with Eck, who took great pains with him. Their relations were those of friends and comrades, rather than teacher and scholar. Here Spohr finished his first violin concerto. During an illness which overtook Eck, Spohr became acquainted with two beautiful young women, who for a time deceived him as to their real character. It was a romantic and rather pathetic adventure, though it ended without any serious consequences.

Spohr, who was a handsome man of gigantic frame and herculean constitution, was extremely attractive to the fair sex, and his own feelings, though kept under excellent control, were easily excited. He says himself,

"The young artist from his earliest youth was very susceptible to female beauty, and already when a boy he fell in love with every pretty woman."

At Mitava, Spohr played for the first time in the presence of his teacher, and in his place. Eck was requested to accompany a young pianist in one of Beethoven's violin sonatas; but, not being a ready reader, refused.

Spohr offered to take the part, and his skill at sight-reading stood him in good service. They stayed at Mitava till December, and Spohr had then the opportunity of hearing for the first time many of the masterpieces of Mozart and Beethoven.

The journey from Narva, where the governor detained them to play at an evening party, to Petersburg, occupied six days and five nights. The contrast between the magnificent city in all its winter gayety, and the sordid huts which they had seen on their long and monotonous journey, greatly impressed him.

At Petersburg, Eck so pleased the Empress that he was engaged as solo violinist in the Imperial Orchestra, at a salary of thirty-five hundred rubles. Spohr made the acquaintance of all the famous musicians, including the Irishman John Field and the Italian Clementi — who at that time were reaping a golden harvest at the Russian capital. He heard also the strange, crazy violinist Titz, and the forty hornists of the Imperial orchestra, who had each only one note to blow. They played an overture by Gluck "with a rapidity and exactness which would have been hard for stringed instruments." Spohr adds: "The *adagio* of the overture was more effective than the *allegro*, for it must be always unnatural to execute such quick passages with

these living organ pipes, and one could not help thinking of the thrashings which they must have received."

At a performance of Haydn's "Seasons" the orchestra consisted of seventy violins. Spohr was present during the festivities of carnival, "the mad week" as it was called. He describes the snow mountains and the breaking up of the ice in the Neva. He was also in Petersburg at the time of the jubilee commemorating the founding of the city by Peter the Great.

In June, Spohr took leave of his beloved teacher, whom he was destined never to see again, and in company with Leveque, the director of an orchestra of serfs belonging to a Russian noble, set sail for Lübeck. They were greatly buffeted by contrary winds, and the trying voyage lasted three weeks.

Shortly after his return, he played at a concert before the Duke and a numerous audience, and was so overwhelmed with applause that he remembered it always as one of the happiest days of his life. He was appointed first violin with an addition salary of two hundred thalers.

In January, 1804, Spohr started for Paris with his friend Bencke, intending to give concerts there. Just as they were entering Göttingen he discovered that his trunk had been stolen from the back of the carriage. It contained not only his manuscripts, his clothes and linen, and a considerable sum of money, but most precious of all a splendid Guarnerius violin, which one of his admirers had presented to him in Petersburg. It was never recovered. The next day the police found an empty trunk and violin-case in a field. Only the bow remained, clinging to the cover of the case.

Imagine Spohr's despair! But he was of a sunny and philosophic disposition. He borrowed a Stainer violin of an acquaintance, and gave his first concert outside of Brunswick. The story of the lost violin helped to fill the hall, and he had excellent success; but he was obliged to give up the "artistic tour." Not even the best violin in Brunswick, which the Duke's munificence enabled him to purchase, could take the place of the perfect instrument which he had lost.

The next autumn he started on a new tour through Germany. At Leipzig, he selected one of Beethoven's new quartets to play at a private party; but the music was altogether too fine for the audience. Before he left town, however, he was enabled to make the Beethoven quartets really understood and popular.

His concerts at Leipzig established his reputation throughout Germany. The Councillor Rochlitz wrote in his musical journal that Herr Spohr might doubtless take rank among the most eminent violinists of the day.

At Berlin, Spohr first heard the young Meyerbeer, then only thirteen, who was exciting so much attention by his wonderful execution on the pianoforte. Spohr had meantime lost his heart again to the beautiful Rosa Alberghi, who had sung in several of his concerts and even accompanied him with her mother to Berlin. Rosa more than reciprocated his passion; but though, as he said, "she was an amiable, unspoiled girl, richly endowed by nature," her education had been somewhat neglected, and her bigoted devotion to her own church began to repel him. He therefore avoided a declaration, and when they bade each other farewell, he had so schooled himself that he did not lose his self-control,

while Rosa burst into tears, flung herself into his arms, and pressed into his hands a card with the letter R worked upon it with thread made of her raven black tresses.

When Rosa with her mother afterwards spent a few days with Spohr's parents, and confessed her love for the young musician, they took it for granted that the two were betrothed, and were very indignant at Spohr's letter denying it. His father declared he was a fool to refuse such a charming girl.

She afterwards entered a convent.

In June, 1805, Spohr was invited to Gotha to play at a concert in celebration of the Duchess's birthday. His playing so delighted Baron von Leibnitz, the musical intendant, and the Duchess, that in spite of his youth, he was immediately appointed concert director to the Ducal Court with a salary of about five hundred thalers.

At Gotha, where his engagement opened most auspiciously, he became acquainted with the charming Dorette Scheidler, who was a skilled performer on the harp and piano. She also played the violin, but Spohr was old-fashioned in his notions, and considered it an instrument unbecoming for women. She therefore relinquished the practice of it. He wrote for her a concerted sonata for violin and harp, which they practised together. "They were happy hours," writes Spohr. One day after they had played it before the court, and were driving home, he found courage to say, "Shall we not thus play together for life?"

She burst into tears and sank into his arms. Then he led her to her mother, who gave them her blessing in the proper and conventional manner.

They were married in the Palace Chapel, and thus

began a happy and congenial union which lasted for almost thirty years.

The principal events of this period were connected with the concert tours which they undertook together almost every year, everywhere meeting with brilliant success. Thus in 1812, the same year in which he composed his sacred oratorio, "The Last Judgment," they went to Leipzig, Prague, and Vienna; in 1816 they visited Switzerland, and went to Italy where they spent many months; in 1820 they made their first journey to England, and Mrs. Spohr played for the last time upon the harp. From that time forth she devoted herself to the piano-forte.

In 1813 Spohr was induced by Count Palffy to accept a three-years' engagement as leader and director of the orchestra in the theatre "An der Wien," at a salary more than three times what both he and his wife received at Gotha. Through the Count's munificence he was enabled to engage excellent artists, and soon his orchestra was regarded as the best in Vienna if not in Germany. This position gave him also opportunity to carry out his ambition of writing an opera, — a task which he had already several times attempted, but without satisfying his ideal. The young poet, Theodor Körner, had agreed to furnish him with a libretto, but this plan was interrupted by Körner's sudden departure from Vienna to fight and to die for his country, the victim of patriotism and unrequited love.

A poet by the name of Bernard offered him a version of "Faust," and Spohr composed the music in less than four months. It was immediately accepted by Count Palffy, but owing to later disagreements was not produced in Vienna for some years. It afterwards became

popular throughout Germany, but is now seldom given, having been superseded by Gounod's more poetic work.

One of Spohr's great admirers, Herr von Tost, immediately struck a curious bargain with him which was to last for three years. Herr Tost was anxious to be admitted to the musical society of Vienna. He agreed to pay Spohr thirty ducats for the exclusive possession of any new quartet, and proportional sums for more complicated pieces. At the end of the three years the manuscripts were to be returned to the composer. Spohr was thus enabled to get considerable ready money and furnish his new house luxuriously, and Herr von Tost was soon seen everywhere in Vienna with his portfolio of quartets. Unfortunately he soon lost his money, and the arrangement came to an end.

During Spohr's stay in Vienna he became acquainted with Beethoven, who often visited at his house, and was "very friendly with Dorette and the children." Spohr says that his opinions regarding music were always so decided as to admit of no contradiction. Fond as Spohr was of "the poor deaf maestro's" earlier compositions, he was unable to relish his later works, including even the Fifth (C-minor) Symphony, which he declared "did not form a classic whole." The Ninth Symphony he regarded as so trivial that he could not understand how such a genius could have written it!

Count Palffy proved to be a disagreeable patron, and threw all sorts of difficulties and annoyances in Spohr's way, so he terminated his engagement at the end of the second year. One of his experiences during his stay in Vienna he relates vividly in his autobiography. It was during the great inundation of 1814. His house was situated on the banks of the Wien River, and the water

rose almost to the second story. He spent the night composing a song, and occasionally went to the piano. His landlord's family were on the floor above engaged in prayer, and were much disturbed at what they called "the Christless singing and playing of the Lutheran heretic!" Yet both Catholic and heretic escaped, and the world was richer by a song!

The summer following his departure from Vienna, he spent in Silesia at the mansion of Prince von Carolath. It was a very formal but pleasant existence, and when the Prince, who was a devoted Free Mason, though Freemasonry was then against the law, discovered that Spohr also belonged to the order, he almost embarrassed him with attentions.

Spohr describes his Italian tour with much enthusiasm, though he found little to praise in the domain of music. At Venice he met the famous wizard of the violin, the strange and mysterious Paganini. He tried in vain to induce him to play to him alone. Paganini refused, saying his style was calculated for the general public only, which confirmed Spohr in his impression that the other was a trickster. But they met in a public competition in 1816, and Spohr carried off the honors. Spohr himself played in a concert at Milan, and was hailed as one of the first of living violinists, even superior to Paganini himself, — "the first of singers on the violin."

Spohr's expenses in Italy were large, as he had his whole family with him, and they had frequent illnesses, and moreover they indulged in many excursions. At Rome he gave a concert which relieved their pressing necessities; but when they reached Geneva in the spring of 1817 their funds were completely exhausted, and for the first time in his life Spohr found himself compelled

to pawn some of his valuables. Pastor Gerlach, however, came to his aid, and advanced what money he needed, and even refused to take as security a diamond tiara presented to his wife by the Queen of Bavaria.

These meagre days, caused by the prevailing famine, did not last long. Their tour took them even into Holland, where they had abundant receipts. When they reached Amsterdam, Spohr was recalled to Germany by an offer to become director of music at Frankfurt. Here there was unfortunately a yearly deficit, and the directors had to practise economy, but Spohr succeeded in getting his "Faust," for which he wrote a new aria, brought out with good success. He also wrote his opera "Zelmira and Azor," and began one on "The Black Huntsman," which he generously abandoned when he found that Weber was engaged on the same subject. Yet the "*Freischütz*" did not appear till 1820.

Spohr's connection with the Frankfurt theatre was brought to a close in about two years, by the obstinacy and closeness of the president of directors, a merchant named Leers, who put all sorts of obstacles in his way. Spohr was not sorry to be free again, and immediately made arrangements to go to London, where he was already engaged for the concerts of the Philharmonic Society.

In London, which he reached after an extremely boisterous passage, Spohr created a great sensation by appearing in the street in a red waistcoat. It was shortly after the death of George III., and a general mourning had been officially ordered. He narrowly escaped a pelting from the street Arabs.

At the first concert he was exceptionally allowed to play his own compositions. He passed the ordeal tri-

umphantly. At a subsequent concert he was required to direct, and he created another sensation by beating time with a baton instead of leading with violin in hand, as had hitherto been the case. During this visit Spohr laid the foundation for his popularity in England, which was increased by every subsequent visit.

On his way back he made a trip to Paris, where the famous violinist Kreutzer (now remembered only by the fact that Beethoven dedicated a sonata to him!) was enjoying great vogue as a composer of ballet music. During his two months' visit Spohr played much in private, and gave a public concert which was successful, though, on account of his standing on his dignity, and refusing to solicit good notices, the press the next day was inclined to be critical.

In order to complete the musical education of his daughters, Spohr determined to remove to Dresden; but he was scarcely settled in his new apartments before Carl Maria von Weber, who had received an offer to go to Cassel as kapellmeister at the new theatre, and did not care to accept it, offered to recommend him in his place. It is curious to remember that the State revenues of Cassel were largely the result of the sale of the Hessian soldiers to the British during our Revolutionary War!

Thus it was that Spohr became engaged by the new Elector William II., at a life salary of two thousand thalers and certain artistic privileges.

The new engagement began on the first day of January, 1822, and continued with unbroken activity till he was pensioned off by the Elector of Hesse-Cassel in November, 1857.

For the court theatre he wrote his operas of "Jessonda" in 1823, "The Mountain Sprite" in 1825,

"Pietro von Albano" in 1827, "The Alchymist" (from the story by Washington Irving) in 1830, and his "Crusaders" in 1844. He was instrumental in founding the Society of St. Cecilia, of which the song-writer Curschman was one of the leading lights. For this society, though at the invitation of Rochlitz of Leipzig who sent him the text, Spohr wrote his oratorio "The Last Judgment," which afterwards entirely supplanted the earlier oratorio on the same subject. It was sung on Good Friday, 1826, with great success, before an audience of over two thousand persons, and it was shortly after given at the Rhenish festival at Düsseldorf, where it had to be repeated.

In February, 1831, Spohr celebrated his silver wedding with interesting music performed in a new music-room which he had built on his suburban place near the Cologne Gate. The same year he finished his great treatise on the study of the violin (*Die Violin-Schule*), by which it was thought at the time he would "insure eternal celebrity and add a new and beautiful leaf to the laurel wreath that encircled his brow."

The following year began a series of petty annoyances by the new Elector of Hesse-Cassel, who at first tried to close the theatre and dismiss all the singers, actors, and musicians. Spohr insisted on his rights, and in this he was supported by most of his colleagues and succeeded in maintaining their position. The Prince afterward seemed to take pleasure in opposing Spohr's interests, and utterly refused to give him leave of absence even when his application was indorsed by the royal house of England. These were mere minor annoyances, however.

In 1834 Mrs. Spohr died; but the gallant composer, while he still thought "with bitter sadness of the mo-

ment when he pressed the last kiss on her brow," within two years married Marianne, the eldest daughter of Councillor Pfeiffer of Cassel, who proved to be a partner such as he desired — "one capable of taking an interest in his musical labors." The Prince, who bore Pfeiffer ill-will owing to the part he had played in the first Hessian parliament, tried to interfere with the marriage, and only gave his consent at the last moment, at the same time requiring her to give a bond waiving all claim to a pension.

The year after his marriage he proposed to give a great music festival at Cassel, and perform among other things Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul" and his own oratorio of "The Last Judgment." After nearly all arrangements had been made, the Prince refused to allow it to take place during Whitsuntide, nor would he permit any scaffolding to be erected in the church, "as it would be unbecoming in the vicinity of the burial-vaults of the Electoral family!"

Neither would he permit "St. Paul" to be given on Whitsunday for the benefit of a relief fund. Consequently the whole scheme fell through. Afterwards, when he had practised the choruses of Bach's "Passion Music" for long months, and had it all ready for performance on Good Friday, the Prince again refused his permission, and yielded only when a clergyman certified that the music was "perfectly fitted for the church and the day."

He was so annoyed by such vexations as these that he almost decided to accept an appointment offered him as director of the Prague Conservatory. Owing to his wife's grief at leaving her friends, he resisted the temptation.

Strange as it may seem, Spohr was at first a great ad-

mirer of Wagner, and Wagner, on his side, was delighted with "the honorable, genuine old man," as he called him. He brought out "The Flying Dutchman," and wrote that he considered Wagner "the most gifted of all the dramatic composers of the day." What he would have thought of Wagner's later innovations, is a question. He himself was to a certain extent an innovator, and liked to try new inventions and give odd titles, though he could never disguise his own musical physiognomy. Robert Schumann, speaking of his so-called Historic Symphony, said: "Napoleon once went to a masked ball, but before he had been in the room a few moments, he folded his arms in his well-known attitude. 'The Emperor! The Emperor!' ran through the assembly. Just so, through the disguises of the symphony, one kept hearing 'Spohr! Spohr!' spoken in every corner of the room."

In 1843 Spohr was invited to England to conduct his new oratorio "The Fall of Babylon," at the Norwich festival. The Prince refused his consent in spite of the application of Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Cambridge, who asked it as a personal favor, while the inhabitants of Norwich sent an immense petition. During his vacation, however, he went to London, and conducted it there with great success. The whole audience rose spontaneously from their seats to salute him. The Queen received him, and Prince Albert and the King of the Belgians were very polite to him. At a Sunday concert given in his honor, all the works performed were by him, and included his three double quartets, — the only ones at that time that had ever been written.

In 1844, Spohr, who had been the recipient of distinguished honors at Paris and at his native town of Bruns-

wick (where he conducted his "Fall of Babylon" in the church in which he had been baptized sixty years before), was invited to a great musical festival in New York City. His daughter Emily had already come to this country, and he would have been glad to accept, but the journey was too long and hazardous for a man of his age.

In 1847 occurred the twenty-fifth anniversary of Spohr's directorship of the Cassel theatre, and the day was celebrated with extraordinary festivities: serenades, congratulatory addresses, musical performances, and the presentation of laurel crowns and costly gifts.[1] Even the Prince who had just forbidden him to direct his oratorio at Vienna, though the request was countersigned by Metternich, gave him a higher official position.

The same year Mendelssohn's death occurred, and Spohr commemorated it by a festival in which the St. Cecilia Society sang twelve characteristic choruses by Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hauptmann, Mendelssohn, and Spohr.

The year 1848, as every one knows, was full of revolutionary excitement. Spohr felt its influence. The excitement of politics was not favorable for composition, yet he wrote his great sextet significant of "the glorious uprising of the nations, for the liberty, unity, and grandeur of Germany."

The following year, during his convalescence from a severe fall on the ice, he wrote his ninth symphony, called the "Seasons," and later his seventh string-quintet.

In the summer of 1852 he started on his vacation tour through Italy without leave of absence. He

[1] This occasion gave rise to Spohr's autobiography, which he brought down to 1838.

arrived at Cassel before his vacation was over but was fined five hundred and fifty thalers for "the bold stroke," on which his friends had congratulated him so warmly. Such was the treatment which a man of Spohr's fame received from a petty prince who is known now only for having had Spohr in his employ.

In 1856 Spohr wrote his thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth quartets, but they did not satisfy him, and he would not allow them to be published; it was the same with a new symphony, which seemed to him unworthy of his reputation.

The year that Spohr was pensioned, and retired to private life, he had the misfortune to fall and break his left arm. Though the bone knit remarkably well, he had no more strength to play his beloved Stradivarius, and it was laid aside forever. He tried in vain to compose a requiem. The fountain of harmony was sealed to him, but he succeeded in composing music to one of Goethe's loveliest songs. This was his last composition.

He kept up to the end his generous instruction of talented young pupils, for which, like Liszt later, he would receive no compensation. No less than one hundred and eighty-seven pupils, many of whom became famous, called him master.

Toward the end of his life he still undertook short trips, and enjoyed as always natural scenery and the friendly intercourse with kindred spirits; but he began to find the excitement too much for him.

On the twenty-second of October, 1859, this "elegiac soul," as he has been called, quietly breathed his last, surrounded by his children and nephews to whom he had been such a loving friend.

Few men were ever more honored in life, few more

successful in all that they undertook. He found appreciation for every form of musical composition: songs, stringed and concerted music, operas, and oratorios. He was one of the greatest virtuosi that ever lived. He was a member of more than thirty musical societies. But his fame reached its climax in his own lifetime. Melodious and clear, sweet, graceful, as his compositions were, they have not the strength of immortality. They are too full of restless enharmonic changes, they show more talent than genius, and most of them are already forgotten.

Personally, his character was beyond reproach. Some people got the impression that he was coarse and churlish in his manners. Chorley, an English critic, speaks of his "bovine self-conceit." Never was reproach more unjust.

So independent was he, that he never in all his life dedicated one of his compositions to a prince; and on one occasion when, being invited to some court festivity, he had to appear in full dress, he wore a heavy overcoat though it was hot weather, so as not to display the orders on his coat. Independence, uprightness, honesty, were his characteristics. We cannot fail to agree with the eloquent words of Wagner, who at the news of his death wrote: —

"I let the whole world of music measure what freshness of power, what noble productiveness, vanished with the master's departure from life. He has ever impressed me as the last of that long list of noble, earnest musicians, whose youth was immediately irradiated by Mozart's brilliant sun, who with touching fidelity cherished the light put into their hands, like vestal virgins guarding the pure flame, and kept it against all the storms and tempests of life on the chaste altar. This beautiful service kept the man pure and noble; and if it be permitted me to express in one stroke what Spohr with inextinguishable clearness meant to me, I declare that he was an earnest, honest master in his art; the keynote of his life was faith

in his art, and his deepest inspiration sprang from the power of this faith. This earnest faith freed him from all personal pettiness; what he failed to comprehend, he put to one side without attacking it or persecuting it. This explains the coolness or bluntness so often ascribed to him. What he understood, — and a deep fine feeling for all that was beautiful was to be expected in the author of 'Jessonda,' — that he loved and prized candidly and jealously, so soon as he recognized one thing in it; earnestness, serious treatment of art."

With such beautiful words one master bids another hail and farewell.

MEYERBEER.

MEYERBEER.

(1791 [4 ?]-1863.)

ACCORDING to the Sunday-school question-books, Tubal Cain was the first musician; but, famous as were many of the sweet singers of Israel, from the time when the captive Hebrews hung their harps on the willows near the waters of Babylon down to the present century, the Jew has been an unknown quantity in the modern history of music.

With good reason, indeed, he left his harp still hanging on the willows. He had little cause to make music for the world.

But with the entrance of the Jew as an important factor into politics and finance, a change came about. It was discovered that there was some reason in Shylock's questions: —

"Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die?"

The Jew grew rich, became a banker, was raised into the nobility; once again Daniel stood behind the throne of the Pharaohs as prime minister to the king. What

wonder that under the warming sun of prosperity and social recognition, the Jew should again strike up the harp of his father David? Was not "liberty, equality, fraternity," the watchword of the day? And the Jew at last was admitted, grudgingly perhaps still, into the privileges of the Revolution.

Yet how typical of the modern Jew was Meyerbeer as we see him born and educated a German, and transformed successively into an Italian of the Italians, and a Gaul of the Gauls!

Jakob Liebmann Beer was born at Berlin, on the fifth of September, 1791 — the year of Mozart's death.[1] His father laid the foundation of a large fortune in a sugar-refining establishment, and notably increased it by engaging in banking. He was a man of fine culture, and his house was a generous meeting-ground for poets, composers, artists, and scientists.

His mother, Amalie Wulf, daughter of the so-called Crœsus of Berlin, was beautiful, gentle, and gracious. Heinrich Heine, the sarcastic, scoffing poet, said of her: "Not a day passes without her helping some poor soul. Verily it seems as if she could not go to bed unless she had first done some noble deed. So she lavishes her gifts on people of all denominations, — Jews, Christians, Turks, and even on the wretchedest sorts of unbelievers. She is unwearied in well-doing, and seems to look upon this as her highest vocation."

Jakob was the oldest son. There were three others:

[1] Afterwards, to please a relative, and insure an inheritance, he adopted the name Meyer instead of Liebmann or Lipmann, and ultimately united the two names into the one by which he is known to the world, with the Italian for Jakob, or James, Giacomo Meyerbeer. The date of his birth rests in doubt. There is official basis for 1791; but some of his later biographers claim that it was really 1794.

Wilhelm became a famous astronomer; Michael's career as a poet was cut short by his untimely death in 1833.

Jakob very early showed his talent for music. He would catch any tune, and try to play it again on the piano, making up instinctively an accompaniment with his left hand. When he was four, he organized a little band of playmates with drums, fifes, and cymbals. People were amazed to see how cleverly he conducted from a sheet of paper on which he had scratched an imaginary score. His parents were delighted; and when he was five they intrusted him to the well-known Bohemian teacher and composer Franz Ignaz Lauska, under whom he made astonishing progress. When he was nine he played for the first time in public in one of the concerts which for many years the piano teacher Johann August Patzig had been in the habit of giving in his beautiful hall decorated with portraits of the old masters. The boy played Mozart's D-minor Concerto with brilliant success. From that time he was regarded as the best pianist in Berlin. His relations were justly proud of him, and one of them remarked one night, on returning from a lecture on astronomy, —

"Just think, our Beer has been already placed among the constellations. Our professor showed us one which in his honor was called *the little Beer!*"

His parents had a full-length portrait of the boy painted as a memorial of the occasion. The next year he was in demand as a concert pianist, and won great applause. The papers of the day printed poems in his honor, and the Abbé Vogler, who had been giving some organ recitals in Berlin on his way back from a tour to Denmark, heard him play at Tausch's concert, in February, 1801, was amazed, and predicted that the young

artist would become a great musician. This prophecy had great weight in Berlin. Though he practised seven or eight hours a day, his general education was not neglected. A resident tutor taught him French, Italian, and Latin.

In 1802 the famous Muzio Clementi, author of the *Gradus ad Parnassum* and so many studies that it was jokingly asserted, recently, that the commission established to count them had not yet reached the end of them, came to Berlin with his pupil, the gifted young Irishman John Field, on their way to Russia. They were guests at the Beers'. Clementi had given up teaching, but he was so delighted with the little musician that he offered to instruct him during his stay.

His teacher in harmony was the stern and strict Zelter, the friend and correspondent of Goethe. Zelter had a singing-school which Jakob and his brother Heinrich attended, thus gaining familiarity with the masterpieces of song. But it is said Zelter was too rough and coarse in his treatment of the delicately organized young genius, who after some time was transferred to the care of Bernard Anselm Weber, the royal kapellmeister, an excellent composer but an easy-going, negligent teacher. Under him Meyerbeer composed a number of cantatas and other pieces for family festivals, but they are all lost.

Musical knowledge is based on counterpoint. The test of counterpoint is ability to write correct fugues. Kapellmeister Weber was so pleased with a fugue brought him by his pupil, that he sent it to Vogler.

It was long before an answer came, but not from neglect. The Abbé, not content with merely acknowledging the production, took time and pains to write a treatise

on fugues in general. Then he analyzed Meyerbeer's work, picking it to pieces ruthlessly. Finally he took the original themes, and wrote the fugue as it should be, or as he thought it should be. The treatise was published after his death, but unfortunately critics discover that the so-called "Master's Fugue" is not so very far superior to the scholar's.

Meyerbeer was not discouraged. Adopting Vogler's principles, he wrote a new fugue, and sent it to him. This was the Abbé's grandiloquent reply: "*Art opens to you a great future. Come to me at Darmstadt. You shall be treated as a son, and at the very fountain-head you shall quench your thirst for musical knowledge.*"

Meyerbeer could not resist this appeal. His family objected at first, but he persuaded them, and at the age of nineteen went to Darmstadt, where he became an inmate of the Abbé Vogler's house.

Vogler, who had hitherto been a sort of meteor in the firmament of art, darting about Europe to the amazement of men, and dazzling them by his brilliant though superficial qualities, had at last, at the age of fifty-eight, settled down as the bright particular planet in the music-loving court of the Elector Karl Theodor, who paid him a handsome salary, gave him a title, and put him over his newly organized chapel.

He was a man who dabbled in all sorts of arts, wrote books, concocted systems, invented instruments,[1] always strove after originality. It has been said of him that he "was a modern spirit who unfortunately still wore the eighteenth-century wig." In other words, he was born too early and too late. Though he is generally looked

[1] Read Browning's beautiful poem entitled "Abt Vogler," after he has been extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention.

down upon as a typical musical charlatan, Weber had a high opinion of his rare psychical development, his honorable character, and his skill in making the most of young composers, and fully intended to write his life.

It was Vogler's greatest glory that he had as pupils two such men as Weber and Meyerbeer. He exclaimed more than once, "Oh, how sorry I should have been if I had died before I formed these two!"

Meyerbeer found Weber already studying with Vogler, and they became firm friends. Meyerbeer lodged with Vogler, Weber and his friend Gänsbacher had rooms near by. During the day the abbé made them work: practice on the organ and piano, rigorous exercises in composition, frequent cantatas and fugues, corrected and criticised, made up the round of their duties. They met at mass, then they spent some time improvising on the two chapel organs. Their evenings were devoted to music. Occasionally they made excursions together to Mannheim and Heidelberg. Often they had jolly feasts at Meyerbeer's rooms, when a box would arrive from his Berlin home containing Russian caviar, Pommeranian ducks, and choice wine.

Meyerbeer's first important work was a cantata entitled "God and Nature," performed in the presence of the Grand Duke of Hesse, who was so pleased with it that he appointed him composer to his court. About the same time he wrote music for seven of Klopstock's sacred odes. The cantata was given in Berlin in May, 1811, by the Singakademie assisted by solo singers and members of the Royal Chapel. The composer, accompanied by his friend Weber, went home for the occasion, and had a perfect ovation. Weber was received like a son in the charming mansion of the Beers. The

critic of the evening paper, none other than Weber himself, declared that the work manifested "glowing life, genuine loveliness, and above all the perfect power of burning genius," and predicted that if the composer went on with equal diligence and discretion he would confer rich fruit upon art.

On his return to Darmstadt, Vogler said he had nothing more to teach him. Consequently, having completed an opera "Jephtha's Vow," — his first unless the anonymous one entitled "The Fisher and the Milk Maid" be considered his, — he went to Munich where the new work was to be performed. It fell flat. But the composer won much praise for his skill as a pianist.

At Munich he obtained a new libretto entitled "Alimalek, Host and Guest, or A Jest Becoming Serious." This was first performed at Stuttgart, with sufficient success to justify its request for the Kärntnerthor Theatre in Vienna.

To Vienna he therefore went, and on the very evening of his arrival heard the renowned pianist, Nepomuk Hummel, who so impressed him with the delicacy and beauty of his touch, that he went into a sort of voluntary retirement and only at the end of ten months of incessant practice made his first appearance as a concert virtuoso. It was at the time of the Congress of 1813, and Vienna was crowded with notabilities, whose high favor he instantly won. Even the well-liked Moscheles scarcely dared to enter the field against such a rival.

At this time he wrote a number of piano and instrumental compositions, — a polonaise with orchestral accompaniment, two piano concertos, many variations, marches, and duets for harp and clarinet. Most of these works still exist in manuscript, but have never been published.

His opera produced under the name of "The Two Califs" the following November made a fiasco. It was considered dull. The music was too finely shaded and too difficult. Nevertheless, Weber brought it out under more favorable auspices at Prague, where it caused considerable enthusiasm.

Meyerbeer was discouraged by this second failure. He was almost tempted to renounce dramatic composition, but Salieri, who must have seen some merit in the work, advised him to go to Italy, and there study the art of writing for the voice.

This advice was followed. He went first to Paris, where he remained long enough to make many acquaintances, and also to compose two operas. Neither of them was played, but the one — "Robert and Elise" — is interesting as the foreshadowing of his greater "Robert."

In Italy he reaped precisely such laurels as had fallen to the lot of Gluck and Mozart. To be sure, he was not granted the title of Chevalier, but Dom Pedro of Brazil made him a Knight of the Order of the Southern Star. When he first reached Venice, in 1816, Rossini's "Tancred" was on the top wave of popularity, a popularity which, in spite of its violating all the sound canons of true dramatic and musical art, it has once more won at Rome during the late Rossini revival there.

It was not difficult for Meyerbeer to catch the trick of this light, graceful, soulless melody. Forty years later he wrote to a friend: —

"All Italy was then revelling in a sweet delirium of rapture. It seemed as if the whole nation had at last found its Lost Paradise, and nothing further for its happiness was needed than Rossini's music. I was involuntarily drawn into the delicious maze of tones and bewitched in a magic garden from which I could not and would

not escape. All my feelings became Italian; all my thoughts became Italian. After I had lived a year there it seemed to me that I was an Italian born. I was completely acclimated to the splendid glory of nature, art, and the gay congenial life, and could therefore enter into the thoughts, feelings, and sensibilities of the Italians. Of course such a complete re-tuning of my spiritual life had an immediate effect upon my methods of composition. I was loath to imitate Rossini, and write in the Italian style, but I had to compose as I did because my inmost being compelled me to it."

His first Italian opera (*"Romilda e Costanza"*) was produced in June, 1818, at Turin, and was so successful that it immediately brought him orders for works at Turin, Venice, and other cities. His success was all the greater for being won in direct rivalry with Rossini himself. But to a man of Meyerbeer's training and nature, such fruits of fame were apples of Sodom. As the poet Heine said: —

"Such intoxication of the senses as he experienced in Italy could not long satisfy a German nature. A certain yearning for the earnestness of his fatherland awoke in him. While he found his ease amid the Italian myrtles, the mysterious murmur of the German oaks recurred to him. While Southern zephyrs caressed him he thought of the sombre chorals of the north wind."

His operas travelled to Germany, and his best friends who heard them not only felt that he was serving false gods, but had the courage to tell him so. Weber wrote: "It makes my heart bleed to see a German composer of creative power stoop to become a mere imitator in order to curry favor with the crowd." He asked him if it was so hard to despise the applause of the moment, or look upon it as something not the highest. In his public critique on "*Emma di Resburgo,*" which reached Berlin early in 1820, he wrote: —

"I believe the composer has deliberately chosen to *make a descent* in order to show that he can rule and reign as lord and master over all forms." But he expressed the wish that Meyerbeer would return to Germany and join the few earnest ones whose hearts were set on building up a genuine national opera.

This was not to be. Perhaps it was just as well that a Hebrew should have found a more cosmopolitan field in what has been called "the world-opera."

He still retained his friendship for Weber, and the protests of the earnest Germans evidently made an impression upon him. He afterwards called these Italian works his "wild oats." The last and most successful of them, the only one of this period that is still occasionally heard ("*Il Crociato in Egetto*," written for Venice), is said to show a decided advance upon the earlier ones; as though he had tried to show that he might combine both methods — the light Italian and the earnest German. It was heard everywhere in Europe, even in St. Petersburg. And an Italian company sang it in Rio di Janeiro.

Meyerbeer's mother had come on to Italy to share in his triumphs, and see him crowned upon the stage. In company with her he visited the chief cities: Rome, where Baini showed him the treasures of the Sistine Chapel; Florence, where again he found delightful hospitality in the house of Lord Westmoreland, the English minister to the Tuscan Court.

Shortly after his return to Berlin he lost his father but found consolation in his love for his cousin Minna Mosson, whom he married in 1827. Meantime he saw that Paris was the place for him, and he took up his residence there, where amid the intellectual ferment of

the time his mind found wonderful stimulus. He formed friendly relations with Cherubini, Boïeldieu, Auber, Habeneck, Halévy, and Adam; and he and Rossini, in spite of all their rivalries, were the warmest of friends. Yet Rossini once said, "Meyerbeer and I can never agree;" and when some one in surprise asked why, he replied, "Meyerbeer likes sauerkraut better than he does macaroni!"

Several years passed, and nothing of consequence came from his pen. Yet he was secretly hard at work. The able French poet Scribe had furnished him with a libretto, but the composer was morbidly sensitive. He could never tire of polishing and filing. He could never say, "It is finished."

Other circumstances delayed the production of this work: his marriage, the death of a child, the July revolution, the uncertainty as to the management of the theatre. But at last Dr. Véron, the new royal director, agreed to bring it out, and the rehearsals began. They lasted nearly five months, and only on the 22d of November, 1831, was "*Robert le Diable*" given for the first time. Scenic effects, striking contrasts, novel and brilliant instrumentation, fascinating melody, dramatic force, all appealed to the public.

Mendel says, "To the flowing melody of the Italians and the solid harmony of the Germans he united the pathetic declamation and the varied piquant rhythm of the French."

Mendelssohn found no pleasure in it. He called it a cold calculated work of imagination, without heart or effect. So thought many of the Germans. Ambros declared that Meyerbeer's music was "banker's music," — luxury music for *la haute finance*, — and deserved the fate that befell the money-changers in the temple.

Yet this opera made the fortune of the theatre. In 1858 it had brought in upwards of four million francs. It was given 333 times in twenty years. In 1883 it was given in Vienna for the 401st time in fifty years. Louis Philippe nominated the composer as a member of the Legion of Honor, and shortly after he was elected a member of the Institute of France.

In 1836 appeared his second French opera, "*Les Huguenots,*" the libretto of which was also furnished by Scribe. A date had been set for its completion, but Meyerbeer failed to have it ready, and paid the stipulated forfeit of thirty thousand francs. No one else could be found to undertake the work, so the management of the theatre refunded the money, and the work was put upon the stage. At first it was not so successful as "*Robert,*" but the public soon learned to appreciate its beauties. Berlioz called it a musical encyclopædia, with enough material for twenty ordinary operas. It has been compared to a cathedral; it has been called "an evangel of religion and love." It has been said to be "the most vivid chapter of French history ever penned."

On the other hand, the German critics were even more severe upon it than they had been upon "*Robert.*" Schumann could see nothing in it but falsity and trickery. All of Meyerbeer's operas repelled him, and he declared that they might be calmly left to their fate.

Meyerbeer's next great undertaking was suggested by a German novel that had pleased him. He consulted with Scribe, and the libretto was quickly in his hands. He found fault with it. Scribe changed it again and again, but failed to please the composer; anxious for his royalties, he threatened a lawsuit if the work were not brought out. Meyerbeer avoided the dilemma by going back to

Berlin, and when he returned to Paris Scribe was in Rome. Thus the great opera, "*L'Africaine,*" remained only an unfulfilled project. For a long time it lay in embryo, wrapped up in white paper, labelled "*Vecchia Africana,*" — "The Old African Woman." He never lived to see it put upon the stage, though it from time to time occupied his attention until the very end.

Meantime King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. enrolled him in the newly founded order — *Pour le Mérite* — of Arts and Sciences, and appointed him royal director of music. Honors thick and fast showered upon him. The King of the Netherlands gave him the order of the Oak Crown. The Royal Academy of London elected him one of its associates. Spontini resigned his position in Berlin, and Meyerbeer was appointed kapellmeister in his place, with a salary of three thousand thalers, which he distributed among the orchestra and members of the chapel.

He came to live in Berlin, and was indefatigable in his labors. He wrote a number of cantatas, psalms, motets for the chapel, which he enlarged and strengthened. Marches and his famous "*Fackeltanzen,*" so-called, were produced for the weddings of the Crown Prince Max and others. His only original opera for Berlin was entitled "*Ein Feldlager in Schlesien.*" It was produced for the first time in December, 1844, to celebrate the opening of the new opera-house. It was given a number of times with great success, especially the following year, when his *protegée,* the young Swedish singer, Jenny Lind,[1] made her German *début* in the part of

[1] Herr Josephson, who attended the rehearsals, thus speaks in his diary of meeting the composer: "He is a most polite man; something of the courtier; something of the man of genius; something of the man of the world, and has, in addition, something fidgety about his whole being. Before reproducing the opera with Jenny Lind he called upon her, to the best of my belief,

"*Vielka.*" She won still greater glory in Vienna, when the opera was given under the name of "Vielka," and a medal was struck in honor of the composer.

In February, 1845, he brought out "Euryanthe" for the benefit of the Weber monument, and thus added six thousand thalers to the fund. In July of the same year, he had Spohr's "Crusaders" performed, and with his own hand crowned the gray-haired composer with a laurel wreath.

Meyerbeer was often criticised for his niggardly manner of life in Paris. It has been said that he almost starved himself. On the other hand he was charged with spending a fortune in bribing the critics to be favorable to his work, for he was morbidly sensitive to blame.

Yet he was not lacking in generous sentiments. He brought it about that composers for the royal opera-house should be assured of ten per centum of the receipts, and that three new works by living German musicians should be brought out each year. After the death of Lortzing, author of "Tsar and Carpenter," he helped raise a fund of sixteen thousand dollars for his family. He assisted an aged widow, — a descendant of Gluck, — not only with his own funds, but with certain proceeds arising from the performance of Gluck's operas in Paris. He also contributed to the relief of the family of the great French composer Rameau.

He found the labors at Berlin too exacting. He was not a good conductor, as he himself confessed, and he was anxious to be released. At first he was granted only leave of absence; he went to Paris and then received the

at least a hundred times, to consult about this, that, or the other. He alters incessantly, curtails here, dovetails there, and thus, by his eagerness and anxiety, prevents the spontaneous growth of the work, and imparts a fragmentary character to its beauty."

libretto of "*Le Prophète*" from Scribe, still in Rome. While engaged with enthusiasm upon this, he composed, at the request of the Princess of Prussia, and in the brief time of six weeks, the music for his brother Michael's melodrama "*Struensee*," which was performed with great success in the royal theatre. The overture is considered one of his highest achievements in sustained instrumental composition.

The same year, he went to London with Jenny Lind, where they shared in a reception almost unequalled for its enthusiasm. On his return to Berlin, he brought out Richard Wagner's "Rienzi." Meyerbeer had already befriended Wagner, whom he had found living in poverty in Paris. He was rewarded by an ingratitude which even Wagner's admirers found it hard to explain away.

Probably Wagner was jealous because some of his pet reforms were carried out by a man who did not believe in his principles. Wagner compared him to one, who, catching the first syllable of another's speech, screams out the whole sentence in a breath without really waiting to know what was meant. He called him a "most miserable music-maker," a Jew banker, who tried to compose. And in 1850, over the name of "R. Freigedank," he wrote his famous article on the Jew in Music, for the *New Journal of Music*, in which he declared that the Jew was incapable of any kind of artistic manifestation, and while attacking the whole race, vented his spleen equally on Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn.

After endless polishing and changing of details, "*Le Prophète*" was at last ready for its first production in Paris. Rehearsals began in January, 1849; and, as the eventful April day drew nigh, excitement ran boundless. Expectation was indeed pitched too high, and in spite of

the efforts of a Garcia and a Costellan, there was a general feeling of disappointment. Its greatness was nevertheless appreciated, and in spite of a fearfully hot summer and the prevalence of cholera, it kept the boards and soon reached its hundredth performance.

Meyerbeer was made commander of the Legion of Honor. The University of Jena gave him the degree of Doctor of Music. The year 1850 he spent in Berlin, working from early morning till into the afternoon in his room overlooking the Thiergarten Park. After three o'clock he received calls, and usually spent the evening at the theatre or went to a concert. The King ordered his portrait to be painted for the Gallery of Famous Contemporaries.

He was invited to St. Petersburg by the Emperor of Russia to direct the music of "*Struensee*" for the fifty-years' jubilee of the Philharmonic Society, but his failing health obliged him to decline. Berlioz and Spohr were also asked, but were unable to accept.

In February, 1853, he composed his splendid Ninety-first Psalm for solo and eight-part chorus. It was in honor of his mother's eighty-seventh birthday. It was sung as her requiem when she died, the following year, mourned by the whole nation.

For the first time in its history the Opéra Comique opened its doors to a foreigner. Meyerbeer was allowed to write for that world-famous stage, and his first work was "*L'Étoile du Nord.*" Owing to the outbreak of war with Russia, the censorship nearly forbade its presentation; but owing to the personal influence of Napoleon III., it was permitted after a few textual changes were made, such as eliminating the expression "*Vive la Russie,*" and changing the word *tsar* to *ciel.*

It was performed in February, 1854, and almost every number was re-demanded. Within a year it had been performed a hundred times.

His next comic opera was produced in April, 1859, under the title "Dinorah," or "*Le Pardon de Ploermel.*" The five years intervening had been occupied with various work, — with journeys to Italy and to watering-places; with compositions of comparatively small interest, unless the fourth *Fackeltanz* for the marriage of the Princess Victoria of England be excepted.

The latter years of Meyerbeer's life, though cheered by many distinguished honors, — gifts from kings and emperors, homage from many societies, — were also saddened by the death of many friends: Spohr and Lord Westmoreland, his French and German librettists, Scribe and Rellstab, and others, and by his own ill-health and trouble with his eyes. A Swedish editor, who visited him about the time of his fiftieth birthday, described him as "a little, benevolent old man, with an expression of power and keenness in his bearing, and with a delicate and yet simple behavior. His strongly-marked countenance had an especially shrewd and humorous look; and those fantastic spirits, which have bewitched the world in the night pieces of 'Robert' and 'The Prophet,' appear to be lurking in its wrinkles."

In 1861 Meyerbeer celebrated his seventieth birthday, which was remembered by hosts of his friends and admirers. This same year he wrote for the International Exhibition at London a festival march in three parts, ending with "Rule Britannia." His presence added to the enthusiasm with which it was received. Several theatres simultaneously brought out his "Prophet," "Huguenots," and "Dinorah" with festal success. After the perform-

ance of the march he was publicly thanked by Lord Granville, "in the name of the Queen, of all great artists, the public, and the English nation," for his great services.

This was his last great triumph. His failing health and the trouble with his eyes grew more and more alarming. Occasionally his old energy would flame out, and he would work on his pet opera "*L'Africaine*," which had occupied him for so many years. He was unable to accept Napoleon's pressing invitation to the autumnal court hunt and festivities at Compiègne. He was forbidden even to travel to Brussels to confer with the tenor who was to sing the rôle of "*Vasco da Gama.*"

Unknown to him, his physician summoned his two youngest daughters from Baden-Baden. His nephew Julius Beer and one or two intimate friends hastened to his bedside.

His last words were spoken cheerfully on the evening of Sunday, May-Day, 1863, — "I will see you in the morning. I bid you good-night."

He died early the next day.

His body lay in state in his simple dwelling, in the Rue Montmartre. Rossini when he heard the news fainted away. Then he went out to wander in the Park Monceaux, where he noted down a religious meditation inscribed to his "poor friend Meyerbeer."

Meyerbeer's body was taken to Berlin. It was attended to the station by a stately throng of notabilities, accompanied by music. Farewell orations were spoken. Selections from the "Prophet" and "Dinorah" were performed with organ and voices.

On the way to Berlin at every stopping-place, signs of grief were manifested. The funeral train reached Berlin

unexpectedly. The King was just about to make a journey from the same station. It was a dramatic incident, the meeting of the living monarch and the dead musician.

Two days later the pompous ceremonies of the funeral took place with black catafalque, silver candelabra, laurel wreath, bouquets from royal and princely houses, music and orations, palm-adorned hearse, throngs of deputations, an endless array of carriages headed by the king's, drawn by four horses.

He was buried by the side of his mother, in the family tomb in the Jewish Cemetery. Later, a religious ceremony in his honor took place in the Meyerbeer Synagogue which had been founded by his father.

Meyerbeer, though possessed of millions, always lived frugally when in Paris, with only one servant; he labored as industriously as though he were poor, saying: "I am above all an artist, and it gives me satisfaction to think that I might have supported myself with my music, from the time I was seven years old. In Berlin, to be sure, I keep up some style; but in Paris I have no desire to stand aloof from my associates and play the rich amateur."

His habits were extremely simple. He neither smoked nor took snuff. He enjoyed walking, and when he heard a hand-organ man playing one of his own compositions, he would stop and listen and reward him with a piece of silver. He was fond of the distinctions heaped upon him. But, being all his life true to his faith, he never possessed the cross of the Order of the Red Eagle.

His judgment of other composers was always generous. He was on terms of friendship with nearly all the composers of the day. Gluck and Mozart were his favorites of the past. "No one," he said, "will ever equal

Gluck in simplicity, naturalness, and powerful dramatic expression; and when I am enjoying his majestic works, I often feel so humiliated that I would like never again to write a note."

His great property, with the exception of a few thousand dollars bequeathed to half a dozen musical and philanthropic institutions, was divided among his relatives. His music, with the exception of "*L'Africaine*," he directed to leave untouched for thirty years. Then, in case a grandson were living it would be permissible to publish it. Otherwise it was to be given to the royal library in Berlin.

"*L'Africaine*" was performed for the first time in April, 1865. Every effort was made to carry out the composer's ideas; and the enthusiasm was so great that, as his biographer says, it seemed like an apotheosis of his manes.[1]

[1] A still greater apotheosis takes place in Paris in September of the present year (1891), when the hundredth anniversary of his birth is celebrated with appropriate ceremonies and the reproduction of his masterpieces. Paris will share with Bayreuth the pilgrimages of the musical.

MENDELSSOHN.

MENDELSSOHN.

(1809-1847.)

IT is a proverb that names go by contraries. But proverbs, though often containing popular wisdom crystallized, no less often embody popular delusions; as, for instance, that lightning never strikes twice in a place. Berlioz applied the line of Horace as a prophecy to Mendelssohn's godson Felix Moscheles: —

"*Donec eris* Felix *multos numerabis amicos.*"

("So long as thou art Felix, that is happy, shalt thou reckon many friends.")

The same line might sum up Mendelssohn's biography. He seems to stand as the type of the fortunate composer: rich, talented, courted, petted, loved, even adored. "Whom the gods love die young." This distinction also he enjoyed, and it gives an additional glamour to his life.

Mendelssohn is in a certain sense the musician of the unmusical; his "Songs without Words" appeal to the young Philistines of the conservatories; his "Elijah" is the masterpiece for religious Philistinism.

There is, undoubtedly, at the present time a tendency, especially among the adepts of Wagner, to underrate Mendelssohn. It seems indeed rather ludicrous in a recent writer to speak of him as being the last of the

musical Titans; but we may sympathize with Schumann, who said, "I look upon Mendelssohn as the first musician of his time, and pay him the homage due to a master."

And though it may be safely maintained that he had not the spontaneous creative genius of a Bach, a Mozart, or a Beethoven, still he deserves the distinction of having "restored the lost art of counterpoint," and of bringing back classic forms at a day when romanticism was compelling men like Meyerbeer and Weber into enchanted, if not dangerous ground.

Mendelssohn also restored Bach to a world that had forgotten him for a hundred years. This service alone was an immortality. He may have been narrow and prejudiced; but judged according to the standard of the world, his character was well-nigh above reproach. His aunt declared that during his whole career she could not recall a deed or a word that could be criticised. His virtues are well summed up by the American translator of his Life by Lampadius: —

"The son and heir of a rich Berlin banker, he always wrought as a poor man's son, and never indulged himself in ease or sloth, as he might have done; tempted to write down to the masses, to win popularity, rather than write up to the few, to set a high standard and leave good work behind him, he always did the latter; flattered beyond any man of his age, not only in Germany but in England, he never lost his head for a moment, and remained one of the most unaffected of men; living in loose capitals and surrounded by unprincipled people, he was true to all moral obligations, and perfect in all the relations of son, brother, lover, husband, and father; surrounded by intriguers, he stood above them all, and was frank, transparent, honorable, noble; tempted by his sunny, enthusiastic, alert nature, to do simply bright and genial things in music, he was thorough, studious, earnest, religious, and steadfastly consecrated to the highest and the best."

Not without reason does Mendelssohn stand out as the type of the blameless musician.

Some time before the middle of the last century, a little humpbacked Jew peddler boy, with an alert face and keen eyes, entered Berlin by the Rosenthaler Gate. The world at first went hard with him. He was so poor that he was in the habit of marking his miserable loaf of bread into rations by means of a string, so that it might last as many days as possible. But his hunger for knowledge was greater than his physical hunger. The little that he could earn by copying, he devoted to prosecuting his studies with a learned rabbi.

At last he secured a position as resident tutor in the house of a rich Hebrew silk manufacturer, and in course of time married a Hamburg Jewess, and became rich as well as learned. He wrote a dialogue on the immortality of the soul, that was translated into a dozen languages, and gave him the title of the "Modern Plato." He was a valued friend and correspondent of the noted men of his day, — Herder and Kant, Lavater and Lessing. It is said that Lessing took him as the model for his "Nathan the Wise." His name was not Nathan, but Moses, and as his father's name was Mendel, he became known as Mendel's son, or in German Mendelssohn.

He had six children. Abraham, the second son, was the father of the composer. He was a man of character and ability, but often remarked jokingly that he served merely as a hyphen between Moses and Felix: "Formerly," said he, "I was the son of my father; now I am the father of my son."

He began his commercial training in Paris, but in 1804 returned home to Hamburg, formed a partnership with

his brother Joseph, and married Lea Salamon, a young lady of property and accomplishments, whose parents lived in Berlin.

Their first child was a daughter, Fanny, who was born, as her mother poetically expressed it, with "Bach fugue fingers." Like Mozart's older sister, she had remarkable genius for music.

Jakob Ludwig Felix was born November 3, 1809.

It has been fancifully said that Titania, Queen of the Fairies, flew on that day over the prosaic city of Hamburg and kissed the child on his forehead, as he slept, endowing him with all the graces.

When he was going into his third year, the French captured the city; and the Mendelssohns fled to Berlin, and lived for some years in the grandmother's house on the Neue Promenade. There a new banking-house was established, and for various practical, social, and sentimental reasons, the whole family were baptized into the Lutheran Church, and adopted the additional name of Bartholdy.

The somewhat patriarchal family rule was not in the least relaxed. Absolute and unquestioning obedience, unceasing industry, were required of the children. Yet this strictness of discipline was so tempered by love and gentleness that it seemed not like severity, and Felix especially had the warmest affection for his father, even to the end of his life, when, owing to physical infirmity, he had become extremely irritable and disputatious.

The mother was a model housewife. She spoke several languages, she read Homer in the original, she played the piano. It was she who began to instruct Fanny and Felix in music, giving them at first five-minute lessons several times each day. Afterwards, when they prac-

tised, she sat by them with her knitting to see that they wasted no time. At five o'clock in the morning they began to study. Discipline was relaxed for a few moments at lunch, but if Felix spent too much time talking over it she would appear and say, "*Felix, thust du nichts?*" ("Have you nothing to do, Felix?")

He was allowed out-of-door exercise of course, and many people in Berlin remembered seeing him playing "I spy," and other games, under the trees by the canal in front of their house, or trotting along in his "big shoes" by his father's side. His brown curls, which afterwards turned black, always attracted attention, as well as his big brown eyes, lurking under long lashes.

He was an interesting boy, unspoiled. When foolish people asked him idle questions, he had a peculiarly indignant, almost spiteful, way of answering and avoiding flattery.

When he was seven years old his father was called to Paris, and took his whole family with him. Felix and Fanny profited by their stay by taking piano lessons from the brilliant Madame Bigot. When they returned to Berlin lessons continued still more strenuously.

The droll little Professor Rösel taught them drawing, and the clever practice of the pencil which Mendelssohn enjoyed often added piquancy to his letters so long as he lived. The methodical Henning gave him instruction on the violin; the "weak, good-natured" Berger taught him on the piano. His knowledge of counterpoint he got from "the old bear," the crusty but honorable Zelter, who taught him as they walked up and down in the big garden back of the house. Marx remarked, "When Zelter became Mendelssohn's master, he merely put the fish into the water and let him swim away as he liked." Yet

many of Mendelssohn's old-fashioned notions were due to this pedantic master. Heyse, afterwards professor in the University of Berlin, and father of Paul Heyse the novelist, was their resident tutor.

Felix was excellent in languages. French was like his native tongue. He spoke English fluently. He was able to write a charming letter in Italian. He translated a comedy of Terence (the "Andrea") into German verse, and he made considerable progress in Greek. He was not fond of mathematics. He was a good horseman; he could swim and dance.

When he was almost ten years old he made his first public appearance as a pianist, and was much applauded. The following year he, with his sister, sang alto in the famous old Singakademie, founded May, 1791, by Carl Fasch, Frederick the Great's cembalo player, and at that time directed by Zelter. Devrient tells of seeing him at Zelter's "Friday afternoons," dressed in a close-fitting jacket, open at the neck, with his hands in the pockets of his full trousers, shifting uneasily from one foot to another, and rocking his curly head from side to side.

From this time he began to compose. The list of his compositions falling in the next four years is remarkable for its amount and variety. There were nearly sixty movements in 1821, — sonatas, organ pieces, songs, a cantata, and a little comedy. He wrote or copied them with the greatest neatness and care in volumes which in the course of time extended to forty-four in number, and are now preserved in the Berlin Library.

As he grew older and more mature, they improved in quality. The direct stimulus to this composition was the fact that they were performed by the home circle, which consisted now of four children, the youngest, Paul, being four years younger than Felix.

All distinguished musical people who passed through Berlin visited the Mendelssohns, and the Sunday afternoon musicales often enlisted the local talent of Berlin. Thus, in 1822, the young theatre singer Devrient, through the medium of his betrothed, who was a friend of Fanny Mendelssohn, came to take part in one of Felix's little operas. He gives a charming description of the boy sitting at the piano on a cushion and gravely conducting while the performers sat around the dining-table. Mendelssohn's utter freedom from conceit was his greatest charm.

Zelter was generally there to pick flaws or give merited praise. Zelter had been for years the friend of Goethe, and in 1821 he took his young pupil to Weimar to visit him. They spent more than two weeks under his roof. The friendship between the old man and Mendelssohn was delightful. Mendelssohn called him "the pole star of poets." Goethe made him play and improvise by the hour. He was amazed at the skill shown by the boy in playing at sight a manuscript of Beethoven's. It was like unravelling hieroglyphics. Goethe had heard Mozart, but he thought Mendelssohn vastly his superior. Once (though this was at a later visit), Goethe said, "I am Saul, and you are David. When I am sad and in low spirits you must come to me and calm me by your accords."[1]

In the summer of 1822 the Mendelssohns took a trip to Switzerland. At Potsdam, where they had made a brief halt, Felix was forgotten, and his absence was noticed only after they had got as far as Gross Kreuz, three miles away. Heyse started back in search of the

[1] Mendelssohn's sprightly letters describing his visit to Goethe are to be found in a volume entitled "Goethe and Mendelssohn."

straggler, but found him manfully trying to overtake them on foot. They stopped at Cassel and made music with Spohr, for whom Mendelssohn professed deep reverence.

After a pleasant sojourn among the Alps, they returned, stopping at Frankfort, when Felix astonished Schelble, the conductor of the Cecilia Society, by his powers of extemporizing; and at Weimar, where they enjoyed delightful intercourse with Goethe. In the following December, Mendelssohn played in public a pianoforte concerto of his own. The progress of his talent can be easily followed in the compositions which he wrote in 1822 and 1823. They were no less numerous and varied than in the years before. A pianoforte quartet, begun near Geneva, was afterwards published as his first opus.

He had grown into a tall, slender lad of fifteen, with his hair cut short, and his features marked by great vivacity. His good spirits were infectious. He was always ready for a frolic. Indeed, so long as he lived he was apt to indulge in the gayest pranks. He was called by his friends "the king of games and romps." When Ferdinand Hiller first saw Mendelssohn he was running behind the well-known Aloys Schmitt, jumping on his back, clinging for a little while and then slipping off, to repeat the frolic. Afterwards, in Paris, Mendelssohn suddenly surprised Hiller as they were walking along a boulevard late one night by saying, —

"We *must* do some of our jumps in Paris. Our jumps, I tell you. Now, for it — one! two! three!" And off they went like kangaroos.

One of Mendelssohn's little home operas was entitled "The Two Nephews, or the Uncle from Boston." It was performed for the first time on his fifteenth birth-

day with full orchestra. A supper followed. Zelter took him by the hand, and, after proclaiming him no longer an apprentice but a master, "in the name of Haydn, Mozart, and Old Bach," kissed him amid the enthusiastic plaudits of all present.

Some years before, Abraham Mendelssohn had presented Zelter with a quantity of cantatas and other manuscripts, written by "the poor Cantor of Leipzig." Zelter affected to call Bach's compositions crabbed pieces (*borstige Stücke*), and evidently thought them too high for the comprehension of people; still he reverenced these sacred relics, and sometimes took Mendelssohn up to the closet of the Singakademie where they were stored, and showed them to him, saying, —

"There they are! Just think of all that is hidden there," but he would never allow his pupil to touch them.

At last, however, Mendelssohn's grandmother obtained permission for his violin teacher, Edward Ritz, who was also his intimate friend, to make a copy of the score of Bach's Passion Music, and she presented it to him at Christmas, 1823. This had a great influence upon his development.

In the following summer he, for the first time, saw the sea — the stormy Baltic at Dobberan. He wrote an overture for the wind-band of the bathing establishment. It was afterwards re-scored and published. This year was memorable for his progress in composition, and included his C-minor Symphony (now No. 1) and several important chamber compositions. Later in the year Moscheles came to Berlin and spent several weeks, seeing the Mendelssohns daily. He was persuaded to give Felix regular lessons, and he has left on record his impressions of the family: "Felix a mature artist, though

but fifteen; Fanny extraordinarily gifted, playing Bach's fugues by heart and with astonishing correctness."

"To-day," he writes in his diary, "I gave Felix his first lesson." But he adds that he could not hide the fact that he was with his master, not his pupil. The acquaintance thus formed led to an intimate friendship, as is shown by the correspondence between the two. Felix became godfather to Moscheles's son, the well-known portrait painter.

In the spring of 1825 Abraham Mendelssohn, who had been hesitating whether to allow his son to embrace music as a profession, happened to be in Paris, and determined to consult with the famous Cherubini. The verdict was favorable. Cherubini, though usually so crabbed and uncertain, like old Zelter, seemed fascinated by the boy. Felix compared him to an extinct volcano covered with stones and ashes and occasionally belching forth flames.

Felix himself disapproved of the musicians of Paris, and the frivolous atmosphere that prevailed there; he thought that the whole tendency of the place was to make men lose sight of strict time and calm and earnestness and real musical feeling from their love for strong contrasts.

His own detestation of such things carried him to the opposite extreme. Even his friend Hiller, who called him "one of the brightest and most beautiful stars in the firmament of German art," thought his great fault was in being too old-fashioned, and not yielding enough to the modern tendencies toward richness and fulness of ornamentation.

Curiously enough, the French think that if Mendelssohn had been a French composer, as might easily have

been the case, he would have lost that Germanic stiffness that repelled them, and would have gained in more ways than one.

On their way back from Paris they stopped again at Weimar for another — the third — visit to Goethe, to whom he played his B-minor Quartet dedicated to him. Not long after their return, Abraham Mendelssohn purchased the so-called "Reck Palace," a spacious, many-roomed mansion, surrounded by grounds covering over ten acres and including summer-houses, rustic seats, lovely shrubbery, noble trees, and every device for comfort and pleasure, especially in summer. A separate building, called the "Gartenhaus," gave accommodations for musical parties, easily seating several hundred people.

The property was really in the suburbs of Berlin, near the Potsdam Gate on the Leipzig Road. It had three drawbacks: it was damp, it was extremely cold in winter, and it was a long distance from their friends.

Nevertheless, their friends were glad to come to them, and their Sunday musicales always attracted a crowd of celebrities. Sebastian Hensel, who married Fanny Mendelssohn, painted more than a thousand portraits, filling forty-seven volumes, of the family and their distinguished guests.

This new home was the one oasis to Mendelssohn in the dreary waste of Berlin. Here, under the direction of a former royal groom, he learned to ride with remarkable skill. In warm weather the boys played bowls under the trees, and had lively swimming parties, with songs sung in the water, Klingemann furnishing the words and Mendelssohn the music. And here social and musical intercourse was delightful and unrestrained. A manuscript newspaper, entitled in summer *The Garden Times*,

in winter *Snow and Tea Times*, to which such great scientists and philosophers as Humboldt and Hegel did not scorn to contribute, added to their fun. Billiards, and chess, and whist, also found their devotees. And Felix was in all things the central figure, happy, witty, gay, loved by all. Just before their removal Felix composed the music for an opera, the words of which were furnished by Klingemann. The subject was taken from "Don Quixote," and it was entitled "Camacho's Wedding."

It was submitted to General Musical-Intendant Spontini, whose jealousy had already stood in the way of Spohr's "Jessonda." Spontini was living in a house once occupied by the Mendelssohns. Spontini led him to the window, and pointing to the dome of the Roman Catholic church opposite, said pompously in French:

"Friend, you must have conceptions as grand as yonder cupola!"

Mendelssohn, whose one great fault was inability to endure lack of appreciation, and who could never forgive a disparaging remark, was not likely to overlook this man's insinuation. It is said that Spontini disliked Mendelssohn because he conducted without score, a feat which he himself could not perform.

Spontini, however, after vexatious delays, allowed "Comacho's Wedding" to be produced in the small theatre. The *claque* was made up of Mendelssohn's friends, but even after their vigorous applause had scored it a success, it was never given again. The truth was, Mendelssohn had not a dramatic, or rather, not a theatric, talent. The opera was poor, and he himself, almost twenty years later, begs that his "old sin of 'Comacho's Wedding' should not be stirred up again."

Mendelssohn's greatest work of this period was the overture to "A Midsummer's Night's Dream," inspired by a reading of a new translation of Shakspere, and composed during the first summer in the new domain. This work alone would have made Mendelssohn immortal: nothing more perfect of its kind was ever composed; and it was remarkable that when, in the last years of his life, he came to set music to the "Midsummer's Night's Dream," he used the overture practically unchanged.

This same year he entered the Berlin University, and the number of his compositions fell. It is not known whether he followed the regular curriculum or not; but ten years later the University of Leipzig honored itself and him by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and B. A. M.

One of his friends complained that Bach seemed to him a mathematical exercise. Mendelssohn determined to prove him mistaken; he got together a small choir of sixteen voices, and on Saturday evenings rehearsed the "Passion according to St. Matthew."

One of the number was Devrient, the opera singer. His zeal and enthusiasm were such that Mendelssohn's timidity in presence of Zelter's opposition was overcome. One day the two young men, dressed exactly alike in blue coats, white waistcoats, black cravats and trousers, and yellow gloves, called upon Zelter and laid their plans before him. It may be remarked in passing that Mendelssohn had overdrawn his allowance and had to borrow a thaler to buy his gloves, — a piece of bad management which his father felt obliged to reprimand.

Zelter was at first so surly that Mendelssohn had his hand on the door-knob to flee incontinently, but Devrient managed to smooth the way by deft flattery, and at last

the old director yielded and gave his permission for the work to be performed by the Singakademie.

The rehearsals began in January, 1828, and the work was performed publicly on March 11, 1829, for the first time since the death of its composer. The apathy of the people, which Mendelssohn had so much dreaded, was stirred to enthusiasm. Every ticket was taken, and hundreds were turned away. The success was complete in every respect. This was the beginning of the Bach revival. Mendelssohn remarked one day to Devrient with some glee, "It is a Jew and an actor who have restored to the people this great Christian work."

Mendelssohn knew the work by heart, and conducted without the score. At one rehearsal he stopped the chorus saying, "In the twenty-third measure the sopranos have C-natural — not C-sharp."

This retentive memory was characteristic of Mendelssohn. A year or two later in Paris, at the Abbé Bardin's, where musical reunions were held every week, Hiller was asked to play Beethoven's E-flat concerto. The parts were all there, and the string quartet, but no wind.

"I will do the wind," said Mendelssohn simply, and sitting down at a second piano he filled in the wind parts from memory, not neglecting even a note of the second horn. He always played his piano pieces from memory. Once when he was praised for this feat, the famous organist Kühnau exclaimed: "That is not art. I could do the same thing if I did not manage to forget everything!"

It might have been supposed that Mendelssohn would have been Zelter's natural successor as conductor of the Singakademie, but after Zelter's death (May, 1832), when the election was held, he was defeated by sixty

votes out of 236. This added to the disappointment at the failure of "Camacho's Wedding;" and the unhappy relationship between Mendelssohn and many of the Berlin musicians, notably the Royal Orchestra, who would not play for him — was it because he was a Jew? — made Berlin even more like a desert to him than ever. He was hopeless of things bettering themselves there. "Berlin will never do anything in music," he declared to his last days, "so long as sand is sand, and the Spree is a river."

But he could afford to look down upon such annoyances, and soon after the second performance of "the Passion," which took place on Bach's birthday, he was off on what he calls his "grand tour," and enjoying such a succession of delightful experiences that they would alone fill a book.

He went first to England, where he laid the foundation of that popularity which even now makes most Englishmen look upon him as the greatest of composers. He gave four concerts in London, with wonderful success.

After the musical season was over he went to Scotland, stopping at the Hebrides — where he was inspired with the first conception of his overture called "Fingal's Cave," — and at Abbotsford. Here he was disgusted enough, after travelling eighty miles, to be put off with a half-hour's "indifferent conversation" with Sir Walter. Nor even Melrose Abbey consoled him. "We cursed great men, ourselves, and the whole world," were his words.

His visit in London on his return in September was prolonged, owing to a lame knee, which kept him in his room for two months, and prevented him from being present at his sister Fanny's wedding.

In December, when he returned to Berlin, he found the artist and Fanny installed in the Gartenhaus, which had been turned into a studio. They were ready to take part in a surprise which Mendelssohn had prepared for his parents' silver wedding. This was a comedietta entitled, "The Return from Abroad," or "The Son-and Stranger." Every member of the family was to take part, but as Hensel was totally unmusical, he was given a part which required him to sing one and the same note. At the performance he could not even do that.

In the spring, having recovered from an attack of the measles, — for genius, as well as meaner folk, must endure "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," — Mendelssohn resumed his world tour. He reached Venice in October, after enjoying delightful visits at Weimar with Goethe, at Munich, at Vienna, and Presburg.

Mendelssohn's great passion was letter-writing. One of his intimate friends declared that most of his time was spent in this way. The result is that we have remarkably detailed information in regard to every step of his Italian journey. He drank in the very air with ecstasy, and, as he says, systematically idled away the days. Natural scenery, the treasures of art, intercourse with brilliant painters, poets, and musicians, kept his enjoyment to the highest tension. Italian antiquities failed to interest him, and it has been remarked that he showed scarcely a trace of devotional sentiment, either in his letters or his music. Indeed, the ancient music of the Roman service entirely irritated him. He called it insignificant and dull.

He spent nearly half a year in Rome, and was fortunate enough to witness the coronation of a pope, and

the ceremonies of Holy Week. He spent six weeks in Naples, where he found his old friend Benedict. He then visited Florence, Genoa, Milan, and the Italian Lakes. From Geneva he walked to Interlachen, where he composed some waltzes, his only ones, — and yet he was passionately devoted to dancing.

In Italy he composed his Italian and Scotch symphonies, the music to Goethe's "Walpurgis Night," and other pieces instrumental and vocal, and filled drawing-book after drawing-book with his sketches.

In December he reached Paris, where he threw himself "into the vortex" of musical and social life. At this time he had a marked resemblance to Meyerbeer. They wore their hair in the same way. Mendelssohn was annoyed, and one morning appeared with his locks close cropped. Meyerbeer heard of it, but took it "in his usual invincible good-nature."

In spite of his warm reception there, and the presence of Hiller and other good friends, Mendelssohn could not stomach Paris, particularly after his Reformation Symphony had been shelved by the "Concert Society" as too learned and abstruse. He was glad to be back in "that smoky nest," London, where he spent two months, playing at many concerts, and publishing a number of important pieces.

During the following winter he gave three public concerts at the Singakademie, bringing out a number of interesting novelties, his Reformation Symphony, his overtures to "Midsummer's Night's Dream," "The Hebrides" ("Fingal's Cave") and the "Calm at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage," as well as pieces by Beethoven and Bach.

Mendelssohn's success in conducting the Lower Rhine

Music Festival at the end of May, 1833, brought him an offer to undertake the entire charge of music in Düsseldorf for three years at a salary of 600 thalers.

By the advice of his father, who was with him during the festival, and who was pleased that while others had titles without duties, he would have duties without a title, he accepted it. Afterwards the two went to London together, and many interesting details of this visit are preserved. The old man learned that a very fine morning in London was like the end of a November afternoon in Germany. He could not appreciate his son's enthusiasm for English fog, Sundays, and other institutions.

Düsseldorf proved to be less pleasant than Mendelssohn had anticipated. He complained that by four o'clock in the afternoon, half the town was drunk, so that he had to transact all his business in the morning.

After a few months, during which he gave operas by Mozart and Cherubini at the theatre, and at the church religious works by Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, and Händel, he threw up direction of the former. Even the slight connection which he had with it caused him immense irritation and disgust.

Socially there was much in Düsseldorf to enjoy. He lodged with the painter Schadow, who had established an art school there. Thus he was thrown into an artistic circle. They often took long walks together; Schadow with his noble head, and distinguished manner and eloquent speech, quite overshadowing the bevy of handsome young fellows who surrounded him. One time Chopin was there. No one took much notice of him, but when they returned to the studio "the lyric epicurean" had his revenge. He was called upon to

play, and, after the first note, all were dumb with amazement.

Mendelssohn kept a horse. On Christmas Day, 1834, he went out for a ride on his bay. The steed bolted, and ran through the town straight for the stables.

"I kept my seat," he wrote, "but I was in such a rage! and weren't the people just delighted to see the Herr Musikdirector racing along!"

Mendelssohn in a rage was a fine sight; for then his eyes simply blazed out from under the long lashes. This was not rare with him. The orchestra at Düsseldorf was responsible for much of his irritation. He gives a humorous description of their lack of time and tune: "Every *allegro* leaves off twice as fast as it began, and the oboe plays E-natural in C-minor, and they carry their fiddles under their coats when it rains, and when it is fine they do not cover them at all; and if you once heard me conduct this orchestra, not even four horses could bring you there a second time."

In the following spring, he was invited to Leipzig, to conduct the concerts at the Gewandhaus. He accepted, and found it, as he said, "a paradise."

A little more than a month after the first concert, he was quite stunned by the sudden death of his father, who had become entirely blind from cataracts. In the very last letter that he wrote, his father had urged him to keep on with his oratorio of "St. Paul" which he had begun several years before at Düsseldorf. Felix selected the words himself. He once wrote: "There are always two things that I must have when I stop anywhere: one is a Bible, and the other is a piano."

It was ordered for the Cecilia Club of Frankfurt, but, owing to Schelble's illness, the engagement was can-

celled, and it was first produced at the Lower Rhine Festival, in 1836, by a chorus of three hundred and sixteen singers, a large and efficient orchestra, all full of enthusiasm. When it was over, young ladies showered flowers upon the composer, and crowned the score which was placed upon a golden lyre on the conductor's stand. Later he went to Frankfurt to supply Schelble's place for six weeks.

One of the aristocratic families of this place was named Souchay. They lived in a fine house with a beautiful view down the Main. Mendelssohn became a frequent visitor at this house. He was always more or less in love, but here, at last, was a genuine passion, destined to last. The object of it was the granddaughter, Cécile Charlotte Sophie Jeanrenaud, a beautiful girl of seventeen, of most serene and gentle disposition, with the face of a Madonna. The family, at first, thought that Mendelssohn was attracted by her mother, a charming young widow. The townspeople soon found out that there was a courtship going on, and it afforded them considerable amusement and curiosity to see what the result would be; for, though Mendelssohn was young, rich and handsome, a man of culture, amiability, genius, and fame, and belonged to a family of considerable celebrity, still all these things weighed as little against the imponderable significance of "patrician blood!"

Mendelssohn was hard hit, but, being a young man of prudence, he determined to tear himself away from his idol for a time, and test his affection by separation. It stood the test. He was miserable without her. The sea baths at Scheveningen could not cool his ardor.

At the end of a month he flew back, proposed, was accepted, and made "the happiest man in the world."

When he returned to Leipzig, in the full halo of his bliss, it was commemorated at an early concert in the season by the significant finale to "*Fidelio*" — "Who a lovely wife has gotten" — put on the program by the directors. He was compelled to improvise on the theme amid shouts and hurrahs!

He was married at Frankfurt in March, 1837. The delight and fun of their happy honeymoon are preserved in a diary kept by them both, and adorned with all sorts of droll sketches and remarks. Their happiness was almost cut short at "Bingen on the Rhine," when Mendelssohn, in attempting to swim the river, was taken with the cramp, and barely saved from drowning.

Shortly after this, he had to hasten over to England — his fifth visit — to conduct his "St. Paul" at the Birmingham Festival. His wife was unable to go with him. It is curious that he says so little about her in his letters, but when he was absent from her he indulges in the gloomiest complaints: "What is the good of all the double counterpoint in the world," he asks, "if his Cécile is not with him!"

After a more than usually successful visit both in Birmingham and London, he returned to Leipzig, glad to be again established in his own pleasant home. He asks if he ought not to be perfectly satisfied with his Cécile in a nice new comfortable house with an open view over Lurgenstein's garden, and the fields, and the city towers, feeling more serenely happy, more calmly joyful, than he had ever felt since he left his parents' roof.

His happiness, the next year, was interrupted by his wife's dangerous illness, and by his own ill health. He complained of complete deafness of one ear, and pain

in the head and neck. He could not even hear his own playing on the piano, and often missed the point of what people said to him. It made him somewhat anxious, but a similar attack four years previously had passed off in six weeks, and this one also was only temporary.

The summer of that year he spent in Berlin, and was full of work and pleasure. That memorable twelvemonth included the forty-second and ninety-fifth Psalms, several string quartets, his violin concerto, and other things; and when he returned to Leipzig, and had recovered from a second attack of measles, his "Elijah" was well under way.

Mendelssohn's favorite motto was: "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." What he found time to accomplish in his busy life at Leipzig is almost incredible: writing innumerable letters, composition, business, society, the circus, visits from friends, the exhausting labor of conducting and arranging programs; and while he, one might say, with one hand composed two cantatas for the festival in honor of the invention of printing, with the other he translated for his uncle a number of Italian poems into German verse. It was a constant whirl of excitement, — "a really overpowering turmoil." He thus tells of a *soirée* given in honor of Liszt: —

"Three hundred and fifty people, orchestra, chorus, punch, pastry, Calm at Sea, Psalm, Bach's Triple Concerto, choruses from St. Paul, Fantasia on Lucia, the Erlking, the Devil and his Grandmother."

He was fond of Liszt, and called his perfect playing of the G-minor pianoforte concerto at sight a miracle.

If he liked anything he liked it immensely, but if he disliked it he would act in the oddest way. Once, when

Hiller played to him some poor composition he threw himself down on the floor and rolled all about the room.

Some of Liszt's idiosyncrasies he could not abide. He could not see how Hiller could see anything in Berlioz's Symphony. "I cannot conceive of anything more insipid, wearisome, and Philistine," he says, "for with all his endeavors to go stark mad he never once succeeds; and as for your Liszt with his two fingers on one key, what does a homely provincial like me want with him?"

Mendelssohn was a severe critic even on Händel, but he thought "William Tell" a perfect and complete masterpiece. We sometimes get a pleasant picture of him at a concert or opera when something is going wrong. He simply boils with indignation, and his ever quiet and serene Cécile lays her hand on his coat and says, "Dear husband, do be calm!"

When he heard that Meyerbeer had been made court kapellmeister, he declared that he might have been jealous if there had not been a distance of several German miles between a court kapellmeister and a real kapellmeister. "If I were to be made a court composer to-morrow," said he, "I should be bound not to write another note so long as I lived."

Yet he was himself to be a kapellmeister, and his pleasant life at Leipzig was to be disturbed and finally broken up by the ambition of King Frederick William IV., who proposed shortly after his accession to the throne to found an Academy of Arts in Berlin.

Mendelssohn was invited toward the end of 1840 to take the post of director of the musical division or class. His better judgment, and his dislike of Berlin with "its shoals of sycophant courtiers" and its utter lack of musical taste, stood against it; but he was probably

weary with the season's work at Leipzig, where he had given nineteen concerts between January 1 and March 15. Indeed, what he did for Leipzig during his life there may be read in the sumptuous history of the Gewandhaus concerts recently published.

He accepted for a year, and his farewell to Leipzig appropriately consisted of the Matthew Passion Music of Bach. Mendelssohn had interested himself to raise funds for a statue of the old Cantor in front of the Thomas Schule. It was successful.

His first great work for Berlin, where he now became kapellmeister to the King, was the music for "*Antigone.*" The first performance of this old drama with Mendelssohn's beautiful setting took place on October 28, 1841. It immediately became popular, but Mendelssohn's relations with his band, and indeed, with the Berlin public, were most unsatisfactory. The King was kind and obliging, and it was through his request that Mendelssohn wrote the music to "*Athalie,*" "*Oidipous,*" "The Midsummer's Night's Dream," and Goethe's "*Walpurgisnacht.*"

But the situation grew more and more disagreeable, and at last the King released him from residence there, allowing him a salary of one thousand thalers for his duties of composition. His mother had died in December, 1842, and the Berlin house was now his. But during the rest of his life he lived chiefly in Leipzig, where his darling scheme of a conservatory of music was carried into effect. A legacy left by a man named Blümner was applied to this purpose, and the great institution destined to accomplish so much for German art was formally opened in April, 1843, with Mendelssohn, David, Schumann, and other well-known composers among the

teachers. One of the first pupils was the young Hebrew genius, Joachim, a boy of twelve, destined to be the greatest of violinists since Spohr.

Even "the long tedious Berlin business" had its compensations. The greatest of these was his lovely home life. And perhaps not least were his visits to England, where he was the most popular of men.

In the summer of 1842 he made his seventh journey to London, and this time was twice received at Buckingham Palace, where he played accompaniments for the Queen to sing. She asked him how she could best express her thanks. He asked to see her sleeping children, and when this favor was granted, kissed them, and thought of his own at home.

The next year he conducted the last six concerts of the Philharmonic Society in London, introducing many novelties of his own composition and by Bach, Schubert, and Beethoven.

Mendelssohn conducted with his right side toward the orchestra. His movements were short and decided, sometimes almost invisible. He took pains to get the best from his orchestra. He had great tact and good-nature, though sometimes when things went persistently wrong his tongue was sharp. But he was popular with the band, and inspired them to enthusiasm.

Ever since 1838 Mendelssohn had kept in mind the subject of Elijah for an oratorio. It gradually took shape, and at last was engaged for the Birmingham Festival of 1846. In the midst of his incessant labors as head of the Conservatorium, — teaching the piano and composition and overseeing administrative details, — he yet managed to finish it in time, and by the middle of August was in London again.

The oratorio was performed on the twenty-sixth, with unheard-of success. Mendelssohn himself was amazed, and wrote home glowing accounts of it. But he was not satisfied with the work, and, in accordance with his usual custom, after judging by the public hearing, made many changes in it. His taste was most fastidious, and often he would spend hours on a few bars till he had polished them to perfection. When he returned to England for the tenth and last time, to conduct the "Elijah" in its revised form, the Prince Consort, who was present, wrote a note in his program-book, addressing him as another Elijah, "faithful to the worship of true Art, though surrounded by the idolaters of Baal." He also played two hours at Buckingham Palace for the Queen and the Prince Consort alone.

On his way back, he was arrested and detained by a zealous official, who mistook him for a Dr. Mendelssohn wanted by the police. It was a very annoying accident. He had hardly reached home before the news of the sudden death of his sister Fanny was abruptly broken to him. With a cry, he fell unconscious to the ground. He spent that summer in Switzerland, occupying himself largely with painting in water-colors. Thirteen large pictures of Swiss scenery, and carefully executed, are in existence.

He who had so many times held vast audiences spell-bound with his masterly performances on the organ, played for the last time in the village church of Ringgenberg, on the Lake of Brienz.

When he returned home his friends were shocked at the change that had taken place in him. He had aged, and grown dull and listless. Only occasionally his usual gay spirits asserted themselves; for the most part he was mournful and depressed.

The trouble which he had suffered in his head grew worse. After three severe attacks between October 9 and November 3, he died in the evening of Thursday, November 4, 1847. It is not too much to say that all Europe mourned. In Leipzig, it was as though "a king were dead." In London, Manchester, and Birmingham, where he was so beloved, in many of the chief cities of Germany, and even in Paris, memorial concerts were organized.

Scholarships were established in his honor. Busts and statues of him were erected.

After his death, a commission was appointed to publish selections from the immense mass of his manuscript. They included male and mixed part-songs, duets, "songs without words," quartets and quintets, fragments of unfinished opera and oratorios, overtures, concerted pieces, and symphonies.

As a song-writer Mendelssohn cannot be compared to a dozen other German composers. He himself did not care for what are called *Volk*-songs. He declared that national airs were beastly, common, false things. Scotch bagpipes, Swiss horns, and Welsh harps were not to his heart; still less, "so-called melodies whined in a nasal tone, stupidly accompanied by maladroit fingers." Naturally, therefore, his own songs, with few exceptions, lack spontaneity. His duets are better. Still greater are his four-part songs, many of which are immortal.

He himself confessed that pianoforte pieces were not what he wrote with the greatest pleasure or even with real success. Yet his "Songs Without Words" have enjoyed almost unequalled popularity.

It was as a composer of chamber and concerted music, especially of symphonies and oratorios, that Mendelssohn

was great His greatness consists not in those overwhelming effects characteristic of the music of a later day; but in calm, symmetrical beauty. In this he is unexcelled.

As a man, as a friend, in all the relations of family and society, Mendelssohn stands alone and apart. His letters have endeared him to the world. He is known as few other composers have ever been known. Though it is somewhat the fashion to sneer at him, it seems safe to predict, that as time goes on his fame will rather increase than diminish.

SCHUMANN.

SCHUMANN.

(1810-1856.)

MOZART'S life has been called panoramic; Beethoven's was volcanic; Mendelssohn's was kaleidoscopic. In contrast with these, Schumann's was colorless and monotonous.

Mendelssohn and Schumann were antipodes. The one clear, open, spontaneous, effervescent; the other, silent deep, sometimes obscure. The one, fond of publicity; the other, most at home by his own fireside, or in the guarded sanctum at the editorial desk. The one, the light and spirit of any company; the other, almost a hermit and recluse.

We know both most intimately through their letters. Both have exerted great influence on musical art. But Mendelssohn's was ephemeral, and felt mainly by those of weaker fibre; whereas Schumann's has been felt especially by stronger natures. Contrast Gade and Brahms.

Robert Alexander Schumann was the youngest of five children. His birthday was June 8, 1810. His birthplace was the quaint little Saxon town of Zwickau, with tall, picturesque houses and broad, grass-grown streets, where his father, F. A. G. Schumann, carried on the business of bookseller and publisher. His father's

father was a clergyman. His mother's father was a surgeon.

No long line of musical ancestry explains his bent for the Tone-Art. He was a graft on the tree. But his father was a man of culture, sensitive, imaginative, fond of poetry; and his mother strangely combined strong, practical common-sense with an extravagant view of romantic sentimentality. His father favored his bent. The mother opposed it.

Yet it was cultivated to a certain extent, beginning early. At seven he was taking lessons of the pedantic *Baccalaureus* Kuntsch, organist of the Marienkirche, who was not long in discovering the boy's talent, and predicted that he would be one of the lights of art. He must have felt the lack of musical nurture at home, for he afterwards remarked how fortunate were they who drew in music with their mother's milk, thereby feeling themselves consciously members of the great family of artists, into which others like himself had to make their entrance by dint of sacrifice.

When he was nine, he heard the famous pianist Moscheles at Carlsbad. It was a revelation to him. It awakened ambition; it made him conscious of his wings. When he was back at his home again, and studying at the gymnasium or high school, all his sports and pleasures had music for a background. He formed a little orchestra consisting of two violins, two flutes, a clarinet, and two horns. Missing parts Schumann filled in with the piano. He composed pieces suitable for this band. He amazed them by his skill at extempore playing. The father was pleased. He was sure of an audience of one, who was ever ready to buy classic masterpieces for his use.

Kuntsch gave a public performance of a choral work by Schneider. A lively boy of eleven stood at the piano playing the accompaniment, — it was Schumann. Two years later he himself arranged the 150th Psalm (for chorus and orchestra), and played in public. He was not precocious merely in music. When he was fourteen, he helped his father prepare a book entitled "Picture Gallery of the Most Famous Men of All Nations and Times."

His father, who had been hindered in his own choice of a profession, wrote to Carl Maria von Weber, at Dresden, with a view to putting Robert under his tuition. Weber consented to receive him; but nothing came of it, and the father died in 1825. His long course at the gymnasium ended three years later; and, out of love for his mother, who was supported in her views by his guardian, Herr Rüdel, the merchant, he reluctantly sacrificed his inclinations, and began the study of law at Leipzig.

He was by this time fully under the sway of the sentimental Jean Paul. Whole pages of letters which he wrote while still in Zwickau are like the rhapsodies of the author of "Titan." He lies on the sofa with tears in his eyes and his friend's letter in his hand; he wanders out through nature, and reads it over a dozen times. He feels pure and undying love for the first time; he would fain be a smile and play around *her* eyes, would be joy so as to bound through *her* pulses, would be a tear and weep with her, and *die* on her eyelashes! His poetic mill is still either because there is too much water in the sluiceway, or too little. Yet can he hardly tell whether it is Liddy or Nanni that most stirs his heart.

Verily it cannot be Liddy, for on a fatal Thursday he

sat with her on the Rosenburg; great bluish mist mountains arose in the east; the sun was setting; the whole temple of nature lay far and wide before the intoxicated vision. It almost seemed to him that his ideal was by his side. He seized Liddy's hand, and pointing to the black-purple storm-clouds on the horizon exclaimed, "Liddy, such is life!"

But Liddy was not one of the young women so common in that day, who worshipped Jean Paul and deified his dog. She made some remark that fell like cold water on his flowers of sentiment, and he cries, "The dream is over."

Quaint and far-fetched conceits, glowing words about love and friendship and the ideal and the real, sentimental pictures of peasant dances and idyllic scenes, all that strange and to us almost incomprehensible rigmarole of sense and nonsense, then so dear to the German heart, flow from his ready pen.

Occasional hints at his acquirements and tastes: He has finished reading Sophokles; he has lately taken up Plato's "Crito," but can find no delight in it: "Plato is food for men." Tacitus and Sallust attract him strongly, but Cicero revolts him: "he is a *rabulist*, — that is, pettifogger, — charlatan, and windbag braggart."

It is Jean Paul who finds still "the first place" with him. "I place him above all — even Schiller (Goethe I do not understand as yet) not excepted."

This influence remained supreme with him through life, and explains to a certain extent his love for the brilliant and extravagant in expression, the sharp contrasts, — laughter and tears, — and the disregard of form, which characterize his music.

Before he took up his residence at Leipzig he went on

a pleasure trip with a new-made friend, Gisbert Rosen, also a strong Jean Paulist. He went as far as Munich, where he made the acquaintance of Heine, so many of whose poems he afterwards set to music. At Augsburg he lost his heart to a charming Clara von Kurrer, but it was only a platonic and sentimental passion. The young lady was engaged. Her image of which he writes so ecstatically, with eloquent silence was doomed to go into that picture-gallery to which his heart gave so much room.

He made a pilgrimage to Bayreuth to see the widow of Jean Paul. Frau Richter gave him a portrait of her husband. He was delighted with the palace-like houses, but more with the people, like Rollwenzel, who could talk for hours about his idol.

When he returned to Leipzig it was hard to fix his attention on his law studies. Rosen had gone to Heidelberg. "Oh, to be at Heidelberg with you!" wrote Schumann early in June; "Leipzig is a horrid hole where one cannot enjoy life. It is far easier to make progress in the art of spending money than in the lecture-rooms."

Yet he had written his mother only a few days before declaring that though "chilling jurisprudence" with its "ice-cold definitions" is revolting to him, yet he will get the better of it: "if only a man uses his will-power, he can indeed do all things."

He hides nothing from his beloved mother, his "good, forgiving mother," the "gentle monitor" of his youth, who so faithfully warned him when he was in danger of "sinking deeper into the labyrinth of life." He writes her long letters full of sentimental effusiveness, complaining that there are no mountains, no valleys, no

forests where his thoughts may have free course; no place where he may be alone. "Nature," he writes her, "is the great wide-spread handkerchief of God, embroidered with His eternal name, and serviceable to man for wiping away all his tears of sorrow."

The perfect frankness with which Schumann pours out his soul to his mother, and the evident love and sympathy between them, make it somewhat hard to understand why she so opposed him in making music his profession.

He lets it be no secret that he is still interested in music. In the same letter that tells her of the cost of his "patriarchal establishment," he mentions paying a ducat a month for the hire of a piano, and wishes he might either have his own "dear old faithful instrument, or be able to spend four hundred dollars in the purchase of a new one."

He tells her that he goes regularly and machine-like to the lectures, plays the piano much, works at home and reads a great deal, plays chess every evening, and goes out for a walk of two or three hours. He also takes fencing lessons, but he calms her apprehensions as to the danger of duelling by saying, "I have never been a brawler [*Raufbold*], and never will be." Neither does he go often to the *Bierkneipen*, but rather finds more delight in the society of two or three congenial young men; the only family whom he visits is Dr. Carus's, who were old acquaintances. They were musical people, and led to Schumann's acquaintance with Marschner, whose "*Vampyr*" was brought out that spring, and with the Wiecks.

Schumann began to take lessons of Friedrich Wieck, one of the best piano teachers in Germany; but as early

as August he wrote for his mother's permission to leave Leipzig and go to Heidelberg for a year, so as to hear the most famous German jurists, especially Thibaut, the author of "Purity in Musical Art," who had performed the miracle of combining two such opposing professions.

His spirits, which had been low, immediately improved at the prospect of being with Rosen in that blooming paradise, with its great tun and little tuns, its jolly people, and its nearness to Switzerland, Italy, and France; of being in the society of those who should understand him. That was the cause of his gloom in Leipzig — the lack of sympathizing spirits to inspire him, the monotonous course of commonplace life.

So he went to Heidelberg — the journey being like "a flight through hundreds of spring skies." It was all illusion about the law. In the easy-going life of a university student without restraint or obligation, the temptation was irresistible to drift with the stream. Piano open was more attractive than pandects covered with dust. We read of practice seven hours a day, of evenings devoted to music, of Thibaut the musician rather than Thibaut the lawyer.

Strange forecast of fate! In his first enthusiastic letter to his mother, he tells her that his "princely lodgings" (princely because of the view of the splendid old mountain castle and the green hills covered with oaks) are between the Catholic Church and the madhouse, so that he is truly in doubt whether to be crazy or Catholic! His descriptions of the whole journey are like pages from a sentimental novel, — like Longfellow's "Hyperion."

Before he procures a piano, he goes with all boldness into the establishment of a dealer, introduces himself

as the steward of a young English lord who was thinking of purchasing an instrument, and plays for three long hours, "gaped at and applauded."

Thousands of such details are found in Schumann's letters. In September he is in Italy. He tells his sister-in-law of a beautiful English girl at Milan, who *seemed* to have fallen in love, not with himself, but his piano-playing.

She gave him a sprig of cypress when they parted. She was haughty and kind, loving and hating, hard and soft, when he played. Schumann applied similar contradictions to himself: poor and rich, weak and strong, worn out, yet full of life. And long the recollections of the cypresses of Milan filled his heart. Perhaps they, more than lack of ready money, caused him to weep as he sat on a stone bench in front of the Doge's palace at Venice, looking with sad and weary eyes at the sea and the unknown people passing to and fro. Sentimental hearts like Schumann's have their valleys of sorrow, as well as their heights of bliss. But how susceptible he was, is shown by his diary and his letters. A pretty Englishwoman's speech is like the whispering of an angel. The Grecian noses of the maidens who dwell with Father Rhine, and their oval cheeks and brown hair, delight him amazingly.

Whether he got all the advantage from his trip to Italy which he expected, and which he eloquently set forth under twelve heads in a letter to his mother, cannot be told. He had learned to speak French and Italian fluently. But if the charming days that he spent in Switzerland and among the Italian lakes did nothing more than confirm him in his love for all things beautiful, they were not wasted. Moreover, he heard

Paganini! And when he heard Pasta and Rossini sung at the Scala in Milan, it seemed to him (so he wrote Friedrich Wieck) as though God Himself stood before him, and let him look into His face. The charm was upon him; henceforth the law was an impossibility. He must make his mother renounce her dream of seeing him "a future diplomate, ambassador of the Royal Court of Saxony to the Free States of North America!"

Still he remained at Heidelberg, undecided, yet longing to decide, toying with art, and yet in a sort of desperation making one more effort to redeem lost time by reviewing the course with an old lawyer. An unsatisfactory existence; for, as he wrote his mother, speaking of his attraction for music, and of the creative spirit, jurisprudence "turns him into gristle, and freezes him into ice, so that no flower of fancy will any longer yearn for the springtime of the world!"

He tells her how economical he is, living on the simplest of fare, and spending only one hundred and thirty thalers for the semester, forty florins for piano-hire, and almost as much for French lessons, which are "stupendously dear," but justifiable, because he daily sees how necessary a perfect knowledge of the language is, and because his dear father had recommended it. Sometimes his economy led him into the extravagance of living on nothing but potatoes for a fortnight at a time.

Evidently his guardian was inclined to keep him on short commons, for he is always writing to his "most honored Herr Rüdel" for more funds, or sharing his anxieties with his "dear good mother," telling of his debts, and his plans for raising money by methods which he should adopt only in the most unnatural circum-

stances; namely, in case he should get none from home.

He was too light-hearted to be unhappy; he drifted with the current. One day he goes to Mannheim in the four-horse coach of the widowed Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden, "to breathe court air for a little while, though it is choking." Then he figures as leading soloist "at the great, miserable Heidelberg concert, which is attended by almost all the royal highnesses from Mannheim or Karlsruhe." And he tells his mother of the fine society which, as it were, under protest, he frequents at Dr. Wüstenfeld's, — where there is a pretty daughter, and witty *gouvernante* from Lausanne, "with French eye-play," which, nevertheless, does not move him, — and elsewhere. Or, on a Thursday he listens to a Händel oratorio sung by a select chorus at the "holy house" of "the splendid, divine" Thibaut, of whose wit, keenness, sensibility, pure artistic sense, charm and grace, he cannot say enough.

He celebrates his mother's birthday in the ruins of the old castle. "What else should the life and the vocation of a child be, than an eternal wish for the happiness of its parents?" he fervently exclaims. As a birthday gift, he wrote several songs, — a *Liederkranz* (song-wreath) he called it; but, as he failed to get them done in time, he gave her — his piano-playing! adding, in his letter, the hope that she is not annoyed at his wit, and will smile at the deceiver again.

But, oh, the debts! — 145 florins to the tailor for his fine red cloak and black stockings and blue dress-coat and black coat and waistcoat, and then dues for shoes and cobbling. And then he must eat and drink, and go to Mannheim, and smoke, and buy books and music;

masked balls, fees, subscriptions, cigars, cigars, piano-tuner, washerwoman, bootblack, candles, soap, good friends who must sometimes have a glass of *bier;* and he adds pathetically, "For four long weeks I have not had a kreutzer in my pocket!"

But the fateful June came at last. How he revels in the glorious summer life! "I get up every morning at four," he writes his brother; "the sky is blue enough to kiss. I work till eight on pandects and civil law; play the piano from eight to ten; from ten to twelve with Thibaut and Mittermayer; from twelve to two, go out for a walk and dinner; from two to four, with Zacharia, and Johannsen; then we go to the castle, or to the Rhine, or to my dear mountains."

On the last day of June, he wrote his mother, at five o'clock in the morning, "the most important letter of his life." The alcohol boiling and sputtering under his coffee machine, the sky pure and golden enough to kiss, his cigar tasting excellently, his mother's last letter lying before him, and now he comes to his great confession: "My whole life has been a twenty years' battle between poesy and prose, or call it music and *jus.*"

In Leipzig he dreamed more and cared less about his plan of life; but in Heidelberg, he says he has really tried to work, with the result that he has come more and more to depend on art.

"Now I stand at the parting of the ways, and am frightened at the question, 'Whither?'"

He tells her that it seems to him his genius points out the right way, and in spite of her good motherly reasons and the danger of "an uncertain future and a precarious living," he must choose for himself. Thibaut the jurist had long advised him to dedicate himself to Art.

And so he begs his mother to write to Wieck, and ask him frankly what he thinks of him and his plan of life. Hard as it was for her, she consented. His guardian was not so yielding. When her answer came enclosing Wieck's advice to try the experiment for six months, what an earnest protest he sent her against any longer degrading his talent! With what eloquent scorn he holds up the petty life as *oberactuarius* in a provincial city of 3,000 inhabitants and with 600 thalers salary, sitting from seven in the morning till seven at night in the council-room, dealing with four-groschen lawsuits, with convicts and scoundrels! Even the title of nobility, and the much-coveted "*von*," would not repay those years of service to a false ideal.

Yet when he had turned his back on beautiful Heidelberg, ready for a three-years' devotion to his art, to win his spurs, and already dreaming of a career as a virtuoso, with America as one goal, and an English wife as another, he writes his dearest mother that his "heart is as dead and barren as the future."

After he was comfortably settled — in an idyllic and simple fashion — in Leipzig, he once more began to lack money. On the sixteenth of November he wrote his mother: "For two weeks I have not had a shilling. I owe Wieck twenty thalers, and Lühe thirty, and I am actually living like a dog." His hair was "a yard long," yet he could not get it cut, and for a fortnight he had been obliged to wear white cravats, his black ones were so shabby. His piano is horribly out of tune. He can't even shoot himself, because he has no money or pistols. Still in all his mock despair he assures his mother that her fear lest a good tree may bear bad fruit will not be justified.

Schumann took lodgings near Wieck's house, and began at the very beginning, although he could read any concerto at sight. But he was so anxious to get ahead that he secretly practised for hours, fastening the third finger of his right hand in a strained position, hoping thereby to give it equal strength with the others, and thus equal if not surpass Moscheles. This, says Ambros, was a good illustration of the saying that a man is liable to break his neck if he jumps through a window in order to get down stairs quicker than by descending the stairway.

In the summer of 1831, perhaps owing to what he calls his "painful, almost childish, fear of cholera," — he even made his will, — Schumann thought of going to Weimar to take lessons of Hummel. But the plan was given up. Was it because of the slight lameness which he began to feel in his hand? Perhaps.

Two years later he wrote his friend Dr. Töpken that he is playing the piano but little, having injured and crippled one of the fingers of his right hand. The injury began, he says, by being insignificant, but through neglect it grew worse, so as to make it almost impossible to play at all. Yet he was resigned, and even considered it providential.

It was. It turned his activity into two channels, both of incomparable influence: composition and criticism.

Composition he had already attempted, though he knew not the laws of the science: at Leipzig a number of songs full of queer indiscretions, but also of soul and poetic feeling. At Mannheim he had met a young girl named Meta Abegg at a masked ball; and on the letters *a, b, e, g, g,* he wrote a set of variations afterwards printed

as Op. 1, and dedicated to a Countess Pauline Abegg, who existed only in his imagination.

This trifle formed a part of his "*Papillons*" ("Butterflies") which appeared in Leipzig in 1831. "In a short time," he wrote his mother, "I shall be the father of a healthy, blooming child, which I should like to have baptized in Leipzig. . . . Heaven grant that you may understand it with its earliest tones of youth, of living life!" They were directly inspired by Jean Paul's "*Hegeljahre*," as he writes to his friend Rellstab in Berlin: after reading the last scene in the work, as he called up before his mind Walt and Wult — and the masks — and the dances, he sat almost unconscious at the piano, "and so arose one *Papillon* after another."

He studied harmony with Friedrich Dorn, conductor of the Leipzig opera; but systematic application was contrary to his nature, and years later, when he had begun to feel the need of more thorough knowledge, a caller found Schumann and his wife poring over a manual of counterpoint. Schumann was always grateful to Dorn for his instruction, and speaks of him as the man who first helped him to the heights where he might see less of the common herd of men, and drink in more of the pure atmosphere of Art.

Schumann spent the winter of 1832 at Zwickau and Schneeberg writing his first symphony in G-minor. It was never published, but one movement was played at Zwickau at a concert in which Clara Schumann, a wonder child, took part. Schumann says her playing was so marvellous that Zwickau was fired to enthusiasm for the first time in its existence.

In March, 1833, he returned to Leipzig, where he lived in quiet though easy circumstances — a happy type of

"the free lance" in music, working as he pleased, and surrounded by gifted friends, whose stimulus made him eager to do something great.

Between him and the charming Frau Henriette Voigt, there was a noble platonic friendship which was interrupted only by the early death of the latter. He wrote to his mother in the following summer, of "two splendid female beings" who had come into their circle, — Emily, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the American Consul, "an Englishwoman through and through, with keen, sparkling eyes, dark hair, firm step, full of spirit, dignity, and life;" the other, Ernestine, the adopted daughter "of a rich Bohemian, Baron von Fricken, her mother a Countess Zeltwitz — a gloriously pure, childlike nature, tender and thoughtful, with the most intense love for me and everything artistic, extraordinarily musical." He whispers into her motherly and sympathetic ear that if he could choose he would make this young woman his wife. They became engaged, but the engagement was broken in the summer of 1835. She came from the little town of Asch, which he celebrated in music with a theme made up of the letters composing it, and mystically hidden in his own name.[1]

At Poppe's restaurant, Kaffeebaum, gathered every evening a coterie of young men, and Schumann frequently joined them, though he was apt to sit silent and pensive, dreaming his "Jean-Pauliads."

He wrote Clara Wieck: "I am often very leathery, dry, and disagreeable, and laugh much inwardly." And

[1] A-es-c-h: *Es* in German corresponds with E-flat; h for B-flat. "I have just discovered that the town of *Asch* has a very musical name, and that the same letters are found in my name, indeed, are the only musical ones in it," he writes in a letter dated September 13, 1834, and signed "Robert SCHumAnn."

again, speaking of his tendency to seclusion, he says: "Inwardly I acknowledge even the most trifling favor, understand every hint, every subtle trait in another's heart, and yet I so often blunder in what I say and do." Those who knew him best were satisfied with "his radiant expression and his speechless glance" when he approved of what was said.

Among these congenial spirits originated, at Schumann's suggestion, the musical journal which was to lead the revolt of genius against traditions, and be the protest of youth in favor of greater freedom, of new things. The year 1834 saw the establishment of the *New Journal of Music* ("*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*"), which at first was edited by Friedrich Wieck, Ludwig Schunke, Julius Knorr, and Schumann, but afterwards by Schumann alone. The various contributors employed various signatures, Schumann taking for his, either the figure 2 and combinations of it, or *Florestan*, *Eusebius*, *Meister Raro*, *Jeanquirit*, according as he wished to criticise from different points of view, the impulsive and imaginative, the gentle and sensitive, the light and humorous. These imaginary characters formed a revolutionary band, conspiring to fight Philistinism in all its forms. Schumann introduces them into his music; makes them figure in his carnival scenes. We have a march of the *Davidsbündler* against the Philistines.

Schumann certainly revolutionized the science of criticism, and the influence of the new journal, started at a time when both music and musical journalism were at a low tide, can never be over-estimated.

Schumann once declared that if he had not been feared as an editor, he would not have been able to find a publisher for his works. They were not generally

understood by his contemporaries; they were considered dry, eccentric, heavy, out of rule. Spohr, who could not comprehend Beethoven, found in Schumann's works "a want of euphony and melodious breadth of harmony!" But still he composed, with his eyes fixed not on present popularity, but on his ideal. Not until he published his lovely "*Kinderscenen*" was he appreciated by the general public.

Meantime Leipzig was blossoming out as the most musical city in Germany. Mendelssohn came there in 1835. On the evening after the first Gewandhaus concert, Wieck gave the new conductor a reception. Mendelssohn and Schumann met for the first time. The next day they dined together, and in the afternoon at six, Moscheles, Clara Wieck, and a pianist from Bremen played Bach's concerto for three pianos, Mendelssohn furnishing the orchestral parts on a fourth. "It was splendid," wrote Schumann.

Mendelssohn apparently influenced Schumann in the direction of greater perfection of form. They met frequently, though Schumann was such a recluse. He liked Mendelssohn better than Mendelssohn liked him, as was natural, considering their opposite polarities. "Mendelssohn," said he, "is a glorious fellow, a diamond right from heaven!" In another letter he calls him "a high mountain, a perfect god!"

Among the other brilliant lights who shone then were Chopin and Hiller, Gade and Henselt.

Clara Wieck had grown into a woman. Schumann, whose warm heart had been set to beating by the languishing eyes of dark-haired Italians, by intellectual English girls, and the pretty maidens of the Rhine, found in her at last his truest ideal. Years before she had been

perfection. He wrote her, in 1832: "I think of you not as a brother of a sister, or as a friend of his friend, but perhaps somewhat as a pilgrim thinks of the far-off altar-picture." And after asking her how apples tasted in Frankfurt, he closed with the words: "My paper comes to an end. Everything comes to an end except friendship."

She had become the greatest pianist in Germany. She played Bach, Chopin, Beethoven, and it was said of her, "She came, she played, and she conquered." No one could resist the poetry of "this tender, noble apparition." Schumann said Schubert, Paganini, Chopin, and now Clara, were examples of those brilliant flashes of lightning which make the world, that herd of cattle, look up from its tranquil grazing.

Schumann loved her. But her father, who Schumann said was a man of honor, but with a screw loose, refused to hear of their marriage. He even forbade any sort of intercourse, "on pain of death." He carried Clara off, and Schumann for a time did not even know where she was. At one time Wieck called him phlegmatic! — "*Carnaval*, and phlegmatic!" wrote Schumann; "F-sharp minor sonata, and phlegmatic! Love for such a maiden, and phlegmatic!" — Then he slightingly asks where is his "*Don Juan*" and his "*Freischütz*"? Then he scornfully remarks that the public will not buy his compositions. But the "*Kinderscenen*" had already appeared. And what promise there was in that marvellous "*Toccata*" (Op. 7), which is a prophecy of so much, — of all!

In 1838 Schumann, hoping to place his journal on a better paying basis, transferred it to Vienna. But he found Vienna had lost its prestige as a musical centre.

No one then seemed able to appreciate Jean Paul and Shakspere. The police authorities interfered with his work, and required him to have an Austrian editor. The struggle was in vain. Vienna cakes and the chorus in the Kärnthnerthor Theatre helped to console him, but in April of the following year he returned to Leipzig, and in revenge placed the "*Marseillaise*" in his Carnival Scene [1] from Vienna.

Wieck was still strong in his opposition. But, as Clara reciprocated his love, Schumann had recourse to law. The father's objections were overruled, and on September 12, 1840, Schumann, who, at his own request, had been made Doctor of Philosophy by the University, was married to Clara Wieck at the church of Schönfeld. Rückert wrote them a congratulatory poem.

Schumann felt justified at this step. He wrote, in the following February: "We are young, we have our fingers, power, reputation. I have, moreover, a modest property which brings me three hundred thalers a year; the profits of the *Journal* are almost as much, and my compositions are well paid for."

Yet the annoyances of the experience were exceedingly trying to a man of Schumann's temperament. He himself acknowledged that his concerto, his "*Davidsbündler*" dances, the E-minor sonata, the "*Kreisleriana*," and the "*Noveletten*," particularly betray the struggle that his Clara had cost him.

Hitherto, with the exception of the E-minor symphony, his works had been written exclusively for the piano. Now, under the inspiration of love, came upwards of one hundred songs in one year; and what gems most of them are!

[1] "*Faschingsschwank aus Wien.*"

Nearly all of his great works date during the five years that followed his marriage: in 1841, three symphonies; in 1842, mostly chamber music — three string quartets in a month, at the rate of one movement a day. The same year he wrote his quintet for piano and strings, which was first played on January 8, 1843, Madame Schumann at the piano. Berlioz was present, and took the fame of it to Paris.

In 1843 Mendelssohn established the Conservatory at Leipzig, and Schumann was appointed instructor in composition and part-playing. He had, however, little ability as a teacher.

The next year he accompanied Madame Schumann to Russia. The imperial family and many of the nobility were kind to them, and *all* the musicians were friendly. The Grand Princess Helena, whom they visited at Tsarskoye Selo, "treated them as she had never treated artists before." She was anxious to keep them there. Schumann found an older brother of his mother's living in Tver, and enjoyed the unexpected meeting. It is pleasant to read that complete reconciliation with "the old man" had at last taken place, and many of the details of their Russian visit are to be found in their letters to their "dear papa." Schumann forgave, if he never forgot, the cruel acts of his father-in-law.

After Mendelssohn was called to Berlin, Schumann, who had resigned his editorship, settled in Dresden, the change being necessitated by his ill-health. He wrote Mendelssohn, in July, 1845, that he had been having an awful winter: "absolute nervous prostration, accompanied by a swarm of terrible thoughts, nearly drove him to despair." Insomnia, a horror of death, a dislike of metal tools, a fear of being poisoned, tormented him.

The doctor forbade his hearing music. And Dresden was much more quiet than Leipzig. Here he had pleasant acquaintances, also, among them being the young Wagner, then kapellmeister, hot-headed and ready for any kind of revolution.

The following year he was much better; "the rosy glow" which he had begun to feel as a promise of renewed strength had brought its sunrise, and he composed his second symphony, the drums and trumpets of which had been throbbing and blaring in his head tremendously, as he writes.

Encouraged by the great success which his cantata "Paradise and the Peri"[1] had won in the Leipzig concerts of December, 1843, he took up the composition of an opera entitled "Genoveva," which was completed in 1848. When, after long delays caused by intrigue, this was produced in Leipzig in June, 1850, it fell unappreciated. In spite of its exquisite music, it was regarded as too monotonous, colorless, as over-sentimental and undramatic. After three performances it was shelved.

The same year he was called to Düsseldorf as "city music director," with the duty of conducting an orchestra and a vocal society. He believed in his own power as a director, but he, like Beethoven, really lacked the ability. He was nervous, and sometimes oblivious of what he was doing. If at rehearsal a piece went wrong, he would never think to stop and correct it, but would try the whole over and over, to the annoyance of the performers.

[1] In June he wrote to a friend that during the past ten days he had been putting on paper many hundred thousand notes and getting ready for the heavenly journey by means of a great work — an oratorio, not for the chapel, but for cheerful men, and that while composing it, an inner voice seemed to say to him in sweet accents: "Thou art not writing in vain. This production will become immortal."

This difficulty made his experience at Düsseldorf very trying, although he had exceptional opportunity for bringing out his own works. In November, 1853, the committee requested him to conduct only his own compositions, and leave the rest to Tausch, the music director. This led to open rupture, and he left Düsseldorf.

Those years had been splendidly prolific: among the compositions which poured from his pen after the completion of "Genoveva," was the beautiful "Faust" music, some of which was performed at Dresden, Leipzig, and Weimar, on the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's birth, Rückert's "Advent Song," the music to Byron's "Manfred," the "Wood Scenes," two symphonies, the overtures to the "Bride of Messina," "Julius Cæsar," and "Hermann and Dorothea," the cantata "The Pilgrimage of the Rose," his Mass and Requiem, and an immense number of songs and instrumental compositions. Many of them were written in most untoward circumstances, — in the nursery, surrounded by his children, in a noisy restaurant, sitting in a corner, face to the wall, oblivious of all things.

The following winter Schumann and his wife undertook an artistic tour through Holland, which, as he says, was "accompanied by good geniuses from beginning to end." He was surprised and delighted to find that his music was so thoroughly appreciated there, "almost more at home than it was in the Fatherland." Still even the Fatherland treated him well, for only a year or so before he had written that he was accustomed to be misunderstood by new acquaintances; but still he was pleased to notice how his music was more and more taking root in Germany and also abroad: "I receive many proofs of this."

In 1854 a Leipzig publisher arranged with him to bring out his literary and musical essays in four volumes. Schumann declared that he was glad to find that during the twenty years since some of them had been written, he had scarcely changed his opinions at all.

These essays contained most interesting estimates of nearly all the composers and performers of the epoch. Schubert, "that sweet, pale youth round whose lips ever plays an expression of approaching death;" Bach, who "was neither ancient nor modern, but much more — eternal;" Brahms, the "John who was destined to come . . . and to express the highest ideal utterance of our time," and hundreds of others. It was a many-sided criticism, a genial recognition of genius, a friendly warning, a trumpet-blast against unworthiness; the outpouring of a nature above pettiness, generous and sympathetic.

It was true in more senses than one that "Florestan," the impulsive critic, kept vases full of flowers instead of candles on his piano, especially when a woman's composition was to be tried for the first time!

Many of Schumann's criticisms have become the aphorisms of music. Many are treasured for their flashing keenness and their wit, as when he speaks of "the length, the heavenly length, like a romance in four volumes," — of a Schubert symphony.

When Schumann first thought of going to Düsseldorf, he looked up the place in a geography-book, and found that it had three convents and a mad-house. "I have no objection to the former," he wrote, "but it made me rather uncomfortable to read about the latter. . . . I have to be careful in guarding against all melancholy impressions."

The lunatic asylum, more than once and more than twice, loomed up as a part of the landscape. It was his doom.

The nervous disorders, which his passion for strong cigars undoubtedly aggravated, began to grow worse. He imagined that he heard persistent tones ringing in his ears. Sometimes he heard whole pieces. Mendelssohn and Schubert, who had been, with Bach, his guiding lights, seemed to come to him and hold communion with him.

One night he got out of bed to write down a theme that they gave him. His variations on this were his last work.

In February, 1854, he attempted to commit suicide by throwing himself into the same Rhine where Mendelssohn so narrowly escaped drowning. He also was rescued by the boatmen.

After this, he was confined in a private asylum near Bonn. He had lucid intervals; he corresponded with his friends, and received visits from them; he played and even composed, but it was a sad ending of an eagle's flight.

He died on July 29, 1856. A monument was erected over his grave in 1880, but he needed no other monument than his mighty works.

"Thou didst rule with a golden sceptre over a splendid world of tones, and thou didst work therein with power and freedom. And many of the best gathered round thee, intrusted themselves to thee, inspired thee with their inspiration, and rewarded thee with their deep affection. And what a love adorned thy life! A wife, gifted with a radiant crown of genius, stood at thy side, and thou wert to her as the father to daughter, as bridegroom to bride, and as master to disciple, and as saint to the elect. And when she could not be with thee and remove every stone

from before thy feet, then didst thou feel, in the midst of dreams and sorrows, her protecting hand from the distance; and when the Angel of Death had pity on thee, and drew nigh to thy anguished soul, in order to help it again toward light and freedom, in thy last hours thy glance met hers; and reading the love in her eyes, thy weary spirit fled."

Thus cried his friend Hiller, inconsolable at his loss.

FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN.

(1809-1849.)

"HATS off, gentlemen! a genius!"

With those words Robert Schumann, in his character of Eusebius the mild and dreamy, the gentle and sentimental, welcomed the young Polish composer, Frédéric Chopin, sixty years ago.

Julius Knorr, the pianist, who describes the conversation between the "*Davidsbündler*," — "the hosts of David," — replies —

"Chopin? I have never heard the name before — who may he be? Yet still he's a genius."

And "heated with wine, Chopin, and much discussion," the imaginary army go to see "Meister Raro," who is Schumann again as umpire, cool and critical between his own contrary and conflicting natures.

"Meister Raro" laughed much, and showed small curiosity over the new work.

"I know you and your new-fangled enthusiasm," he cries, "but let me see your Chopin once."

Henceforth "Eusebius," "Florestan," and "Meister Raro," that trinity of critics, all are one in their admiration of Chopin, the first of the generous youth "to scale the wall and fall upon the sleeping Philistines," and whip them hip and thigh, in that memorable uprising of Art which dates from 1830.

"He came not," says Schumann, "with an orchestral army, as great geniuses are wont to come. He possesses only a little cohort, but it belongs to him wholly and entirely, even to the last hero."

In the middle of the last century a former King [1] of Poland was Duke of Lorraine, and held court at Nancy. Naturally, many Poles settled or visited there, and through the friendships or acquaintances thus formed there would be Frenchmen going to Poland for profit or pleasure.

A Frenchman from Nancy had started as a tobacconist at Warsaw. The demand for his snuff became so great that he was obliged to have an assistant. About 1787 he engaged a youth of seventeen, named Nicolas Chopin, to come to Warsaw and keep his books for him.

There is a mystery about this Nicolas Chopin. All that is known about his early years is the date of his birth at Nancy. Whether his father was a Polish soldier named Szop, or a nameless Polish nobleman, or a French refugee named Chopin or Choppin, cannot be told.

When he reached Warsaw, he found that lively and picturesque capital in a ferment. Political hopes were beginning to rise, bright and enticing, before the eyes of the naturally light-hearted Poles. The Diet soon assembled, and after many stormy sessions passed the famous constitution of the third of May (1791), which promised to restore to the country her former greatness, — "the golden age of Poland."

But the Poles reckoned without their host.

It was a mirage.

First came commercial ruin caused by the uncertainty.

[1] Stanislas Leszczynski (pronounced *Les-chin-skee*).

There was greater demand for gunpowder than for snuff; the Frenchman's tobacco factory was closed.

Then came the national rising under Kosciuszko.

Nicolas Chopin joined the national guard and became captain. On the fifth of November he was on guard at Praga, and was relieved only a few hours before the Russians, under the cruel Suvárof, entered and massacred all the inhabitants — men, women, and children, to the number of ten thousand.

> "Poland, by the Northern condor's beak
> And talons torn, lay prostrated again."

This narrow escape turned his thoughts to his former home, but a severe illness prevented him, and on his recovery he maintained himself by giving French lessons. He was engaged as resident tutor in a wealthy family, one of his pupils being afterwards the mother of Count Walewski, minister to his father's nephew, Napoleon III.

In 1806, while tutor to the young Count Fryderyk Skarbek, at a manor-house about twenty-eight miles from Warsaw, he married a Polish lady,[1] whose name was longer than her fortune, but whose character was admirable in every respect. They lived for a few years in a humble little cottage belonging to the Skarbek estate, and here, on the first of March, 1809, was born their only son.

Warsaw, meantime, had been erected into a Grand Duchy, and Nicolas Chopin was appointed professor of French at the newly founded Lyceum. From this time forth, and with the improving condition of the country, the Chopins were in easy circumstances.

[1] Justina Krzyzanowska. The village where they lived at first, and where Frédéric Chopin was born, is Zelazowawola.

CHOPIN.

Nicolas Chopin was a man of blameless life and excellent abilities. He held various positions of trust, and counted among his friends many men of distinction. His wife, says Karasowski, "was peculiarly tender-hearted, and rich in true womanly virtues." She was free from pride, and "considered the quiet of home life the greatest of blessings."

In her old age, after the sorrows which came upon her in the death of her youngest daughter, of her husband, of her son, and of her oldest daughter, she was described as "a neat, quiet, intelligent old lady," of still remarkable activity. Her son called her "the best of mothers."

Frédéric was of rarely sensitive nature. All that is known of his early childhood is the fact that he could not hear music without sobbing violently. His first and only piano teacher was the Bohemian Adalbert Zywny, and his progress was so rapid that at eight he played before a numerous company, and was regarded as a second Mozart.

When he was nine he was invited to take part in a public charity concert organized by a number of influential citizens. The invitation was given personally by Poland's greatest poet.[1] After the concert, which took place in February, 1818, his mother asked him what the public liked best. The lad, who was of course arrayed in all the bravery of the Polish national costume, replied, "Oh, mamma, everybody was looking at my collar!"

Nearly two years later Madame Catalani gave four concerts in the Warsaw city hall. She expressed a wish to meet Frédéric Chopin, of whose precocious genius so much was said. She was so delighted with him that she gave him a watch with an inscription in French.

[1] Ursin Niemciewicz (pronounced Nee-em-tsee-á-vitch).

About this same time he composed a march which he dedicated to the Grand Duke, or, more correctly, Grand Prince Konstantin of Russia, who had renounced all right to the throne, and married a beautiful Polish lady — "the guardian angel of Poland." The Grand Duke had the piece scored for a military band, and played on parade.

Oftentimes a handsome carriage, drawn by four fine horses harnessed abreast, drove up to the Chopins' house, bringing Frédéric's young friend Paul, the Grand Duke's son, or adopted son, with his tutor, the Count de Moriolles. The two boys were about the same age and were great friends.

Among the aristocratic families of the Polish magnates, whose extravagance and pride were proverbial, young Chopin found a warm support. He was invited to the houses of many princes and counts, whose long and unpronounceable names star the history of Poland. There he got an insight into that wonderful elegance and refinement which characterized the Poles. This high society had a strong influence on his tastes and character. As he grew older, he spent many summers at the country estates of friendly families who had sons of his own age.

But his father, who kept a sort of boarding-school for boys, was too wise to let him fritter away his time. He recognized his genius, but knew that something besides music was necessary; so he fitted him for the Warsaw Lyceum.

Zywny, though not himself the best pianist at Warsaw, was a wise and admirable teacher. His great hobby was Bach, and thus Chopin had for a foundation this corner-stone of classic pianism. The "well-tem-

pered clavichord" was his daily bread. Afterwards, when about to give a concert, instead of practising his own compositions, he would shut himself up for a fortnight and play his Bach.

He was equally fortunate in his master in composition. This was Joseph Xaver Elsner, a native of Silesia, who, after a busy and varied life, had settled in Warsaw, as musical conductor of the theatre. He was director of the Warsaw Conservatory so long as it existed, and a man of keen insight and fine ability; "full of nobleness of purpose, learning, industry, perseverance."

He saw what a genius Chopin was, and said, "Leave him alone; he is extraordinarily gifted. He does not stick to the traditional methods, for he has his own, and he will develop an originality never before discovered in such a degree."

Many teachers would have tried to run his genius into a mould. Then, after wasting, perhaps, years of his life in the vain effort to stick to the mould, he would have split it by a sudden effort, and become unhampered, except so far as pieces of the mould clung to him.

That is what is generally meant by a man's three styles. He begins as an imitator. Then follows the period of the mould. Then the originality asserts itself.

Chopin was original from the beginning. At first, to be sure, he was more successful in evoking the tricksy spirits on the pianoforte than in catching them and confining them between the bars. Afterwards this power also came to him. He might have had severer training, but the world would probably have lost.

Elsner had the strength of his insight to resist the criticisms of people who thought Chopin should be

drilled in Himmel and Hummel. "The clever *Pan* Elsner," says a correspondent to Schumann's journal, "very clearly perceived what a poetic germ there was in the pale young dreamer, and felt very keenly that he had under him the founder of a new epoch of pianoforte playing, and declined to put a nose-band upon him, knowing well that such a noble thoroughbred may, indeed, be cautiously led, but must not be trained and fettered in the usual way."

Chopin always felt himself deeply beholden to his two teachers, especially to Elsner, who taught him, as Liszt says "to be self-exacting, and to value the advantages obtainable only through patience and hard work."

Chopin had great gift for improvisation. It is proved by two anecdotes.

Once when his father's assistant was not able to keep order in the schoolroom, Frédéric told the boys that if they would sit down and keep quiet, he would improvise an interesting story for them. He had the lights put out (for he always preferred darkness when improvising), and began.

He told how robbers were approaching the house, but just as they were going to climb into the windows, they were frightened away by some noise. Instantly, with winged feet they make for the deep, dark forest, and there, under the starry skies, they lie down and fall asleep.

He played more and more softly, and at last found that all his audience, like the robbers themselves, were sound asleep.

Then he stole out, called in his sisters and the servants with lights, and, seating himself at the piano again, played a crashing chord, which woke up all

the sleeping robbers, much to the amusement of every one.

Another time, the summer before he entered the Lyceum, he was visiting at a country house.[1] Some Jews had come to the village to buy grain. He invited them to his room, and entertained them by playing *Majufes*, or wedding marches. His guests fell to dancing, and were so pleased that they urged him to come to an approaching Jewish wedding; for, said they, "you play like a born Jew!"

In his letters home he gives entertaining descriptions of life in the country, especially of his attempts at horseback riding. The flies bother him by lighting on his prominent nose, and the mosquitoes bite him — fortunately *not* on his prominent nose.

He was full of good spirits, a capital mimic, and not only acted well, but also wrote a clever little play that was performed on his father's birthday.

In the early summer of the year following, Chopin improvised in public on a new-fangled instrument called an *aelopantaleon* — a sort of combination of æolomelodicon and piano. When the Emperor Alexander I. was in Warsaw at the same time, he expressed a desire to hear the æolomelodicon, which was the invention of a Warsaw genius. One was set up in the Lutheran Church, and Chopin was called upon to play it and display it. The Emperor was so pleased that he rewarded the boy with a diamond ring.

This same year was also memorable for the publication of his first *opus* — a rondeau for the piano, dedicated to Mrs. Linde, the wife of his father's friend the Rector, Dr. Linde. Schumann, who got hold of it later, charac-

[1] With the Dziewanowskis at Szafarnia.

terized it as "very pretty, very piquant, almost Moscheleslque."

His progress toward individuality and freedom was very marked in his next pieces. As Schumann said, there must have been two years and twenty works between Opus one and two. They were not published in the order of their birth.

In his second rondeau (*à la Mazur*), Chopin's liking for difficult skips, and for chords to be grasped only by large hands, began to manifest itself. It is said that in order to stretch his own hand, he invented an apparatus to put between his fingers and wear at night. He was more fortunate than Schumann, for the experiment did not end in permanent lameness.

During the summer holidays of 1826, Chopin, with his mother and sisters, went to Reinerz, a famous watering-place in Prussian Silesia, to drink whey for his health. He had been overworking. He was forbidden to climb the Heuscheuer mountain; but in spite of what he calls his laziness, he gave a successful concert in behalf of two young children who had been left orphans, without money enough to pay the funeral expenses of their poor mother or to reach their home.

At this time he is described as being a youth with clear, finely-cut features, high brow, thin lips, the lower protruding slightly, and an expression of gentle melancholy. His health, though not robust, was generally good.

From Reinerz, Chopin went to the summer residence of his godmother,[1] and also visited Prince Anton Radziwill at his country seat, Antonin, which was near by.

[1] Mrs. Wiesiolowska at Strżyzewo, sister of Count Fryderyk Skarbek.

Prince Radziwill was governor of Posen, and nearly related to the royal family of Prussia. He was also passionately fond of music, and composed very creditable works — for a prince. His music to "Faust" was performed at the Berlin Singakademie only a few years ago, to considerable satisfaction. A few years later, when the Prince was the representative of Prussia at the coronation of Nicholas at Warsaw, he frequently visited the Chopins. The friendship between him and the delicate, sensitive youth was very pleasant.

In 1827 Chopin passed his examinations, though not with flying colors, so much had music absorbed his time and energies, and graduated from the Lyceum. It was finally decided that he should devote himself to Art, and so with great joy he made his first visit to Berlin in company with a learned friend of his father's, who was going to attend the Scientific Congress there.

Chopin was more interested in musical celebrities than in the zoölogical professors who gathered round Humboldt. He was too modest to intrude upon Mendelssohn and the other famous musicians who were there at the time, but he heard some fine performances of opera, and was greatly impressed by Händel's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." His letters home detail all his experiences, and give the impression of a keen-witted, rather satirical young man, who finds a comedy *in*, not *on*, the stage, who pokes fun at the scientists, — all save Humboldt, — and who criticises the dress of the Berlin ladies.

On his return to Warsaw, Chopin led a rather gay life — going to so many parties that, as he expressed it, he could compose nothing worthy either of God or of man. He had a pleasant little nook in his father's

house, where many of the talented young musicians and poets of the city often gathered.

Warsaw, though out of the world, as it were, was not wholly without advantages: French and German operas were given at the theatres, and the great Hummel played that winter and had a powerful influence on Chopin's style. He also heard Paganini, and perhaps helped toward purchasing the gold snuff-box which was presented to the uncanny magician of the violin.

Next August found Chopin in Vienna, after a delightful journey with three congenial friends in a private carriage, through "the Polish Switzerland," and "the picturesque regions of Galicia, Upper Silesia, and Moravia." His friends urged him to give a concert, and at last he consented. It took place at the Imperial Opera House on the eleventh of the month. He writes that he was called back several times, and his "free fantasy" on a Polish theme electrified the audience, and was "followed by stormy applause and many recalls."

The only drawback was the grumbling and sour faces of the orchestra, at having to read his illegible manuscript.

A week later he gave a second concert, which was even more successful, though he refused to be paid for his services at either. He was praised by all the amateurs and favorably criticised by the press. Some of the ultra Germans ("*Stockdeutschen*") thought he played too delicately. This was indeed his strong point. "I know," says he, "that I have pleased the ladies and the musicians."

The days and evenings of his stay were fully occupied with sight-seeing, music, and visits at the houses of the Vienna aristocracy, with whom he instantly became a

great favorite. Musically, also, his visit was a great gain to him. He wrote home that he already felt forty years wiser and more experienced. His health was good, and he was in capital spirits. The day before he left Vienna he remarked, "My popularity is here on the *crescendo*, and that indeed pleases me."

Such praise and compliments as he received would have intoxicated a more experienced man. Nevertheless, he was sober enough to write that his finances were in the best of order.

After a tearful parting from his new Vienna friends, Chopin started for Dresden, stopping on the way at the famous old city of Prague, where he enjoyed "the charming views, the majestic cathedral with its silver statue of St. Johannes, the beautiful chapel of St. Wenzel, adorned with amethysts and other jewels," and a visit to the Museum under the personal direction of the learned Waclaw Hanka, a friend of Count Skarbek's.

He also made the acquaintance of the parsimonious but celebrated pianist and composer, August Alexander Klengel, whom he liked much better than Czerny, though he did not wish his "dear ones" to repeat it.

At Teplitz, Chopin found a number of friendly Poles, and one of them introduced him to Prince Clary, one of the richest magnates of Austria. He went to the castle, dressed in his best white gloves, and found a brilliant assemblage of Austrian princes, generals, counts, and ladies. He was asked to play, and judged that he succeeded in pleasing with an improvisation on the chief theme from Rossini's "Moses."

He was urged to dine next day, and even to make a longer stay at the castle, but he refused the temptations offered, and, joining his travelling companions, was

borne into Dresden by a team which cost the enormous sum of two thalers!

At Dresden, Tieck's adaptation of Goethe's "Faust" was given in commemoration of the author's eightieth birthday, with passages from Spohr's music to "Faust" in the *entr'actes*. There was such a rush for places that Chopin had to stay for an hour in the "*queue*" that was formed in front of the box-office.

He was back in Warsaw by the middle of September.

Prince and Princess Radziwill offered him lodgings in their palace in Berlin, but he distrusted their "fair words" and remembered the old proverb, "It is not good to eat cherries with great lords;" nevertheless, he could not resist the temptation of a week at Antonia, that "Paradise" whereof the young princesses are the "two Eves."

But Berlin offered slight advantages for a musician. He exclaimed in a letter to a friend that he had undertaken so much work that it would be wiser to stay at home, even though Warsaw were a melancholy place to him. He must be near his parents, and, moreover, "Pan Frycek," — Mr. Freddie, — as his Polish friends called him, had found his ideal and was worshipping her faithfully and sincerely, and dreaming of her every night (so he said), though he had never spoken a word with her!

This was Constantia Gladkowska, a young singer who was receiving her musical training at the Warsaw Conservatory. His letters for a year to come to his friend Titus[1] are full of sentimental ravings worthy of Jean Paul and quite out-Schumann Schumann! A vein of humor saves them from being nauseating. He was so

[1] Titus Woyciechowski, whose country seat was at Poturzyn.

deeply in love, that in a fit of melancholy, such as occasionally made the valleys between his mountainous spirits, he wished that when he was dead, his ashes should be scattered under her feet. Like most youthful passions, it burned itself out. Not even ashes of roses were left.

On November 1, 1830, he left his "sweet home" as he calls it, with the presentiment that he should never return to it, or see his native land again. His friends accompanied him part way on his journey: a farewell banquet was given him at the end of the first stage; the Conservatory pupils sang a cantata composed for the occasion by the worthy Elsner, and a silver goblet filled with Polish soil was presented to him with the needless injunction never to forget his country or his friends who expected great things of him.

It took him nearly a month to reach Vienna, for he delayed four days at Breslau at "the Golden Goose" Inn, and enjoyed music and the theatre, and intercourse with congenial friends; also a week at Dresden, where he had his first ride in a *poste-chaise,* or sedan-chair, — "a curious but comfortable box," the bottom of which he was tempted to kick out, — and visited the Green Vault, and went to innumerable dinners, soirées, operatic performances; also at Prague, where he probably went through the same routine.

His first letter to his parents, from Vienna, shows him in good spirits — "sound as a lion." He makes a terrible pun, occasioned by the fact that he and his friend Titus were occupying three charming rooms on the cabbage market, just vacated by an English admiral. "Admiral!" he exclaims, "and I receive admiration!"

Chopin expected to find the impression which he had

made in Vienna still vivid — the iron still hot. He was mistaken. All his plans for concerts fell through. The publishers were not ready to accept his compositions, much less to pay for them.

Then came the Polish insurrection, caused by the tyranny of the Grand Duke Konstantin. Chopin was moved to join the insurgents. He hired post-horses, and tried to overtake his friend Titus, who, at the first news, had started for home.

But, after a few stages, his resolution gave out. He returned to Vienna, and had his picture painted, since he was not in a mood for playing. He says the artist has given him an inspired look, though why, he cannot imagine. He makes many visits, attends "many dinners, soirées, concerts, and balls," which only bore him, and he indulges in sarcastic references to various notabilities; which he confesses is due to his frivolity, and promises to amend. Yet, at heart, he longs to be at home.

"I am sad," he writes one of his Warsaw friends. "I feel so lonely and neglected here. I cannot live as I would like. I must dress, must appear in the *salons* with cheerful face; but when I am in my room again, I have a confidential talk with my piano, and tell it all my woes as to my best friend here in Vienna."

Niecks declares that Chopin mentions in his letters from Vienna upwards of forty families and individuals with whom he was personally acquainted, and that his gayeties prevented him much study or composition.

Chopin's eight months at the Austrian capital were productive of little good. He added almost nothing to his list of compositions, and he made no money. Toward the end of his stay he forced himself to give

a concert, but it did not pay expenses. It was at exactly the wrong moment, and perhaps caused him to draw upon his parents, suggesting that they should sell the ring given him by the Emperor Alexander.

He was often in low spirits, but found recreation in excursions and other amusements.

In June, 1831, he went to Munich, where he was kept waiting for funds, but having made some musical acquaintances, he was induced to give a concert in the hall of the Philharmonic Society at which he played his E-minor concerto, and a fantasia on Polish national songs. He "gained unanimous applause."

It was the last time that he ever played in public in Germany.

At Stuttgart he learned of the capture of Warsaw by the Russians. This sad event is said to have inspired his étude in C-minor.

The Russian ambassador at Vienna gave Chopin permission to go only to Munich, but his passport contained the words (in French), "Passing through Paris to London,"—and to Paris he came. It was henceforth his home.

Poland and the Poles were at this time objects of sympathy to the Parisians; whereas in Austria, in Vienna, it was quite the opposite. General Ramorino had just returned from Poland, where he had taken part in the insurrection. A regular mob shouting "*Vivent les Polonais!*" besieged his lodgings. The police had to clear the streets.

And the timid, gentle, irresolute Chopin lived in the fourth story of a house opposite the General's lodgings!

But other things besides mobs excited the Paris of 1831. It was the very heyday of French romanticism, and Victor Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, Alfred de Musset, and

a dozen other young geniuses, were just beginning to give the world the benefit of their lights.

Romanticism in music was also welcomed; Chopin had found his place. And what a host of talented musicians and composers there were in Paris at that time! We need only mention Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Liszt! They all met in the salon of old Cherubini, whom at first Chopin called a mummy, though he afterwards came to like him better.

The stiff, elegant, and marchpane-like Kalkbrenner, whom he thought as perfect in his way as Paganini, wanted to give him lessons, and promised in three years' time to make a great artist of him, thoroughly grounded in the old traditions. But Chopinetto (as Mendelssohn called the little man) had no wish to surrender his individuality, even though he recognized his shortcomings in technique.

"I shall never become a copy of Kalkbrenner," he wrote his old teacher Elsner: "he will not be able to break my perhaps bold but noble resolve — *to create a new art era.*"

He did, however, attend Kalkbrenner's class for advanced pupils, to see what it was like: and Mendelssohn and some of Chopin's other friends, who undervalued Kalkbrenner and thought Chopin played better than he did, were furious.

Chopin's first concert in Paris took place on February 26, 1832, after several annoying delays and postponements. He was assisted by Kalkbrenner and others; financially it was a failure, the audience consisting chiefly of Poles, and most of the tickets having been given rather than sold. But all the musical celebrities of Paris were there, and everybody was taken by storm.

Mendelssohn was present and "applauded triumphantly." In the following May he played again at a charity concert given by the Prince de la Moskowa.

At first he seems to have had plenty of funds, for he paid twenty-five francs for a place at the opera to hear Malibran, Rubini, and Schröder-Devrient. Later, his funds ran low. His health became precarious, and he was depressed in spirits. He seriously thought of emigrating to America. His parents advised him to return to Warsaw, and, against the advice of Liszt and his friends, he was on the point of doing so when (so the story runs), he met Prince Valentine Radziwill, who took him to a soirée at the Rothschilds', where he played and delighted every one.

From this time forth he began his career as one of the great pianists of Paris, and "professor *par excellence* of the aristocracy."

He himself wrote early in 1833: —

"I move in the highest society — among ambassadors, princes, and ministers; and I don't know how I got there, for I did not thrust myself forward at all." Then speaking of the esteem in which he is held by his fellow-artists who dedicate their compositions to him, he continues: —

"Pupils of the Conservatoire, nay, even private pupils of Moscheles, Herz, and Kalkbrenner (consequently clever artists), take lessons from me, and regard me as the equal of Field. Really, if I were somewhat more silly than I am, I might imagine myself a finished artist; nevertheless, I feel daily how much I have still to learn."

His friendship with Hiller and Liszt was very delightful, and at the houses of the influential Poles in Paris he was always a welcome visitor. One day he came into

Count Plater's *salon* in the character of *Pierrot* or Harlequin, and after jumping and dancing about for an hour, left without saying a word!

Yet generally he was distinguished for his gracious manners, his "studied but somewhat affected refinement in all things, his gentleness and winning playfulness." Affectionate as he was to his friends, it was only a few, and those his Polish intimates, who, as Liszt says, "penetrated into the sacred recess where, apart from the rest of his life, dwelt the secret fountain of his soul."

Chopin used his growing popularity and fame to float his compositions, many of which he had brought with him from Poland. In looking over the list one is surprised both at the rapid succession with which, after 1832, they came out, and at the skill with which he selected princes and counts, princesses and countesses, for his dedications. In this respect he was rivalled only by Beethoven.

Though his works were written in such an unusual vein, they were generally well received by the critics, which was not the case with those of Schumann, who was often soundly rated by those who failed to understand his depth and height. Chopin, however, knew himself and his limitations. He could not be induced to write an opera.[1] To one of Louis Philippe's aides who asked him why, with his admirable ideas, he did not do so, he replied: "Ah, count, let me compose nothing but piano-forte music; I am not learned enough to write operas."

Such self-knowledge is rare. It has been remarked

[1] The Polish national opera was established in 1778. Between that time and 1859 there were at Warsaw 5,917 performances, of 285 works with Polish words. Of these ninety-two were composed by 16 Polish composers.

that geniuses often have prided themselves most on what they did least well. Chopin's forte lay in the smaller forms of music; even orchestral writing he quickly abandoned, and thus he stands forth as the greatest of masters of pure pianoforte composition. In this respect one might compare him to a Japanese artist, whose greatest labors were exerted on carving a minute piece of ivory into a marvel of delicate beauty.

During the year 1835 he played frequently in public, but each time he came to dread it more and more. He told Liszt that he was not fit to give concerts, that the crowd intimidated him and paralyzed him with their curious looks.

Moreover, his playing was too delicate, refined, and subtile for large audiences; and modest as he was, this lack of success on a grand scale was a great disappointment to him, as Niecks says, cruelly torturing and slowly consuming his life like a malignant cancer.

In private, however, and with congenial spirits, he delighted in showing his unique mastery of the piano; and during a charming visit which he made to Leipzig, primarily to make the acquaintance of Clara Wieck, he played at several houses, enchanting every one. Even Mendelssohn called him "a really perfect virtuoso."

Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, whom Niecks calls "the three most distinguished composers of their time," were together for several hours.

Chopin also went to Carlsbad, where he met his father and mother, after an absence of five years; and from there he ran across to Dresden to see his boyhood friends, the Wodzińskis. There were three brothers, all of whom took part in the Polish revolution, and one sister, the Countess Maria, a tall, slender girl of nineteen, with

fiery black eyes, long luxuriant ebony-black hair, and a talent for music and painting.

Chopin fell in love with her, and offered himself to her. She liked him, but yielding to her parents' wishes, refused his hand. She gave him a rose and drew his portrait. He composed for her a waltz.

Afterwards she married a son of Chopin's godfather, Count Fryderyk Skarbek, and the marriage turned out a failure.

Chopin was in Leipzig again the following summer (just after his rejection by the lovely countess), and enjoyed much intercourse with Schumann. He wrought with him some "heavenly" études, nocturnes, mazurkas, and a new ballade, all of which he played "very incomparably."

In July, 1837, Chopin visited London, and was introduced to the piano manufacturer James Broadwood, under the name of M. Fritz. He dined at Broadwood's house and played "most beautifully" (sō Mendelssohn reported), and was detected in his incognito. He was suffering with his lungs, and therefore refrained from all acquaintances. He attended a few concerts, and disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

Hitherto his health, though never robust, had been good; from this time forth his life was a long battle with disease.

Early in 1837 Chopin gave a little party in his rooms. Liszt brought with him the famous novelist, George Sand,[1] a beautiful but undisciplined genius, in whose veins flowed the blood of Polish kings mixed with that of the daughters of French Bohemia.

[1] Amantine Lucile Aurore Baronne Dudevant (née Dupin). Her great-grandfather was Maréchal de Saxe, natural son of August the Strong, King of Poland.

Separated from her husband, George Sand amused herself with love-affairs with poets and musicians. Alfred de Musset had fallen under her spell; now it was Chopin's turn. He was delicate and feminine, she was masculine, and even at times wore men's clothes. He was weak and vacillating; she was strong and self-willed. She soon obtained complete control of him.

Accounts differ as to Chopin's personal appearance. Niecks, who follows Karasowski to a certain extent, says he was slim and of middle height, with delicately formed hands and feet, an oval softly outlined head, a pale transparent complexion, long silken hair of a light chestnut color, parted on one side; tender brown eyes, intelligent rather than dreamy; a finely curved aquiline nose; a sweet subtle smile, and graceful and varied gestures.

His dress was always studiously elegant, vainer of dress than any woman; he even had his hair curled. Perhaps George Sand's utter unconventionality was the cause of Chopin's first impression of dislike to her. This was soon dissipated by her beauty and her wonderful power of pleasing.

He visited her several times at her country estate at Nohant, and when, in 1838, she went to Majorca for the sake of her son Maurice's health, Chopin was induced to accompany her, thinking that the rest, the freedom from care, and the out-of-door life, would be good for him.

At first, the picturesque tropical scenery, the delicious climate and the novel life were delightful; but when the wet season set in, the dampness and the impossibility of keeping warm set Chopin to coughing worse than ever. All the doctors in the island were called in, and Chopin, who gives an amusing account of their methods of procedure, declares that he had a narrow

escape from their bleedings, cataplasms, and such like operations. They took up their lodgings in "an old, vast, abandoned, and ruined monastery of Carthusians" at Valdemosa; "the most poetic residence on earth." Chopin's cell, so he wrote, was shaped like a coffin, high and full of dust, with a small window shaded by orange, palm, and cypress trees, and over their heads majestically soared the eagles.

He had a piano sent to him from Paris, but it fell into the clutches of the customs officers, who demanded a duty of five or six hundred francs, but accepted, after much wrangling, three hundred. Rightly enough, Chopin called the people thievish.[1]

Their food consisted mainly of pork "appearing in all imaginable and unimaginable guises and disguises." Juicy grapes, excellent potatoes from Malaga, and fried Valencia pumpkins, gave a zest to their appetite, but the terrible rains frequently spoiled everything, and to keep from starving they had to gnaw the dryest of dry bread. Had Chopin been well, he might have enjoyed the rough-and-ready picnic, but bronchitis and nervous excitement brought on symptoms of pulmonary phthisis, and his spirits were at the lowest ebb. He was irritable and difficult to manage; in short, as George Sand declared, "a detestable patient."

Toward the last of February, when fair weather set in, they left Majorca on a steamboat loaded down with pigs, which made the voyage almost unendurable, and when they reached Barcelona, he was "spitting basins of blood and crawling along like a ghost." The doctor on a French war-ship soon stopped the hemorrhage, and he

[1] Read George Sand's *Un Hiver à Majorque* for an exaggerated but charmingly poetic description of this abode in the Carthusian monastery.

began to improve. At Marseilles he was kept till early summer under the care of an excellent doctor, "resigning himself to recover patiently."

By the last of April he was so much better that he could play the organ at a memorial service at the Church of Notre-Dame-du-Mont, for the tenor, Adolphe Nourrit, who had committed suicide at Naples. He played a simple melody of Schubert's "as a souvenir to place upon his coffin." The organ was very bad, but Chopin did his best with it, and the song sounded "like the far-off echo from another world."

He also made a trip to Genoa, and for the first time saw Italy, which nine years before had been the land of his dreams.

After a visit at Nohant he returned to Paris in October, 1839, and immediately resumed his lessons. He must have been very much better, for Moscheles, who met him for the first time a few months later, spoke of him as merry and exceedingly comical in his imitations of Liszt and other musicians. He and Moscheles were invited together to play at St. Cloud before Louis Philippe and the royal family. The King sent Chopin a gold cup and saucer, and to Moscheles "a travelling-case, the sooner to get rid of him," remarked Chopin with sly humor. Chopin, however, did not like a Jew.

In April, 1841, and in the following February, Chopin mustered courage to give concerts at Pleyel's rooms. The audiences were most aristocratic, and the critics waxed eloquent over the chaplets of trembling pearls, the roses and mignonettes, the interplay of gay colors, over "the perfumed heads and snowy shoulders" of beautiful women whom princely salons were proud to honor.

The effect of Chopin's playing upon the poets and musicians of the time was very remarkable, and so many of them have described it that we almost know what it was. Individuality was its great feature. Schumann declared that he knew his instrument as no one else did. He was called the Ariel of the pianoforte. Heine and Liszt rhapsodize about his poetic interpretations. His playing was the soul of tenderness, delicacy, refinement. It reminded some one of the warbling of linnets. George Sand called him "Velvet Fingers."

Between 1838 and 1846 Chopin spent eight summers at the Château de Nohant. The monotonous life there, varied though it was by the singing of nightingales and the visits of distinguished people, bored him frightfully. He longed for Paris, but his love for George Sand kept him a prisoner; and, moreover, the quiet and freedom from cares enabled him to indulge in composition. Niecks speaks of the friendship between him and the painter Delacroix as a green oasis in the barren desert, amidst the affectations, insincerities, and superficialities of his social intercourse at Nohant. His infatuation reminds one of that of Odysseus for the immortal but cruel nymph Kalypso. But Chopin's Kalypso smoked, and smoked enormously thick Trabucco cigars: and she called him "*mon cher cadavre!*"

In Paris they lived in fine apartments in the Court d'Orleans, called Little Athens from the number of celebrities who had inhabited it.

Chopin's rooms were furnished with much luxury; flowers, of which he was passionately fond, always abounded. Easy-chairs and cushions embroidered by princesses and titled dames, his pupils, rugs, and handsome tablecloths made them cosey. He had a "sanc-

tum," where he could retire if he liked; but he used it chiefly in giving his lessons. He was generally short of money, and always quarrelling with his publishers, whom in his letters he calls Jews, rogues, dogs, fools, knaves, and thieves who tried to cheat him out of all profit for his "manuscript flies" and "spider feet."

Though he earned much he was generous and improvident. His poor countrymen were always draining him of his last franc. On one occasion he spent a thousand francs at a charity fair, and gave back all the knick-knacks he bought to be sold again. He got twenty francs a lesson, but he never taught more than five hours a day, and many of his lessons were for love, not money. He kept a cat, and indulged in the luxury of a male servant at a salary of nearly two thousand francs.

In spite of his exquisite manners, his love for "high society" sometimes made him actually rude to those who much more deserved his consideration. He was often tormented by "dilettante bores," and he kept clear of young pianists so far as he could. Karasowski relates an example of his impertinent behavior to the young Bohemian, Schulhof, until the latter had played to him, when he made amends. It was a common criticism of him, that he was spoiled by the caprices of society, and "was too apt to treat his brother artists with a supercilious hauteur which many of his equals and a few of his superiors were wont to stigmatize as insulting."

Niecks says that even among his friends he was more loved than loving. Liszt says, "Ready to give everything, he did not give himself." He was too apt to say pleasant things to people's faces, and cutting things behind their backs.

He was, at least in his later years, when worn with

illness, extremely irritable; and when teaching, if things went wrong, would jump up and ask if a dog had been barking; or (so it is said) fling the music on the floor and break up the chairs as ferociously as Beethoven himself ever did. Such were some of the spots on the sun.

Bach and, above all, Mozart were his ideals, "his gods." Hummel, Field, and Moscheles were his favorite pianists. Field's "Nocturnes" were greatly prized by him. He admired Schubert, though not without reserve. Weber and Beethoven only partially satisfied him. He disliked much of Mendelssohn's music, and found still less to praise in Schumann, never using any of his pieces in giving his lessons. He disapproved of Berlioz, and while he liked Meyerbeer[1] personally he heartily disliked his music. Liszt says truly that Chopin sought in the great masterpieces only that which corresponded with his nature. "What resembled it pleased him; what differed from it received scant justice from him."

With Liszt himself he was on terms of the most intimate comradeship until their quarrel, which is said to have resulted from a circumstance not very creditable to the former. Yet he and Liszt can hardly be said to have been friends. Chopin rarely mentioned him without a sneer, and Liszt, who wrote a poetic rhapsody in prose on Chopin's life, did not fail to point out his weaknesses.

Just as Rossini dreaded the fatal number thirteen, Chopin had a superstitious horror of the figure seven.

[1] It is said that once Meyerbeer had a falling-out with his wife. He sat down at the piano, and played a nocturne sent him by Chopin. Such was the effect of the music on his helpmeet, that she went and kissed him. Thereupon Meyerbeer wrote the composer, telling him of the incident, and inviting him to come and see their domestic happiness.

He would not live in a house that bore the number, or start to travel on a day of the month that was marked by it. His shameful alliance with Madame Sand began in 1837, and it was in 1847 that it ended. It is a long and sad story. Probably Kalypso tired of Odysseus. She sought a pretext for dissolving the wearisome bonds. In her novel "Lucrezia Floriani," under the mask of Prince Karol she caricatured Chopin and deeply wounded him.

The connection was broken. The two geniuses parted, never to meet but once again, and then only for a moment. As for Chopin, he loved her to the end.

In February, 1848, Chopin gave his last concert in Paris, before an audience said to have been selected and sifted by himself from a long list, so that he was surrounded only by his friends. Tickets were twenty francs, and never did he win greater success. A second concert was projected, but the outbreak of the French Revolution on February 22, 1848, upset all his plans.

Two months later Chopin arrived in the "whirlpool of London," and secured a "fine large room," where he hoped to be able "to breathe and play."

He could rarely be prevailed upon to play in society. But he was heard at the Countess of Blessington's and at the Duchess of Sutherland's, and also at a private house, where one who was present wrote: "I do not know what he played to us, I do not know how long our ecstasy lasted; we were no longer on earth; he had transported us into unknown regions, into a sphere of flame and azure, where the soul freed from all corporeal bonds floats towards the infinite. This was, alas! the song of the swan."

He was invited to play at the Philharmonic, but de-

clined. He gave, however, two matinées at private houses, with tickets at a guinea. They brought him money, but he was in such wretched health that life seemed dark to him, and he soon gave up his possible plan of settling in England.

He played at Manchester for sixty pounds sterling, and made a long visit in Scotland, where one of his favorite pupils, Miss Stirling, resided. He gave a successful concert also in Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is said that the Broadwood piano on which he played was afterwards sold at a premium of £30.

After a visit at Stirling Castle he wrote that he should soon be forgetting his Polish; that he already spoke French with an English accent, and English like a Scotchman. French he always spoke with a foreign accent in spite of his French birth. His intercourse as usual was with the high nobility. "I drag," he wrote, "myself from one lord to another, from one duke to another."

The last concert at which he ever appeared — this, says Niecks (whose admirable biography ought to be in the hands of every music lover), "may be truly called the swan's song," — took place at Guildhall on the sixteenth of November, 1848, on the same evening as the annual "Grand Polish Ball." Mr. Hueffer says "he was in the last stages of exhaustion, and the affair resulted in disappointment."

Perhaps the little attention which this performance attracted caused him to exclaim on the journey home: "Do you see the cattle in that meadow? They have more intelligence than the English!"

On his return to Paris he was too ill to teach. His capricious improvidence had left him almost penniless,

and only the generosity of his friends, especially Miss Stirling, who sent him anonymously twenty-five thousand francs, kept him from actual want.

His last days were days of weariness and pain. His sister Louisa, the faithful Princess Czartoryska, the beautiful Countess Potocka, who loved him dearly, and several other friends, were unwearied in their attentions. The death struggle was long and trying. Two days before he died, the Countess Potocka, "mastering her sorrow and suppressing her sobs," sang "beside the bed where her friend was exhaling his life." A Polish abbé[1] gave him the sacrament.

The priest afterwards writing of it said: —

"From this moment, by God's grace, or rather under the hand of God Himself, he became quite another man, and one might almost say he became a saint. . . . His patience and resignation to the will of God did not abandon him up to the last minute."

He died early in the morning of October 17, 1849. A fortnight later a most imposing funeral ceremony took place in the Church of the Madeleine, which was packed to the doors. Mozart's Requiem was performed, with the greatest singers of Paris as soloists. Liszt conducted the procession which carried Chopin's body to the mausoleum, to the solemn sounds of his own "funeral march."

He was buried in Père-la-Chaise, Meyerbeer, Prince Czartoryski, Delacroix, and other noted men, being pall-bearers. Over his coffin was scattered the Polish soil which he had kept for nineteen years in the silver cup presented to him on leaving Warsaw forever. His heart was taken to Poland, and is preserved in the Holy Cross Church at Warsaw, where a marble bust of the composer was set up a few years ago.

[1] Alexander Jelowicki.

Clésinger, the husband of George Sand's daughter, designed a monument, which was unveiled on the next anniversary of his death.

Miss Stirling bought at the public auction all the furniture of his former rooms, a portrait painted by Ary Scheffer, his Pleyel piano, the Sèvres porcelain presented to him by Louis Philippe, and all the trophies of his friendships.

In 1858, after Miss Stirling's death, these objects were sent to Warsaw to Chopin's mother, and three years later came into the hands of his sister Isabella.

The Russian Count Berg, Governor-general of Poland, after the insurrection on January, 1863, was shot at from a house next where Chopin's sister lived. The Russian soldiery, infuriated, surrounded the two houses, removed all the inhabitants of them, and then sacked them. All the precious Chopin memorials were thrown into the street, and helped to make a bonfire. A Russian officer himself flung the Ary Scheffer portrait into the flames. Thus perished all the books and papers, and the letters which had been preserved during eighteen years. Only the Pleyel piano, which happened to be elsewhere, was saved.

Such an ending of Chopin memorials seems to me quite in keeping with the tragic note of Chopin's life, — that tragic note which rings persistently through his marvellous compositions.

Niecks says Chopin's importance in the realm of art "lies in his having added new elements to music," in having originated new "means of expression" for moods and emotions, and shades of moods and emotions that hitherto had "belonged to the realm of the unuttered and the unutterable," and he quotes with approval the

dictum that his compositions are "the celestial echo of what he had felt, loved, and suffered."

His works are indeed his autobiography, told only to those who can read under the notes. "No other poet," says Niecks again, "has like Chopin embodied in art the romance of the land and people of Poland. And also no other poet has like him embodied in art the romance of his own existence."

"Poland," says Heine, "gave him his chivalrous temper and historic passion (Schmerz); France gave him his airy charm and grace; Germany gave him his romantic melancholy; while nature gave him an elegant, slender, rather slim figure, the noblest heart, and genius."

In spite of his failures and shortcomings he was one of the greatest (within a limited sphere) that the world of music has produced, and his errors were cruelly expiated and purged by the fire of suffering and sorrow.

NOTE. — During Chopin's life the published number of his works (including rondeaux, nocturnes, mazurkas, concertos, variations, *krakowiaks*, scherzos, ballades, études, préludes, impromptus, valses, polonaises, etc.) was 64; to these must be added four works without opus numbers. After his death ten more works with opus numbers were published, including seventeen Polish songs, also six mazurkas and several other pieces of little value without opus number; in all nearly 200 distinct compositions of which it may almost be said that the least are the greatest.

MIKHAÏL IVÁNOVITCH GLINKA.

(1804-1857.)

CHOPIN, though only partially a Pole by birth, was wholly one by predilection. He took the peculiar rhythms of his native land — the dance songs of Krakof and Mazur, — and adopted them, bringing them by refinement and careful nurture to be, as it were, his own children. He is the typical representative of Polish music.

Yet Poland had no monopoly of national music. All the Slavs are musical, but Russia, it is claimed, leads in the number, beauty, and variety of folk-melodies.

Poland, being on the border, was more open to Western influences. Russia was isolated from Europe, and hence preserved in greater purity that heritage of song which has come down through the ages. Curiously enough the widespread use or abuse of the harmonicum through the central Russian provinces has had, in later years, the effect of destroying the national type of song. Rightly enough Cui calls it an anti-musical instrument.

The characteristics of Russian music are very marked. The principal feature is the complete liberty of rhythm, which often seems like caprice, perhaps in a few measures changing several times.

Odd modulations, harmonies suddenly ending in

unisons, plaintive minor cadences, dashing dance forms, frequent reminiscences of ancient Greek modes — the Lydian and Dorian — give Russian folksongs a character all their own, as individual as the jerky measures of the Magyar *Nep* or the singsong of the Scottish ballad.

Russian musicians have done much to rescue from forgetfulness these charming wild flowers of song. The first collection that is known was published toward the end of the last century; and from this, or the second edition of it, Beethoven took the themes which he embodied in the Razumovski quartets. Thus he wrote an adagio in the Lydian mode in Opus 132. Still better collections have been published since.[1]

Nevertheless, outside of Russia, little is generally known of Russian music, and some of the best Russian composers cannot be even said to be "names and nothing more."

Early in the "sixties" a Russian prince, Yuri N. Galitsin, whose father had been one of Beethoven's many patrons, directed several hundred concerts in London and other cities of England and Scotland. The *Times* declared that through the prince's efforts Russian music had been acclimated. At one hundred and fifty of these concerts a gay and rollicking piece entitled "*Kamárinskaya*" was played, and not once did it fail to be redemanded.

This piece, which represented a popular wedding and the songs sung at it, interrupted by the inevitable intoxication, and full of the wild glee and broad humor, was composed by the prince's teacher, Russia's greatest com-

[1] Such are the little Russian *Pisni* of Kotsipinski; Balukiref's "National Russian Songs;" and the collections of Prokudin, Rnimsky-Korsakof, and Professor A. I. Rubets.

poser, — Mikhaïl Ivánovitch [or, in English, Michael John's-son] Glinka — often called the "Berlioz of Russia."

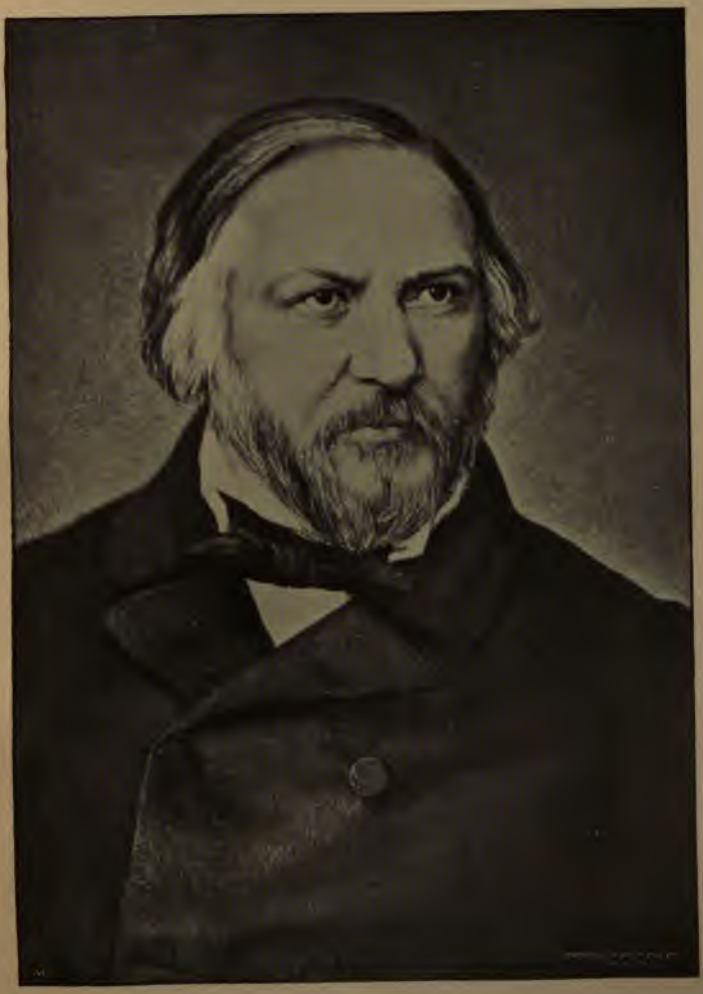
Glinka was born on the first of June, 1804, at a little village[1] in the Government of Smolensk, belonging to his father, who was a retired captain. He was early intrusted to the care of his adoring grandmother, Thekla Glinka, in whose apartment he grew up, rarely seeing his parents. He was a sickly, nervous, impressionable child, "a sensitive plant" as he afterwards called himself in his "Recollections," but remained sweet-tempered and docile in spite of the over-indulgence with which he was treated.

He was precocious in his studies, and amazed every one by his ability in reading the Holy Books. The Holy Books in Russia are printed in quaint, difficult type, and in a language that differs essentially from ordinary Russian. It was as though a boy or girl should be compelled to read Coverdale's version of the Bible printed in black-letter.

He had a natural gift for drawing, and he was passionately fond of all musical sounds, especially of the bells as they would ring out over the steppe at all hours of the day from the gayly painted belfries of the churches. He would greedily listen to them, and then mimic their music by striking on brazen wash-hand-basins.

After his ailing old grandmother's death, Glinka returned to his mother. She had no belief in the system of coddling to which he had been accustomed, and tried to throw around him a fresher and more wholesome atmosphere. But he was a hot-house flower, and pined for the old companionship.

[1] Novospaskoyé.



GLINKA.

According to the custom of old-time landed proprietors, his father often entertained their neighbors at great dinners, at which the music was the chief attraction. It was usually furnished by his brother-in-law's orchestra, composed of serfs.

Many great nobles at that day had private orchestras and opera companies. In the Imperial Orchestra were forty hornists who each played only one note, and yet executed most difficult music. They served instead of an organ, and supported choruses with great firmness and strength.

Some of the proprietors derived considerable income from letting their serfs practise and teach music. In 1773 a serf named Danila Kashin, belonging to Alekséï Bibikof, not only taught but composed many songs, some of which became very popular, and he was the promoter of the first musical journal in Russia.

Young Glinka was simply overcome by the beautiful music of his uncle's orchestra. He was like one charmed. It plunged him, or rather lifted him, into a delicious but tormenting region of dreams. As he grew older it absorbed him more and more; and when his tutor again and again reproved him for his abstraction and for neglecting his studies for music, he replied, —

"What can I do? Music is my very life!"

His first teacher in his father's house was a French governess, who had no ideas above routine. She compelled the boy to learn his lessons by heart. Her system was not a success with such a sensitive nature. She taught him some of the rudiments of music, but in this also she was mechanical and without inspiration. Still, he made rapid progress, and seemed to have a natural predilection for all that was worthiest and best.

One of his uncle's fiddlers taught him the violin, but there was some fault in his handling of the bow, and Glinka caught it from him. Afterwards, when he went to take lessons of Böhm, the latter exclaimed in queer broken French, "*Me Sieu Klinka, fous ne chourez chamais du fiolon*" ("Mr. Glinka, you will never learn to play the violin)."

When he was in his fourteenth year he was sent to the newly opened boarding-school for the sons of the nobility, connected with the chief Palæological Institute at St. Petersburg. The teachers in the upper classes were excellent men, who had enjoyed training in European universities, but in the lower classes they were rough and boorish. The sub-inspector, I. E. Kolmakof, enjoyed great popularity among the students, owing to his sweet temper and his comical ways.

Glinka mimicked him capitally, and never forgot him as long as he lived. Some of the students composed some doggerel lines, —

Podinspektor Kolmakof
Umnozhaët durakof
On glazami vsió morgaët
I zhilet svoï poprevlyaët.

which might be translated freely: —

Sub-inspector Kolmakof
Is a fellow odd enough.
With his eyes he's always blinking,
And his *vest* fits to his thinking.

Glinka set these words to music, and one day after dinner the students sang them in the fashion of a serenade.

Kolmakof listened. He pricked up his ears. The

sense or nonsense of the verses began to dawn upon him. It touched his dignity. He started in the direction of the singing. But when he came to the suspected spot he found the students quietly sitting in their places and diligently studying, while the jolly but offensive singing sounded from a different quarter.

At the time of Glinka's arrival at Petersburg the most distinguished piano-teacher there was the composer of nocturnes, John Field. Field, who was of Irish origin, was a curious and interesting figure. He had blond hair, blue eyes, a light complexion, and expressive and pleasing features. He was remarkable for "an almost somnolent tranquillity," and for the "clear limpid flow" of his playing. Afterwards he was inclined to indulge too much in strong drink. He became heavy, vulgar-looking, — a sort of musical Falstaff. He was extremely indolent and easy-going, sometimes falling asleep while giving lessons. On one occasion when this happened he was asked whether he thought he was paid twenty rubles for allowing himself to be played to sleep. Another time he dropped his cane and waited till some one came along to pick it up for him. Another time, finding his dress-boots too tight, he put on slippers, and wore them in a most fashionable company.

Glinka began to take lessons of him, and made rapid progress. When Field quitted the Russian capital, Glinka continued with one of his pupils, named Osman, whom he shortly after exchanged for the famous Zeuner. But Zeuner made him learn his theoretical lessons by heart, a process which the young man could not endure, and in consequence he made still a third change, this time selecting another German named Karl Mayer, also a pupil of Field, and so far his equal that if the piano

were screened from sight, not even clever connoisseurs could tell which was playing.

On the day of his graduation in 1822, Glinka and Mayer played in public Hummel's A-minor concerto for two pianos. His progress on the violin had not been less brilliant. During the summer vacations which he spent at his father's home, he played frequently in his uncle's orchestra, and learned the piccolo and other instruments, and acquired a practical knowledge of orchestral demands.

At Petersburg he often went to the theatre, and heard many operas and ballets. He particularly liked Rossini's music.

At first he studied diligently; and as he had remarkable aptitude for languages, he made great advances in German, Latin, English, and Persian. French he considered barbaric and thoroughly unpoetical, and he made little progress in it.

Afterwards he grew lazy, and neglected his studies. Only through the memory of his earlier attainments and by certain clever artifices, the nature of which is not known, he managed to graduate with good rank, obtaining the *chin* (as it is called in Russia) of Collegiate Councillor, corresponding to staff captain in the army, and conferring personal nobility. The same year he published several pieces for harp and piano, and composed a string quartet.

The next winter he went to the Caucasus Mountains to drink the waters of some famous mineral springs. He relates in his "Recollections" that his cousin, who was undergoing a course of treatment by means of magnetism, went into a trance, and advised him to try similar measures. Glinka, like Rossini and Chopin, was

extremely superstitious. He believed, for instance, in the fatal meaning of seeing three burning lights.

The mineral waters of the Caucasus had a bad effect on his health. He returned to Petersburg worse than he had left it; but, in accordance with his father's wishes, he entered the chancellery of the Department of Public Highways as assistant secretary, a position which required not more than an hour's service each day; and brought him into friendly relations with Count Sievers, a great lover of music, who had around him a pleasant circle of friends.

During a visit to the country to attend his sister's betrothal, he wrote his variations on the then fashionable aria *Benedetta sia la Madre,* and dedicated them "to his dear niece;" and while at Smolensk he furnished some choruses and an aria, as a prologue to General Apukhin's "Death of Alexander and Accession of the Emperor Nikolaï Pavlovitch."

This was the poetical and dreamy part of Glinka's life. He was carried away by the romantic poetry of young Zhukovsky; he wrote melancholy "romances," and loved "to weep the sweet tears of emotion."

In 1827, thanks to the selfish and narrow-minded policy of his chief, he was removed from his position in the public service; but it was for the gain of art.

Fortunately the debts which had encumbered his father's estate were wiped out by a sudden rise in the tide of prosperity. A man named Pogodin, who was afterwards senator and court intendant, learning that Glinka's father was anxious to embark in a speculation that promised great returns, decided to help him. Trusting to his stainless reputation, he loaned him 500,000 rubles, taking a share in the transaction. It succeeded, and the profits were very great.

During this eventful year Glinka made the acquaintance of Prince Sergyéi Galitsin, a connection of the Prince Yuri, who was such a devoted friend to him. Prince Sergyéi encouraged the sensitive young composer, stirred his activity, wrote verses for him, had his works performed, and introduced him to many of the leading members of the aristocracy of the city.

In company with Galitsin and his friends, he made an excursion on the Chernaya River, in two boats, illuminated with lanterns. In the stern of one of them was placed a piano, on which he accompanied the attendant musicians.

Afterwards, encouraged by the success of these "serenades," as they were called, the musicians gave a comic operatic performance for the benefit of Prince Kotchubey, President of the Imperial Council. Glinka, arrayed in a muslin dress and red wig, took the part of Donna Anna, in Mozart's "*Don Giovanni.*"

Glinka was always feeble in health. It has been said that he was "the voluntary victim of medicine and doctors." In 1828, finding that his breath troubled him more and more, he called in Dr. Spindler, who examined him, found that he had a "whole quadrille of diseases," and advised him to go abroad for three years.

In 1830 he summoned up energy and started on the long journey, taking with him as a travelling companion the tenor singer Nikolai Ivánof, who afterwards enjoyed a great reputation in Italy and Paris.

Glinka went first to Dresden. The doctors advised him to try the waters of Aix. Thence he passed leisurely through Switzerland; and when he reached Italy, he took up his abode for some time in Milan, Turin, and Naples; and visited Venice, Rome, and other cities.

Twice he and Ivánof almost died from accidental poisoning, their meals having been prepared in an untinned saucepan.

Yet Glinka worked diligently, and composed many pieces, — among others, a sextet, a trio, and variations on Italian themes. He went into society, meeting at the houses of the Russian envoys the most distinguished artists and composers of the day. He also took lessons in singing, and studied the Italian method of writing for the voice.

At first, like Meyerbeer, he felt completely under the influence of the Italians, and, like Meyerbeer, he quickly recovered from the subtle intoxication. He even grew weary of the sensuous, soulless style of Donizetti and Bellini and the lesser imitators of Rossini.

His physical infirmities grew alarming. He became subject to hallucinations; but, strange to say, owing to the excessive tension of his nervous system, his voice, which had been hoarse and uncertain, developed into a strong, high tenor.

On reaching Vienna, Glinka underwent what was called "a homœopathic cure," and seemed really to improve under it.

At this time Vienna had fallen from its high estate as a musical centre. The great masters whom it had allowed to die in neglect were still forgotten. Strauss and Lanner were, as Chopin said, the *élite* of the city.

Glinka heard the dance music of these popular composers, and was moved to imitate them. He wrote a theme which he afterwards utilized in his great Russian opera.

In 1836 he got word of his father's death and hastened back to his home. In Moscow, the same year, it sud-

denly occurred to him to write an opera; but he could find no suitable words, and the few scenes that he composed on a subject that occurred to him were laid aside.

He was making his preparations to go abroad again, and had even applied for his passport, when at the house of the Stuneyefs he met a relative of theirs, Márya Petrovna Ivánova. It was a case of love at first sight. He married her in May, 1835, and settled in Petersburg, where an enthusiastic set of young literary men who were more than dreaming of a great national literature stimulated him to compose a national opera.

Russian opera had been established by the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, and in 1775 a troupe of Russian singers had performed "Kephale and Prokris," the music of which was composed by an Italian, Francisco Araja. Sarti, Cimarosa, Paisiello, Boïeldieu, and many other distinguished foreign composers, had visited Russia, and helped to stimulate the national love of music, and drill singers and orchestral performers for their work.

Some had taken up their abode in Russia. Sarti, Saliva, Sapienza, and others, wrote operas on Russian texts. Caterino Cavos, who was a Venetian by birth, came to Petersburg in 1775, and devoted his great talents to treating Russian subjects; so that he himself came to be regarded as a genuine Russian. One of his works bore the same name as that first chosen by Glinka.

There were others of genuine Russian birth who composed operas, but Glinka was the first to make the music as well as the subject national.

The poet Zhukovsky suggested to him a subject taken from the troublous times of Russian history, and was anxious to write the "book of the opera;" but he failed to fulfil his promise, and the task was intrusted to

Baron Rosen, who found it difficult to keep up with Glinka's energetic flow of ideas. Oftentimes he was obliged to fit the words to the music. "All you had to do," said Glinka, "was to show him what sort of verse you wanted, — no matter how complicated; 'twas all the same to him. In a day's time it was all done." Zhukovsky remarked, laughingly, that Rosen had verses all billeted in his pocket. "Tell him what sort, and there you are!" Moreover, he had the most implicit faith in the inspiration of his own poetry.

The composition of the opera was somewhat hindered by domestic troubles. Glinka was remarkable for the sweetness of his disposition, but his wife was one of those women who, as the saying goes, would try the temper of a saint. While he was writing his immortal work, she complained before every one that he was wasting ruled paper.

Another time, in the presence of visitors, she remarked to her husband: "All poets and artists come to some bad end, as, for example, Pushkin, who was killed in a duel."

Glinka for once was goaded to make a savage retort. He replied: "I do not claim to be wiser than Pushkin; but I should certainly not expose myself to a bullet for the sake of my wife."

The incompatibility between them was fomented by Glinka's mother-in-law, and finally they separated, and she married another man. Glinka tried to procure a divorce, but failed after enduring many unpleasant experiences.

On Friday, December 9, 1836, Glinka's great opera, "A Life for the Tsar," was performed for the first time at the Bolshoï (or Great) Theatre, in the presence of

the Emperor and a brilliant audience. The success was immense. Immediately after the curtain fell, he was summoned to the Emperor's box, and congratulated by the Imperial family, — the Empress and the Grand Dukes. Glinka was bound by a written agreement not to demand any compensation for his work; but shortly after the Emperor sent him a purse of four thousand rubles, and in the following January appointed him kapellmeister to the court chapel.

The secret of the success of "A Life for the Tsar" was not far to seek. It appealed to all the patriotic emotions of the people, and, moreover, embodied in itself many of the elements of popular national song.

After the death of the Tsar Iván the Terrible, an ambitious *boyár* named Borís Godunóf, by murdering the young Prince Dimitri, paved the way to the throne. He reigned only seven years. Just before he died a monk named Otrépief pretended that Dimitri, the son of the late Tsar, had not been murdered, but that he had escaped. He claimed to be the Tsarevitch, and managed to enlist to his support an army of Poles, joined by many disaffected Russians. Public opinion made his conquest easy. The young son of Borís was murdered, and Otrépief became Tsar.

His reign was of short duration. Russia became the prey of warring factions. Anarchy threatened to ruin the realm. When the trouble was at its height, a butcher named Minin and a prince named Pozharsky, forgetting all differences of rank, heroically determined to restore order. By their efforts a Tsar of pure Russian origin was elected; and thus came into power the present house of Románof.

These exciting years, filled as they were with in-

tensely dramatic events, have furnished the Russian poets with material for many brilliant plays. From this Glinka also chose the subject of his opera.

The Poles who had come in with the False Dimitri are still in possession of the Kreml, or city fortress of Moscow. They plot to abduct the new Tsar Mikhaïl Románof. They force the peasant, Iván Susánin, to conduct them in the guise of ambassadors to his hiding-place. The peasant instead leads them into pathless brambles, and when his design is accomplished and discovered, he is made to pay the penalty with his life.

In the first act of the opera, the peasant at first forbids his beautiful daughter, Antonida, to marry Sabínin because of the dangerous uncertainty of political affairs; but when news arrives of the election of the Románof, he gives his consent. The second act is a ballet divertissement, introducing a polonaise, a *krakoviak*, a mazurka, and other popular Polish dances. The third act shows the wedding preparations for Antonida and Sabínin interrupted by the arrival of the Polish party. Susánin sends his son, Ványa, to warn the Tsar, and after a tender farewell to Antonida, departs with the Poles to certain death. Sabínin, entering, discovers what is in the wind, hastily gathers a party, and starts in pursuit.

The fourth act has two scenes and an epilogue. The first portrays Ványa warning the Tsar; the second, the death of Susánin. The epilogue relates the story of the martyr's death, and concludes with the Tsar's solemn entry into Moscow.

This brief synopsis of the opera will give a hint at the possibilities of song and dramatic situations which it afforded. Glinka's great innovation was the employ-

ment of national melodies, especially the contrast of Polish and Russian ones.

Whenever the Poles are introduced, as in the last act, Polish rhythms are employed, and there is a mazurka quite worthy of Chopin. This, and the orchestral reminiscences of the melodies of Ványa and Antonida, are distinct foreshadowings of what in Wagner are called leading motives.

"Glinka," says his countryman, Tsesar Antónovitch Cui, "was a fertile and inexhaustible melodist, understanding the art of giving songs a perfectly vocal form, free from violence and the commonplace. He displays variety, grace, and animation. His melody is always expressive. His musical knowledge, the astonishing richness of his harmonic inventions, — bold, original, and always lucid, — are equal to his melodic genius. His harmony introduced a multitude of effects absolutely novel and full of good taste."

In April, 1838, Glinka was despatched by command of the Emperor to "Russia Minor," — the Ukraina, that border land, so fertile in popular songs, where the three-stringed lute, whose very name, *balalaïka*, is suggestive of dance and sweet refrain, still was heard in many a peasant hut. His especial service was to procure singers, and he succeeded in enlisting in the Emperor's service nineteen boys and three men, among them the famous Gulak-Artemovsky. Nicholas was so pleased that he gave Glinka fifteen hundred rubles. Glinka did not retain his position as kapellmeister beyond the following year. Owing to his shattered health, — he had a severe attack of fever, — the death of his brother, Andréï, and various disagreeable circumstances, chief of which was the quarrel with his wife, he retired on the

y of December, 1839.

Not quite three years later, his second opera, "Ruslan and Luidmíla," was brought out for the first time.

The idea of the opera had been suggested by Prince Shakóvskoï, who saw the possibilities of a dramatic score in Pushkin's famous narrative poem, the scene of which is laid in the East. Had it not been for the fatal bullet of the duel which cut off Russia's greatest poet and dramatist in the very prime of his powers, Glinka would have followed the author's indications; but as this was impossible, a certain Bakhturin, one of the many brilliant young men who gathered at the house of the Kukolnik brothers, undertook the task, and, as Glinka himself said, finished the libretto in a quarter of an hour "with his drunken hand." Four or five others had made experiments with the libretto. The plot represents Liudmíla, the daughter of an Eastern prince, wooed by Ruslan, a Slav, Ratmir, an Oriental, and Farlaf, a villain. Nuptial choruses, the singing of a prophetic bard, the marvels of a magician, all enter into the score.

Aïvazovsky, who had been in Persia, gave Glinka three Tatar songs, which he introduced into the third act to give an Eastern coloring. Moreover, while travelling more than ten years before, Glinka had caught a charming theme from the lips of his *yamshchik*, or postilion: this he utilized for the ballad of "Phinna."

The first performance of "Ruslan" took place on the 9th of December, 1842. The favorite singer, Petrova, was ill, and the important part of "Ratmir" was intrusted to a pupil who bore the same name but was not by any means her equal. The scenery painted by Roller, who had quarrelled with the director, Gedeonof, was utterly wretched. The chorus were not well drilled, and did not know their music. Though the music was of a

higher quality than that in "A Life for the Tsar," the opera was not nearly so dramatic, and it did not appeal so directly to patriotic emotions. This, together with the faults of the performance, caused it to be coldly received by the public, and when the curtain fell hisses were mingled with the faint applause.

One of Glinka's friends tried to comfort him by saying: "Come now, Christ suffered more than you do."

At the third representation Petrova herself took part, and more enthusiasm was shown. The composer was to receive ten per centum on two-thirds of the receipts, but instead of bringing him profit it plunged him three thousand silver rubles into debt. Bulgárin criticised the opera unmercifully, and the *Northern Bee*, edited by Count Bielgorsky, had a cruel sting for the sensitive composer.

The next year the Italian opera came to Petersburg, and "Ruslan" was shelved. Nor was it ever revived during his lifetime.

Glinka, who felt this failure bitterly, soon went abroad, and this time visited Paris. Berlioz appreciated his greatness, and caused the "*Leschinka*," a Caucasian dance from "Ruslan," and a cavatina from "A Life for the Tsar," to be executed in public. But neither was successful. Glinka remarked, what Mozart had remarked before him, that the French were bad listeners and worse singers.

He gave a concert at which his *krakoviak*, "Chernomor's March" (from "Ruslan"), a waltz scherzo, and an Italian romance, "*Il Desiderio*," were performed, but in spite of the presence of all the Russians in Paris, and a good audience, he lost 1,500 francs.

In May, 1845, he went to Spain, and travelled over a

large part of the country, indulging his passion for collecting folk-songs. He was there for two years. At Madrid, in 1847, he composed his great fantasy on the popular dance "*la jota arragonesa*," which he followed with a symphonic poem called "A Night in Madrid."

At the desire of his aged mother he returned to Russia this year, and again his health failed. From this time forth he led a restless, wandering life, sometimes in Warsaw, sometimes in Moscow, or in Petersburg, or Smolensk. In June, 1857, he received a letter from home, and before he had opened it felt a nervous shock from his finger-tips: it contained the news of his mother's death.

During these five years of nomadic life he wrote for Prince Varshavsky's orchestra a number of pieces, including his pot-pourri "Recollections of Castile," and his ever-famous "*Kamárinskaya.*"

The following May he went abroad for the third time, again visited Paris, and started for Spain; but his painful nervous sufferings drove him back from Toulouse to Paris. He was homesick for his native land, and dreamed of a quiet life in a little house with a garden, where he should have room for his pet animals and birds.

It was about this time that he wrote his Recollections, or Autobiography.

Just two years later he was in Russia once more and visiting his sister Liudmíla Ivánovna Shetákova, who lived at Tsarkoye Selo. At Petersburg he found great pleasure in the society of the great singer Leonova, and began for her an opera to be entitled "*Drumuzhnetsa*" ("The Bigamist"), or "The Robbers of the Volga," for which he intended to apply some sketches of Malo-Russian songs, formerly written for "Taras Bulba."

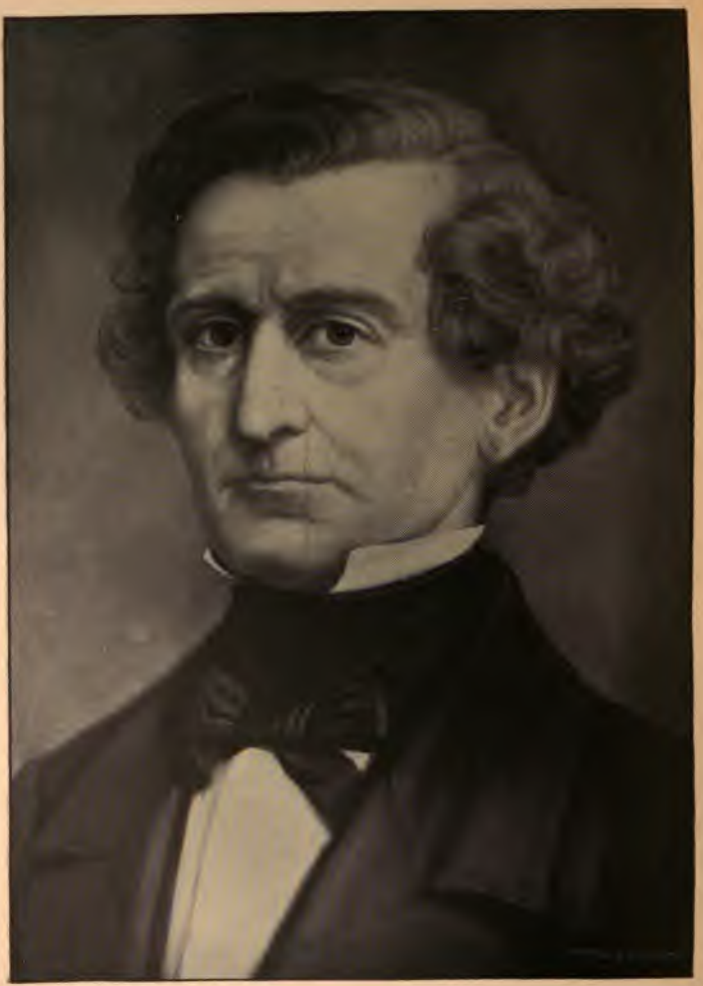
The libretto, unfortunately, did not reach him in time.

Physical pains again made him restless, and in April, 1856, he went to Berlin in order to study the music of the ancients, especially the so-called church ecclesiastical modes. Here he was greatly delighted because a trio of his was performed by the King's band at a parade concert, and his "Life for the Tsar" was given in Germany for the first time.

He was suddenly taken ill, and died in February, 1857. No one was with him, but he was found peacefully resting in bed with a holy image pressed to his lips.

His body was brought to Russia in May, and buried in the cemetery of the Nevsky Monastery, near the grave of the great Kruilof, the Æsop of Russia.

Glinka always had the good fortune to make friends, and his intimates were the leading spirits of his time, who looked upon him with the greatest admiration. There are in existence numerous portraits of him. He is portrayed as a regular-featured boy in 1817; as a sentimental young man in 1824; as an inspired official in a uniform coat in 1830; as a contented citizen of the world, wearing a Turkish fez, in 1850; and in 1856, the year before his death, as a dark-eyed Titianesque thinker, with hair changing to gray, self-willed and imperious in expression.



BERLIOZ

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

(1803-1869.)

Colossal genius of the eagle's wing!
Fierce, unrestrained, ambitious, passionate,
With vast capacities for love and hate,
Foiled, fostered, ever met by spur and sting,
Taught by thy nature's wondrous art to sing,
Volcanic in impatience, doomed by Fate,
Successful in defeat, to work and wait; —
What message hadst thou to the world to bring?

A message far too vast for human thought!
It was as though thy spirit mounted high
And caught the choiring voices of the spheres,
And fitted them to earthly harmony;
It wakes our wonder, stirs us, causes tears,
Yet we who hear it comprehend it not!

LOUIS HECTOR BERLIOZ was born in the chill month of *Frimaire*, in the twelfth year of the French Republic; that is to say, his birthday was Sunday, December 11, 1803. His birthplace was Côte-Saint-André, a tiny village (to use Berlioz's own words) "built on the slope of a hill and overlooking a vast plain, rich, golden, green, the silence of which was characterized by a peculiarly dreamy majesty, still further enhanced by the belt of mountains shutting it in on the south and east, and surmounted in the far distance by the gigantic snow-capped peaks of the Alps."

His father, of honorable family and considerable

wealth, was a "health officer," who practised medicine for humanity's sake rather than profit, and enjoyed the love and respect of the humble peasantry, who called him Monsieur Berl. His medical acquirements must have been considerable, for he won a prize for a memorial on chronic diseases that was published in Paris. His was a dreamy and meditative nature, a man free from prejudices of any sort, inclined to the scepticism of the Revolutionary philosophers, though he never interfered with the beliefs of others. In later life he was a victim of the opium habit. He was his son's instructor in languages, literature, history, geography.

Berlioz, while paying tribute to his father's learning and patience, considered that this method of home instruction was injurious to him. Having dealings almost exclusively with relations and servants and only carefully chosen companions, and seeing little of real life, he was unfitted for rude contact with the world. "I am certain," says he in his Memoirs, "that in this respect I remained an ignorant and awkward child till I was twenty-five."

Geography was his delight, and such was his passion for studying the maps of far countries, and reading all possible stories of foreign travel and adventure, that he declared if he had been born nearer the sea he should certainly have become a sailor, with or without the consent of his parents.

By a curious freak of heredity his own son became a sailor and visited the lands of which the father dreamed and never ceased dreaming.

He was obliged each day to learn by heart several lines of Horace and Vergil, but found the task odious. Nevertheless, at the early age of twelve he was so im-

pressed by the pathos of the story of Dido in the fourth book of the Æneid, that he found it impossible to read it aloud without a breaking voice and flowing tears.

The secret of this lay not so much in the magic of Vergil's hexameters, so completely unfelt by the average schoolboy, as in the youthful Hector's precocity in falling a victim to what poets call "the tender passion," what he himself called "the cruel passion!" Indeed, he was so hard hit by Cupid's dart, child though he was, that half a century later the wound had not healed!

Every summer he was in the habit of going with his mother and sisters to visit his grandfather, "who bore the name of Walter Scott's fabulous warrior, Marmion." His home was in the romantic and picturesque village of Maylan, above the valley of the Isère, and looking toward the mountains. Hector's uncle Félix was in the army, and between the campaigns often returned home "all warm with the cannon's breath, adorned sometimes with a mere lance thrust, sometimes with a gun-shot wound in his foot, or a magnificent sabre cut across his face."

He was one of those intrepid heroes, like Captain Coignet, who followed "the great Emperor's luminous path," was "ready to give his life for a glance, believing the Napoleon's throne to be as solid as Mont Blanc." Many stories he had to tell of his adventures, gallant and jovial lance that he was! He also played the violin and sang comic songs.

But this warrior made a less vivid impression on the doctor's son than a girl of eighteen, who lived with her sister and her aunt, Madame Gautier, during the summer, high up on the mountain-side, in a white cottage, surrounded by vines and gardens, and guarded by a ruined tower and the mighty crag of St. Eynard.

One of Hector's favorite books was a pastoral romance, entitled "*Estelle et Némorin*," which he had discovered in his father's library, and read again and again. "The nymph, the Hamadryad of St. Eynard," was also named Estelle. She was, says Berlioz, "tall, and of elegant figure, with great eyes armed for war, though they were always smiling, a head of hair worthy of adorning the helmet of Achilles, and feet, perhaps not Andalusian, but thoroughly Parisian, and rose-colored buskins!"

The first time that the boy saw this superior being, he felt an electric shock. He grew dizzy with mysterious pain. "I spent whole nights," he says, "a prey to desolation. By day I hid in the corn-fields, in the secret retreats of my grandfather's orchard, like a wounded bird, silent and sad. Jealousy, that pallid companion of the purest love, tormented me if a man spoke the merest word to my idol."

Forty years after, when he had forgotten the color of her hair, he still remembered her sparkling eyes, her rose-colored buskins, and still the clinking of his uncle Marmion's spurs as he danced with her brought a pang to his heart.

He was only a boy of twelve, and she was eighteen at least, and so his passion, which he could not hide, afforded great amusement to the country-side. Estelle herself, "the star of the mountain," encouraged him for diversion's sake. Perhaps she knew not what cruel pain it caused him.

"One evening," he relates, "there was a large party at her aunt's to play *barres*. In order to form the two hostile camps, we had to divide ourselves into equal groups. The gentlemen chose their partners. They took pains to make me point out my choice

In presence of all. But I had not the courage; my heart beat too violently. I silently dropped my eyes. Every one was mocking me. When Miss Estelle, seizing my hand, exclaimed, 'Very well, let me choose; I take Mr. Hector.' Oh, agony! She also laughed, the cruel one, as she looked down upon me from the height of her loveliness."

This pathetic episode was of brief duration, but it colored all his life. Other loves failed to blot out the memory of the first.

"I was thirteen when I parted from her. I was thirty when, as I came home from Italy, across the Alps, I saw afar off St. Eynard and the little white house, and the old tower — I still loved her."

Berlioz declares in his memoirs that music was revealed to him at the same time with love, at the age of twelve. He means that it was then he first began to compose.

His first impression of music was gained at his first communion.

His mother, who was a tall woman, rather stern, and extremely religious, duly taught him the first precepts of her faith.

His older sister, Nancy, was a pupil at the Ursuline convent; and early one spring morning, the sun shining, the fragrant breeze murmuring in the poplars, the priest came to take him to the "holy house," where the august ceremony was to occur. In the chapel he found his sister and her companions all clad in white, their heads bowed in prayer.

Blushing at the undeserved honor of being invited to the table before those charming maidens, he received the Host, and just at that moment "a chorus of virginal voices, joining in a hymn to the Eucharist," filled him with "a mystic and passionate agitation."

"I thought," says he, "that I saw heaven opening — the heaven of love and chaste delight — a heaven purer and a thousand times more beautiful than that of which I had heard so much. Oh, marvellous power of true expression, incomparable beauty of a melody coming from the heart!

"Thus," he continues, "I became suddenly a saint — a saint, in so far as going to hear mass every day, taking the communion every Sunday, and going to the tribunal of penitence to tell my spiritual director, '*My father, I have done nothing.*' — 'Very well, my boy,' replied the worthy priest; 'keep on so.' And for many years I followed his advice only too well."

Before he was twelve he found a flageolet in a drawer, and his father succeeded in a day or two in giving him so good an idea of its use that he was able to play the popular air "Marlborough." Later he practised the flute, so that in seven months he played, as he himself says, passably well. Dr. Berlioz, who had taught him all he knew, then made arrangements to have a violinist named Imbert come from Lyons. The boy received two lessons a day, and, as he was able to sing at sight, and play "Drouet's Complicated Concertos," he made rapid progress.

He studied by himself Rameau's treatise on harmony, but could not comprehend it, though he burned the midnight oil, until suddenly, by a kind of mystic enlightenment due to practice in Pleyel's quartets, the fundamental principles established themselves in his mind. Then he sat down and wrote a six-part pot-pourri on Italian themes, and a quintet for flute, violin, viola, and bass-viol. Two months later he composed another quintet, which was so difficult that none

of them could play it. All of these pieces, naturally enough, were in the minor, and breathed the most gloomy melancholy. They were inspired by hopeless love.

"I burned these two quintets," he writes, "some years after I composed them; but, strangely enough, when at Paris, long after, I was writing my first orchestral composition, the passage approved by my father in the second of these essays, came into my head, and was adopted."

Berlioz's second instructor was an Alsatian named Dorant, a man far more clever than Imbert, and able to play the guitar, the clarinet, the violin, the bass-viol, and every other instrument known to man.

After a short time Dorant went to Hector's father:

"I cannot give your son any more guitar lessons."

"Why not? Has he failed in any manner toward you, or has he been so indolent that you despair of him?"

"Nothing of the sort; but, absurd as it may seem, he is as good a player as I am."

This was Berlioz's first diploma, and he found himself at the outset of his career (as he expresses it), "master of the three majestic and incomparable instruments, the flageolet, flute, and guitar."

Even while declaring that he could command no other instrument, he suddenly recollects the drum. He could beat the drum. This was his chief resemblance to Haydn. He always regretted that he could not play the piano; and yet this very lack caused him to rely upon himself entirely when composing.

But his father began to look askance at his musical enthusiasms, and his very pious mother — did he never

forgive her for it? — saw in that art the lurking temptations of the stage and all other evil.

His father desired to see him, like himself, a doctor. So having started him in Latin, Greek, and history, literature, and geography, he put him into the little seminary of La Côte near his home. From this, Hector graduated at the age of eighteen with a fair amount of learning, — it is said that he remembered his Latin well enough to talk in it with a famous professor at Stuttgart, many years later, and his memoirs are full of classical quotations, — and not indisposed to study medicine.

But it chanced one day that he picked up the Lives of Gluck and Haydn, and shortly after a piece of music-paper ruled with twenty-four lines fell into his hands; and he, who had never seen a full score or dreamed of music written in more than six parts, suddenly woke to a consciousness of what a world of harmony was to be reached by climbing that marvellous ladder, more magical than the one seen by Jacob in his dreams.

It was a revelation to him; and when under his father's direction he studied the splendid plates, life size, in Monro's treatise on the human skeleton, his mind was rather on the skeletons of symphonies, and only the bribe of a new flute that his father offered, and the respect and fear inspired by him, made him yield and give up what he calls "the empyrean for the most melancholy abiding places of the earth; the immortal angels of poesy and love and their inspired songs, for the disgusting attendants of the dissecting-room, hideous corpses, cries of patients, moans and death-rattle."

Yet he did yield, and in company with a cousin who became a distinguished physician, he read medicine with the old doctors until it seemed best for the two to go to Paris.

This was in 1822. When he first went to the dissecting-room of the hospital of La Pitié, the horror of the sight was so great that he jumped out of the window and ran to his lodgings as fast as his legs would carry him.

But it was only a momentary revolt. The next day he went again and showed himself calm and even more than stoical. He studied assiduously under famous professors for some months, till, at an evil hour for his father's hopes, he went to the opera and heard Salieri's "Daughters of Danaus," with Spontini's additions.

Again the magic spell came upon him. He tried hard, in honor of his promise to his father, to struggle against it. The next week he heard the ballet of "Nina," in which occurred the song sung years before by the young sisterhood at the Ursuline convent, at his first communion, when the realm of music was opened to him.

The theme was by the famous Dalayrac, and it was played on the English horn.

The next step was to seek the library of the conservatory, which he found was open to all, and there he buried himself in the scores of Gluck, his dearest admiration.

Gluck's opera of "*Iphigénie*," which he heard early in 1822, decided his career.

Inspired once more by these musical treasures, Berlioz, who knew so little, composed a cantata with orchestral accompaniment. A pupil of the conservatory, named Gerono, who had frequently found him at the library, offered to present him to Professor Lesueur, who has been called "the true inventor of program music." Lesueur looked over "The Arab Horse," as the cantata was called, and found it abounding in life and dramatic fire, but pronounced it so full of faults that it was of no use even to point them out.

Gerono was deputed to "coach" Berlioz in Lesueur's methods, and he did it so effectively, that in a few weeks the ambitious young man was able to enter Lesueur's classes.

Afterwards he came to mourn the time that he had wasted in studying "this excellent and worthy man's antediluvian theories."

Lesueur became his earnest friend, and took him every Sunday to hear his masses and his little "oratorios" on Biblical and Ossianic episodes, performed at the Tuileries. Then when the ceremony was over, and King Charles X. had retired to the sound of a barbarous fanfare on a big drum and a fife, master would take pupil on long walks, confiding in him all his struggles, his ambitions, his disappointments, his successes, and discussing with him theories and philosophies. The two so strangely dissimilar friends were united in their admiration for Gluck, Vergil, and Napoleon!

All this time Berlioz was having a heated discussion with his father, in regard to his "chimerical notion" of abandoning medicine for music. And when a mass, which he wrote at the suggestion of the chapelmaster of Saint-Roch, failed lamentably (not through his fault so much as that of the performers), his parents threatened to cut off his allowance of one hundred and twenty francs a month, and finally summoned him home.

During his two months' stay at La Côte, he almost talked his father over to his views, and presented Lesueur's services to him in such a light, that Dr. Berlioz sent his especial thanks and regards to the professor.

Berlioz was back in Paris early in August, 1825, but,

instead of attending to his medical studies, he spent his time revising and copying his mass. He could not afford to employ a professional copyist.

In order to have it properly represented, he needed twelve hundred francs, and he had applied to Chateaubriand for a loan, which was curtly refused. But a spendthrift young nobleman, named Augustin de Pons, whose acquaintance he made at the Opéra, proffered it of his own accord, and the work was excellently performed at Saint-Roch.

In order to repay the loan, Berlioz moved into humble quarters, gave music lessons, — flute, guitar, and singing, at twenty sous an hour — saved assiduously, almost starved himself, and had succeeded in slowly covering half of the indebtedness when De Pons in a fit of impatience wrote to Dr. Berlioz, telling him the situation.

The old gentleman paid the remaining six hundred francs, and, for a time, deprived his son of his stipend, hoping to bring him to terms.

But a new revelation had come to Berlioz on hearing the sadly garbled and travestied French version of "*Der Freischütz*," through which, though it was so "mutilated, vulgarized, tortured, and insulted," he was able, in spite of his prejudices, to see the grace, poetry, and romantic coloring given to orchestration by the German composer.

What was his disappointment when, one February day, in 1826, on reaching Lesueur's, he was told: "I have just had a visit from Weber: five minutes sooner, you would have heard him play whole scenes from our French scores."

Again that day he missed seeing him at a publisher's, and in the evening at the Opéra. Weber was on his way to London, where he died.

Berlioz this year determined to present himself as a candidate for the "prize of Rome." But, unfortunately, he was only a private pupil of Lesueur, and a preliminary examination was required, in order to get rid of the weaker ones, and he was "screened out."

This news reached his father, who was more than ever confirmed in his opposition, though Lesueur wrote an urgent letter assuring him that Hector had a great future before him, and that "music streamed from all his pores."

So Berlioz went home to try his powers of persuasion. It was a painful visit; after several days of icy coolness his father relented, but his mother first begged him on her knees to renounce his plans, and then, finding him unyielding, cursed him, — or so at least he relates in his *mémoires.*

One of Berlioz's first acquaintances in Paris was a young man named Humbert Ferrand, an ardent Roman Catholic, a zealous believer in the "legitimate monarchy," while Berlioz was growing more and more "liberal," both as regarded politics and religion. In spite of these divergences, a warm friendship sprang up between the two.

It was about the time of the Greek revolution, and Ferrand, stirred, like Lord Byron, by the poetic struggle, wrote a poem or heroic scene with choruses. Berlioz set it to music, but no letters of recommendation sufficed to get it publicly performed.

Then Ferrand composed an operatic poem entitled "*Les Francs-Juges,*" which Berlioz, full of enthusiasm, set to music.

While he was engaged in this great undertaking, and dreaming of unheard-of success, he was definitely en-

rolled in the Conservatoire, and diligently carrying on two courses at once: composition under Lesueur, and counterpoint and fugue (which he detested) under Reicha, a friend of Beethoven's.

He gives a vivid description of his economies. He had taken as a room-mate a young student of pharmacy, a townsman of his, who had some skill in cooking; and from the sixth of September, 1826, till the twenty-second of May next, they feasted one day on raisins, another on bread and salt, varied occasionally by a cutlet or pulse fried in lard, or, as a special extravagance, a capon costing more than a franc and a half; so that their expenses were rigorously kept down to thirty francs a month. Nevertheless, a piano that cost one hundred and ten francs — "what a piano!" exclaims Berlioz — decorated their humble rooms.

They were young and well, and Berlioz was too proud to apply to his parents for aid. It came into his head to find an engagement as flutist in some American theatre, at New York, or the City of Mexico, or in China.

Then one day he heard that a new theatre for vaudevilles and comic opera was to be opened opposite the Bourse.

He went there and applied for a place as flutist or chorus singer: all the places were already taken. He left his address, and a few days later was given an engagement at fifty francs a month.

He kept this a secret even from his friend the pharmacist, pretending that he was giving lessons, and when he took his place in the chorus he concealed his identity by a false nose!

This slavery lasted only till spring. As soon as he felt free to quit it, he began to renew his visits to the

Opéra, always taking pains to give a careful preliminary study to the score of the work performed, and to assure himself of the scope and compass of various instruments.

He was still under the influence of Gluck and Spontini, but when the new trial for the *Prix de Rome* was instituted, the judges, among whom were Lesueur, Cherubini, Paer, Boïeldieu, pronounced his compositions unperformable. Berlioz insisted that it was because the pianist, whose duty it was to represent the orchestration, was incompetent!

Berlioz never forgave them for their rejection of his claims. He had his revenge a few months later by sending them tickets to his mass, which was executed at Saint-Eustache on Saint Cecilia's Day, 1827, — a work, as he wrote his friend Ferrand, thirty times more difficult than his lyric scene presented for the prize. It went finely, especially one tremendous passage executed by six trumpets, four horns, three trombones, and two ophicleides!

It was the first time that he had ever directed an orchestra; and the excitement of conducting his own piece affected him so that he felt faint and almost dropped the baton.

This year was memorable in Berlioz's life: two new revelations came to him, — two, and a third, which was an old one revived.

Charles Kemble and Miss Harriet Smithson with an English company came to the Odéon, and revealed Shakspere for the first time to the French people. Victor Hugo, Dumas, Vigny, and other writers, hailed the new phenomenon; the name of Shakspere henceforth for them was as it were the watchword of romanticism. Berlioz knew scarcely a word of English, but the new ideas came

to him like a thunderbolt; "Shakspere," he says, "unexpectedly coming upon me, struck me as by lightning; its flash, opening to me the heaven of art with a sublime crash, illuminated for me its most distant profundities. I recognized the true grandeur, the true beauty, the true truth, of the drama. I saw — I comprehended — I felt that I was a living being, and that I must arise and walk."

Henceforth Shakspere and Vergil were his inseparable companions: these two, Goethe, Byron, Scott, Tom Moore, Cooper, Gluck, and Beethoven made his pantheon. He worshipped them all in turn, and all equally to the end. Shakspere and Goethe were the "mute confidants" of his life. He kept Vergil's works in his pocket wherever he went.

Week after week these Shaksperian representations were given, and when in March, 1828, Miss Smithson had a benefit, more than a thousand people were turned away. The theatre was turned into a garden of flowers. Charles X. and the Duchess de Berri, who were present, made the lovely young Irish actress magnificent presents.

Berlioz, with his inflammable heart, found it in vain to resist the sudden passion. He saw her in "Romeo and Juliet," and "Hamlet," but with fierce pain stayed away from "Lear" and all the other performances.

But it was too late. He had become the prey of a Fury. He could not sleep, he could not work, but wandered wildly through the streets of Paris. It is said Liszt and Chopin followed him all one night across the Plain of Saint-Ouen until at last he fell, worn out with fatigue, and slept where he lay, like one dead.

It is a common story that Berlioz exclaimed on seeing Miss Smithson in "Romeo and Juliet," "I will marry

this woman, and I will write my greatest symphony on this drama." Berlioz denied saying such a thing. But Hippeau points out that Jules Janin put the words into Berlioz's mouth in *Les Débats* of Nov. 29, 1839, at the time of the first hearing of the symphony, and Berlioz did not then deny "the soft impeachment."

Another shock came to rouse him from this moral anguish. Beethoven was for the first time adequately presented to the sceptical Parisians. In March, 1828, the "Heroic Symphony" was performed at the Conservatory concerts, and a fortnight later, at a concert in Beethoven's memory, only that master's works were given.

Berlioz suddenly awoke from what he himself calls "a sort of stupor" (*abrutissement*), and determined that the *Ophélia* of whom he had dreamed so unprofitably should be made to hear of him.

Accordingly he announced a concert composed entirely of his own works: the overture to "Waverley," that of "*Les Franc-Juges*" (the opera itself was shelved forever), a few numbers from "*La Scène Grecque*" and the "Death of Orpheus," which had been declared, by the Academy of the Fine Arts, impossible of execution. (Berlioz proposed to have that fact printed on the program.) The last number, however, was replaced by the *Resurrexit* from the mass.

It took place on the twenty-sixth of May at the Conservatory, and in spite of some serious faults of execution, created a genuine sensation. The applause was tremendous; congratulations were showered upon him; the comments of the press were generally favorable.

He was famous. With some show of right he was called "the Byron of music." For, did not Byron wake one morning to sudden fame? Still his "star, wor-

shipped afar," — she whose name he could not pronounce and whose language he could not understand, — ignored his existence, refused even to receive his letters, scorned him. His despair was almost comic. Sometimes it impelled him to compose madly, and numberless songs and instrumental pieces flowed from his pen. Sometimes he wrote hyperbolical letters to his friend Ferrand.

Then he tried for the third time for the *Prix de Rome*, and won only partial success. The first prize was decreed to a friend of his; the second prize was divided between him and another of Lesueur's pupils.

His most important composition at this time was eight scenes from Goethe's "Faust," inspired by Gérard de Nerval's translation. This was afterwards elaborated into "The Damnation of Faust." While he was at work on them he learned that Miss Smithson was going to Bordeaux. During her absence in November, 1828, he declared that he no longer lived, that he suffered the impossible.

Yet his sufferings but inspired him the more: an oratorio for two solo voices and organ accompaniment, a new arrangement of "*Les Francs-Juges*" and musical settings to Thomas Moore's "Irish Melodies," — Miss Smithson, be it remembered, was Irish — revealed "the intoxication of mingled joy and sorrow that only true love knows."

Not one grain of hope consoled him. Miss Smithson, about to leave Paris for Holland, and learning of the furious adoration of the young composer, who would storm the citadel of her heart, said, "Nothing is more impossible."

She at least knew of his existence; she had spoken his name! Thus ended one act in what he calls the greatest drama of his life.

Again came the annual competition for that coveted prize. Berlioz refused to make allowance for the conventional prejudices of the committee. He gave free rein to his imagination, and the best and most original passage in his work — "The Death of Cleopatra" — lost him the honor. The committee decided not to give any first prize, and to divide the second. Berlioz was entirely left out!

He spent the summer in Paris, and in October gave another concert, with a hundred and ten musicians, under the direction of Habeneck. The program included a Beethoven piano concerto, played by Hiller, and a number of his own compositions, — his overture to the "*Francs-Juges*" and "Waverley," his sextet of Sylphes from the "Faust," and the number from his mass. Except for the sextet, which was badly played, the concert was a tremendous artistic success. He was loaded with ovations, and it brought him five hundred and fifty francs profit.

But he had borrowed much money, first for the concert and secondly for having his "dear" Irish melodies engraved and published; and his earnings from teaching his two pupils were small. His prospects were not happy, and worse than all, he had to correct, for pay, the proofs of Rossini's "William Tell," — Rossini and his everlasting *crescendo* being his pet detestations.

When he learned of the immense success of Miss Smithson in London, he was rendered almost insane.

"She is still in London," he wrote Ferrand, in February, 1830, "and yet I imagine that I feel her near me; all my recollections awake and join forces to tear me in pieces; I hear my heart beat, and its pulsations shake me like the piston strokes of a steam engine. Each

muscle in my body shudders with agony. . . . In vain! . . . horrible! . . . Oh, unhappy woman! if she could for one instant conceive all the poetry, all the infinitude of my love, she would fly into my arms, though she were to die in my embrace!" And to express the depth and height of this fierce and tempestuous passion, he wrote his wonderful "*Symphonie Fantastique*," the "Episode from the Life of an Artist."

It is probable that Berlioz was growing weary of this hopeless love. A sudden shock cured him of it for the time being. Some officious friend repeated a scandalous libel regarding Miss Smithson. He received it as "a frightful truth." He disappeared from Paris and went wandering through the fields, half dead with hunger and weariness, till at last he fell fainting, and slept like a dog.

At the end of two days he returned to his friends, who had supposed him dead and had sought for him in the morgue. Then after a few days more of gloomy silence he came to himself again, and so far forgot "her, the *Juliet*, the *Ophelia* that his heart called to," that he fell no less desperately in love with a charming young pianist, named Marie-Felicité-Dénise Moke, of German and Belgian parentage. She was known as "Camille" Moke, and afterwards became a rival of Thalberg and Liszt, enjoying a European reputation. Hiller had lost his heart to her, and asked Berlioz to be his go-between, — always a dangerous experiment.

Berlioz supplanted the young Hebrew lover. He dreamed of marrying her. Her mother objected, and with good reason. Berlioz was more than ever stirred to accomplish great deeds. First, he would have his "*Symphonie Fantastique*" performed with a scene in it which should show the world the perfidy of his false one

and wreak his vengeance upon her: nay, not his vengeance; "I do not wish to avenge myself," he writes; "I am sorry for her, and I despise her. She is an ordinary woman, endowed with an instinctive genius for expressing such torments of the human soul as she has never felt, and incapable of conceiving an immense and noble love such as I honored her with." Pity that he did not cling to this view. It would have saved him much suffering!

But after Berlioz had his twenty-three hundred pages of music copied, at a cost of 400 francs, and had undergone one rehearsal, the scheme was abandoned. Next, came the trial for that tantalizing *Prix de Rome*, and again he girded himself for the contest.

And he won it. The vote was unanimous — an unheard-of event, he writes the next day, intoxicated not so much with his success in pulling the wool over the eyes of the judges, — for he hastened to burn the piece that won their approval, — as with the thought that his "*Ariel*," as he called Mlle. Moke, would soon be his.

His successful cantata, written in the last two weeks of July, during that exciting political crisis which saw the fall of a monarchy, gave him an annual pension of three thousand francs for five years, and in December he unwillingly departed for Rome. He would gladly have stayed in Paris, where his heart was, but the authorities to whom he appealed obliged him to fulfil the conditions of the pension. Before he went he gave several concerts with great success, and in his memoirs he makes delightful fun of the solemn performance of the prize cantata which utterly failed of its effect, from the fact that the horn forgot to play at the climax, and all the other wind instruments likewise, losing their cue, were silent. It

represented the burning and destruction of Sardanapalus' palace. What a crash and tumult of brass and wood would be expected of Berlioz: and all that was heard was the twittering of the strings! No wonder the public went away mystified and inclined to think that Berlioz had made sport of them.

His last concert took place early in December, and it included, among other pieces of his composition, "The Ball," "The March to Execution," and "The Witches' Sabbath," from his "*Symphonie Fantastique.*" "The Witches' Sabbath" was his revenge on "that wretched Smithson girl," as he calls her, and at that very time she was once more in Paris playing the part of Fenella in "*La Muette de Portici,*" for the first and only time.

But she knew nothing of the "satanic effect" of this scene in which she was pilloried, nor did Berlioz care; for had not his "good Ariel's" parents at last consented to their marriage after he should have been a year in Italy? and was she not his angel, his genius, his thought, his heart, his poetic life?

The story of his sojourn in Italy reads like a comedy.

This strange, eccentric creature, with his fiery eyes, his shock of blond hair, and his eagle nose, was received by the young pensioners of France with shouts and hurrahs and jests of every sort, as he dismounted from the diligence one February evening, just at supper-time.

He, like the rest, became an *habitué* of the dingy "Café Greco," and one of his first acquaintances was the young Mendelssohn, who, in a letter to his mother, pictured him in vivid gall, calling him a genuine caricature without a shadow of talent, ambitious to create a new world, full of immoderate vanity, desperately

affected. Yet the two opposites had a certain attraction for each other.

"He is a fine fellow," writes Berlioz; "his talent of execution is as great as his musical genius — and that, indeed, is saying much. All that I have heard of him has charmed me. I firmly believe that he is one of the loftiest musical capabilities of our day. He has been my cicerone. Every morning I have been to his rooms: he played me a sonata by Beethoven; we sang Gluck's '*Armide;*' then he took me to see the famous ruins, which, I confess, had a very slight effect upon me. Mendelssohn is one of those open natures which are so rarely seen; he has a firm belief in the Lutheran religion, and I sometimes greatly scandalize him by laughing at the Bible. He has given me the only endurable moments that I have had during my stay in Rome."

Insinuations from Paris that his fair one was not true to him almost drove him wild. His excessive despair procured from his associates the mock title "*Père la Joie*," "Father Joy." He threatened to return home. Mendelssohn wagered he would not dare to do so. Berlioz having secured some money suddenly left, and an excellent dinner was eaten at Mendelssohn's expense.

At Florence, where an attack of sore throat detained him, Berlioz received a letter from Madame Moke, accusing him of having brought sorrow into her family, and announcing the marriage of her daughter to Camille Pleyel.

Then sheer madness seized upon him. He conceived a fearful plot: to hasten to Paris, to kill the two faithless women and the innocent man, and then blow his own brains out!

He procured the disguise of a chambermaid; he wrote his last will, secured a passport, and set forth in a private carriage.

But in changing equipages at Pietra Santa he lost his

disguise, and had to wait at Genoa till another should be made. And while he was restlessly roaming about, he accidentally or purposely plunged from the walls into the salt brine of the Mediterranean. He was fished out more dead than alive, "harpooned like a salmon," laid in the hot sun to dry and revive, and was thus cured of his passion.

The "terrible hippopotamus of a mother" sent back through Hiller (of all men!) the trinkets that he had given "Camille," but afterwards he had his revenge — not a very worthy one; he wrote a crazy story entitled "Euphonia," in which he introduced all the characters under very transparent anagrams. And when Madame Pleyel returned to Paris crowned with laurels, Berlioz gave, in "*Les Débats*," a savage criticism of her playing.

He determined to live for his two sisters, whose death would have been caused by his own, and wrote a penitential letter to Horace Vernet, the head of the French Academy at Rome.

Being assured that his name was not stricken from the list, he spent a few of the happiest weeks of his life near Genoa, wandering among the orange groves, bathing in the warm waves, and inspired by the mountains and the sea to compose his wonderful overture to "King Lear." Was there ever such a queer genius born?

During his leisurely journey back to Rome, mostly on foot, he began to compose his *Lélio*, that extravagant and extraordinary lyrical monodrama which was afterwards united to the "*Symphonie Fantastique*," showing the tortures of the artist attempting suicide and then returning to life.

Berlioz was frightfully tired of his sojourn at Rome: he considered it a miserable waste of time. What could

he get out of the works of Palestrina sung by the eighteen male sopranos of the Sixtine Chapel — merely interesting vestiges of a glorious past? But the lazy wanderings around "the Eternal City," the vagabond life among the woods and crags of Tivoli and Subiaco, were no help to his ambition. He wanted energetic life, struggle; he wanted a chance to exercise that "prodigious aptitude for happiness" with which he was gifted, to satisfy his "incalculable superabundance of sensibility," to stop the fearful "evaporation of heart, senses, brain, nervous fluid," which tormented him.

Then suddenly he began once more to compose with fierce activity; his overture to "Rob Roy" and a number of other pieces were finished, and tremendous plans were evolved, among them that of a colossal oratorio on "The Last Day of the World," with several different orchestras and groups of brass instruments placed at the four points of the compass.

At last he was allowed six months' leave of absence, and started for Paris by way of his home. His eldest sister had just made a satisfactory marriage, and his parents were ambitious that he should do the same. Indeed, an heiress with three hundred thousand francs dowry and a similar amount in expectation, was, as it were, at hand. But Berlioz had seen the graceful daughter of the Vernets at Rome, and his fickle heart went out to her; her also he had called his "fair Ariel"! He refused to entertain his father's plan.

After tranquilly working and reading for four months at La Côte, Berlioz returned to Paris and arranged for a grand concert at which "The Episode from the Life of an Artist" and "*Lélio*" were the chief features. It took place early in December, and Miss Smithson, who had

returned to Paris, with the intention of establishing a permanent English theatre there, was present, in a box. She, the heroine of the musical drama! It may be imagined what interest it gave to the occasion. She could have no doubt who was meant by the scarcely veiled allusions in the spoken text.

She allowed Berlioz to come to see her. He had at least once thought of her while in Italy. On his one sea-voyage from Rome to Naples, he saw a black crow flying heavily northward. His thought followed the bird toward England, — the land of Shakspere and *Juliet!* He became more her slave than ever. She accepted his love. Her family and his fiercely opposed the match. Then followed a year of the most wretched torments. Miss Smithson, whose affairs were going from bad to worse, at last announced an afternoon "benefit." Just before it began, she fell and broke her leg.

Berlioz here found his opportunity. He took tender care of her, arranged a concert at which Chopin and Liszt played, thereby managing to pay some of her pressing debts, and finally, after the most melodramatic scenes, — in one of which he tried to kill himself with opium in her presence, and on hearing her protestations of despair and affection bravely swallowed some ipecacuanha for an emetic, — the two foolish creatures, destined so palpably to misery, were married at the English embassy on the third day of October, 1833, and went to Vincennes to spend their honeymoon.

When they returned to Paris what a prospect awaited them! The bride had only her debts, — some fourteen thousand francs' worth, — and Berlioz had three hundred francs loaned him by a friend, and his pension from the Institute which had still a year and a half to run.

Alas! Berlioz had married a falling or a fallen star. The "delicious being," as he called her, had lost her popularity among the French people. She tried again and again to win it back. In vain. On Berlioz rested the task of supporting their domestic arrangements, which were made more trying by the birth of his son Louis, "the sweetest and loveliest baby" that he had ever seen.

He gave concerts, he composed, and above all, he wrote musical criticisms which, as might be supposed, were original and piquant. His connection with the *Journal des Débats* began early in 1835, and lasted for twenty years. He was regarded as one of the most brilliant critics that ever lived, and shares with Schumann the glory of having determined many of the canons of art.

His fame began to be spread through Europe. "*Les Francs-Juges*" was given with success in Leipzig, was praised by Schumann; though Mendelssohn declared that the mystic element was "a progression of screeching harmonies, unintelligible to all but the March cats," while "to show that something terrible is agitating the composer's fevered brain, an apoplectic stroke on the big drum shakes into shivers the efforts of the whole orchestra as well as the auditory nerves of the assembled audience."

His two great musical works at this period were his symphony "Harold in Italy," begun as a viola concerto for Paganini; and the *Requiem* or *Messe des Morts* (his favorite composition), composed for those who perished in the July days, but performed for those who were slain in the capture of Constantine.

But he dreamed of greater conquests: he burned to

write an opera, and chose for his subject certain episodes in the romantic life of Benvenuto Cellini, the great Italian silversmith, "artist and brigand, with musket on shoulder and guitar on his back."

It was performed on the tenth of September, 1838. The overture had a tremendous ovation, but all the rest was received with hisses, groans, cat-calls, and every species of insult, — "condemned to the flames before it was heard," said a writer in *L'Artiste.* It was played twice more with even less receipts.

Four further attempts were made the next year to give it, but it was shelved until, thirteen years later, Franz Liszt, who had been present and recognized its latent greatness, brought it out at Weimar.

The failure of an opera was the most cruel blow that could have befallen him. The memory of it followed him all his life, and obscured the glory that he received abroad.

Berlioz, suffering with bronchitis, and grieved at the "brilliant failure" of his first opera, was obliged to raise some money to pay the debts incurred. He therefore gave two concerts. The first scarcely covered expenses.

The second, which occurred on the sixteenth of December, was the turning-point of his career. Paganini the famous violinist, "the infernal virtuoso," was present, and heard "Harold in Italy" for the first time. He forced his way to Berlioz, surrounded by congratulating friends, knelt before him and kissed his hand.

The next day he wrote him a note in Italian, hailing him as the heir and successor of Beethoven, and begging him to accept twenty thousand francs in order that he might live for music.

Berlioz replied, saying that the encouragement of such a genius touched him a thousand times more than the royal generosity of his gift. The letters were published. Berlioz dedicated to him his new "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, written in seven months while he "swam vigorously over that mighty sea of poetry, kissed by the wanton breeze of fancy, under the warm rays of that sun of love whereby Shakspere was illuminated, and feeling able to reach the marvellous isle where the temple of pure art rises aloft."

The beauty of Paganini's gift is somewhat lessened by the supposition that it was only a clever advertising dodge suggested by a wily journalist who foresaw that Paganini's concerts were likely to fail unless some great stroke to attract public attention were made. Paganini was famous for his stinginess.

This year Berlioz was granted the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and fragments of his "dramatic symphony" — was it inspired by his *Juliet?* — made a great success. He was indeed recognized as a genius by his native land, and in 1840 he was commissioned to write his "*Symphonie funèbre et triomphale*" in honor of those much-mourned victims of the July days. The next year he wrote an orchestral arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," — Glinka also performed the same service, — and while engaged in preparing the "*Freischütz*" in its correct form for the Opéra, was greatly rejoiced at the news of his works succeeding abroad: "*Les Francs-Juges*" at Hamburg, the "*Requiem*" at St. Petersburg.

Berlioz had the "gentle art of making enemies." And while he was generally misunderstood and misrepresented, even while he held a sufficiently prominent place in the public eye, as is shown by the multitude of

caricatures which stud the French journals throughout his life, he was exasperated and tormented beyond endurance by domestic unhappiness.

His wife, who was considerably older than he, had lost her charm, though she had heroic characteristics. She was a failure in public. She proved at home to be a termagant, a Xantippe. She was too fond of the bottle, and her jealousy, only too well founded, was constantly goading her to make "scenes." Legouvé, in his Recollections, says that according as the Smithson thermometer went up, the Berlioz thermometer went down, and when her love, which at first had been simply cool and complaisant, grew into the passionate jealousy of a tiger, he was already tired of the marriage noose, and not only dreamed but plotted a separation. Yet he could write that "she was the harp that found its place in all my concerts, my joys, my sorrows; and many of its strings, alas! I broke." There is nothing to be said in extenuation of his treatment of her. It was cruel. But from the time that he deserted her, his punishment began; one of the saddest stories in the history of art.

He found himself at a stand-still in France. Abroad there were tempting vistas.

In September, 1842, he quietly sent off his luggage and music, and slipped away to Belgium, leaving his wife a note of farewell.

Henceforth he became a nomad, and while ever yearning for Paris and a genuine Parisian success, he had to content himself with the bitter-sweet of increasing triumphs abroad.

His first grand tour lasted about half a year, and included only Germany. At Leipzig he and Mendelssohn exchanged batons.

"Only squaws and pale-faces love decorated arms," wrote Berlioz. "Be my brother, and when the Great Spirit shall send us to hunt in the land of souls, let our warriors hang our friendly *tomawack* on the gate of the lodge." He had evidently been reading Cooper.

The "tomahawk" presented by Mendelssohn is preserved at the Conservatoire in Paris.

Followed journeys to Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary, everywhere meeting with ovations. At Prague he performed for the first time his "Hungarian March" on the famous theme of Rakoczy, beginning pianissimo, contrary to all traditions, and rising to a climax which carried enthusiasm to its height.

During this journey he began his great work, "The Damnation of Faust." Snatches of it were composed at Budapest, at Prague, at Breslau; but the larger part on his return to Paris, almost like an improvisation, now in a café (after the manner of Schubert), now while walking in the garden of the Tuileries.

When at last it was finished, being unable to obtain the hall of the Conservatoire, he hired the Opéra Comique for sixteen thousand francs, engaged soloists, chorus and orchestra, and gave the work on the sixth of December, 1846.

The Parisian public stayed away!

The three or four hundred enthusiastic partisans who made the echoes ring through the empty theatre could not awaken the "*beau public*," nor even the second performance helped matters or brought returns for the terrific expenses. Moreover, the hostile critics poured out all their venom.

Thus originality and innovation must always fight its way. And generally only after the innovator is dead is his greatness realized.

For Berlioz the recognition of his genius abroad could not atone for its lack at home. Even Chopin, who had once been his friend, thought that such music justified any man in breaking all acquaintance with him.

He once took up a pen, bent back the point, and let it fly, spattering the paper. "That is the way Berlioz composes," said he. "The result is as chance wills it."

How different from the judgment of Glinka, who wrote home to Russia saying (and posterity upholds him in it), —

"In the domain of fancy no one has such colossal inventions, and his combinations have besides all their other merits that of being absolutely novel. Breadth in the *ensemble*, abundance in details, close weaving of harmonies, powerful and hitherto unheard instrumentation, are the characteristics of Berlioz's music."

And it was apparently due to Glinka that "the first composer of his time" was invited to go to Russia.

He had to borrow money to enable him to get away. He reached Petersburg in February, 1847, and his first concert, carefully exploited by his partisans, brought him eighteen thousand francs profit. When he returned to Paris in June, there was talk of making him director of the Académie de Musique; but there being some hitch in the proceedings, he suddenly broke off all negotiations and accepted an offer to go to the Drury Lane Theatre in London as director of the Grand Opera on a ten years' engagement.

He expected great things of this opportunity, but it burst like a bubble. He found the affairs of the theatre in a wretched state, and had nothing else to do but to do what his fate kept him continually doing all his life, "organize concerts." During his eight months' stay in

England he had in this respect considerable success. He declared that he was received by the English as though he were "a national talent."

The French Revolution of 1848 in the mean time broke out, and Berlioz felt that he was an exile: "The arts are dead in France now," he wrote, "and music in particular begins to putrefy; may it be buried speedily."

Nevertheless, the Republic continued him in his one conceded public position as librarian at the Conservatory, at a salary of about fourteen hundred francs.

Soon after his return to Paris his father died, his deepest regret being that he had never heard any of the great works of his now illustrious son. During this year he was engaged in composing his fascinating memoirs, which must be read with great caution, for in them his imagination flames as well as in his music.

Then about the beginning of 1850 he founded a Philharmonic Society which gave a concert a month. At its first one he gave a portion of his "Faust." It was beginning to make its way. The year before, some of the scenes had been sung and played at the Conservatory, and Meyerbeer and others had a gold medal struck in memory of its first performance.

In November, Berlioz had his society perform a chorus of shepherds, a pastoral which he claimed had been written by a certain Pierre Ducré attached to the Sainte Chapelle in 1679, and discovered by him in an old armory.

It was a charming piece of mystification, for when many of Berlioz's enemies had praised it to the skies, and made invidious comparisons, it leaked out that Berlioz himself was the composer of it! He afterwards added a little fugued overture, a piece for tenor voice, "The

Repose of the Holy Family," and other numbers, completing "The Flight into Egypt."

In March of the next year Berlioz was in London again, directing the concerts of the "New Philharmonic Society," where he received a triumphal ovation. Yet his "*Benvenuto*" failed there as completely as it succeeded the same year at Weimar under the direction of Liszt.

In March, 1854, Berlioz's wife, who had been long dying of paralysis, passed away. Her husband had often seen her, and shown her proofs of his continual affection. Her death threw him into despair, made all the more poignant by the thought of his failings toward her. He shortly after married the dissolute woman who had brought misery into his home life. Strangely enough, however, he thus obtained a mother-in-law who proved to be a real guardian angel to him. Her only fault was that she spoke Spanish, and Berlioz had no gift for languages.

Berlioz presented himself again and again as a candidate for the Institute. But the Immortals refused to recognize him. Yet how many crosses and medals he possessed attesting his membership in foreign societies! Not until 1856 was he elected to that Institute which, says Jullien, "had so long refused him as a pupil, condemned him as a composer, rejected him as a candidate."

In 1851 Prince Napoleon proposed to Berlioz to give a series of concerts at the Palais d' Industrie during the Exhibition. He refused to run that risk, but on the fifteenth of November, in the presence of the emperor and empress, he had a gigantic concert with twelve hundred musicians; it included the benediction of the poniards from "*Les Huguenots*" (eighty voices singing instead of

four as usual), the prayer from Rossini's "Moses" accompanied by eighty harps, Mozart's *Ave Verum*, and his own "March of the Banners."

The next day the concert was repeated, and brought receipts of seventy-five thousand francs and a series of caricatures, some of which were very amusing. Berlioz was fond of brass instruments, and one caricature (of later date) represented cattle being killed at the abattoir by means of his scores; and another placed a cannon in the midst of his orchestra. Still another portrayed the Greeks running from the walls of Troy at the sound of Berlioz's brass.

The year of Berlioz's election to the Institute, he published a new edition of his great "Treatise on Instrumentation" with an additional chapter on the art of conducting. It had been published first in 1844. The next year he began to suffer from neuralgia of the bowels, the agony lasting days at a time, and preventing him from any work. At the same time his only son Louis, whom he devotedly loved, quitted the navy to enter the merchant marine, and Berlioz, in order to raise money for the required examination, published selections from his memoirs.

The last ten years of Berlioz's life were sad and pathetic.

Wagner came to Paris and gave three concerts in 1859 which introduced the "Music of the Future" to France. Berlioz wrote his famous musical "*Credo*?" which was a declaration of war. Probably jealousy was at the bottom of it, for those outside the arena recognized that the two redoubtable musicians were "brother enemies" for whose creation the last works of Beethoven were responsible.

Berlioz worked with all his might to prejudice the public against "*Tannhäuser*," and in fact it fell flat. The public at that time were hungry for classic masterpieces, and the revival of Gluck's works under Berlioz's direction met with astonishing success, which made him think that the music of the future was routed forever.

In 1862 Berlioz's second wife died suddenly, and by a strange irony of fate, the two women who had caused each other such cruel tortures, were buried in one common grave. Berlioz did not marry again; but when the "Star of the Mountain," his first love, was already a staid grandmother, a white-haired woman of seventy, he saw her again, and with all the ardor of a boy, offered himself to her and almost persecuted her with his importunities.

Was there ever such a strange volcanic creature? All this time his musical productiveness continued. He composed both words and music to his comic opera, "*Béatrice et Bénédict*" (taken from "Much Ado About Nothing," and planned as early as 1833), and his superb works "The Capture of Troy," and "The Trojans at Carthage," but an evil fate pursued him. It was not until ten years after he was dead that any one of his operas was performed in Paris exactly as he had demanded that it should be; the last has been called "a final and magnificent incarnation of the lyric tragedy illustrated by Gluck."

For it must be remembered that in spite of Berlioz's passion for descriptive or program music, he was wholly controlled by the classic masters: Gluck and Spontini, Beethoven and Weber. It was the contradiction of his nature.

The comparative failure of his "*Troyens*" (it was

given twenty-one times in a garbled version with diminishing receipts, amounting to only a little over fifty thousand francs) was made all the more trying by his failing health. Nevertheless, it enabled him to resign his position of critic, which had been a continual punishment for twenty years: he compared it to a cannon-ball perpetually chained to his leg. It also brought him the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

None the less bitter was it for him to hear of the growing vogue of the Wagner music; already their names began to be coupled: Wagner and Berlioz. If it could only have been Berlioz and Wagner! It seemed to him as though another were reaping what he had sowed. Nor could he forgive his old friend Liszt for his Wagner enthusiasm.

Abroad, his fame was growing more and more assured. From all parts of Europe, even from America, came the tidings of successful performances of his works. In December, 1866, he went to Vienna, where his popularity was immense, and heard his "Faust" complete for the first time for twelve years. The ladies wore jewelry ornamented with his portrait. He was offered the position of kapellmeister at the Imperial chapel, but though he called the French Hottentots and Chinese, he could not forswear Paris. He was in a terrible nervous state, and the least mistake in time or tune threw him into a passion. He flung his baton at the head of the man who played the English horn, and when it was handed back to him, he cried, "Oh, I am sick unto death."

On his return to Paris he learned of the death of his son at Havana, of yellow fever. On hearing the news he flung himself on the ground, and cried: "It was for thee to live, for me to die." The young captain had been the

cause of great grief and anxiety to his father, owing to his irregular habits, but he loved him and mourned for him as only a Berlioz could. More than ever his wonderful face came to remind his friends of a wounded eagle.

One more great honor came to him. Rubinstein had just resigned from the management of the conservatory at St. Petersburg, and the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia urged Berlioz to take the direction of six grand concerts the following winter. His honorarium would be four thousand rubles and all expenses and lodgings in the Imperial Palace.

At the same time William Steinway of New York offered him a hundred thousand francs to come to America, and insisted that he should sit for a colossal bust to ornament a new hall that he was building.

Berlioz reached Petersburg in November, 1867. He gave the six great concerts, and directed one at Moscow, where he had an orchestra of 500 musicians and an audience of 10,600 people. One of his dreams at last realized! No, not realized, for such monster concerts must be always a disappointment. The reality falls below the ideal.

On his return from Russia, fearfully exhausted by his labors and the ovations given him, and above all by the climate, he went to Monaco. One March day, clambering over the rocks, he fell headlong, and lay for some time insensible.

Nevertheless, he was at last enabled to reach Paris. He even recovered sufficiently to go to his old home at Grenoble, where he had accepted the presidency of a great meeting of choral societies. But he was a doomed man.

He lingered still six months. One autumn day a

friend met him on the quai, not far from the Institute; he pressed his hand and disappeared in the mist, whispering these words: —

"Oh, the life of man! when it is happy, a shadow is sufficient to darken it; when unhappy, a damp sponge wipes out the image of it, and all is forgotten."

During his last days his favorite amusement was to feed the birds that flocked around his window; he also liked to visit and receive visits from his friends, occasionally to discuss his works or Shakspere with sudden energy.

But his end was that of a volcano growing extinct.

One of his last efforts was to vote for an old benefactor for the Institute. At last paralysis completely overcame him. He died on Monday, March 8, 1869.

Then began the reaction. When too late, France recognized him as her greatest composer. His music became popular. Statues were erected to him. Indeed, the stones which had been cast at him came, as he predicted, to build the pedestal of his monument!

FRANZ LISZT.

(1811-1886.)

GOETHE, in a mysterious poem which might almost have suggested to Wagner the idea of "Parsifal," speaks of a genius of whose birth a spirit prophesied, and over whose baptismal feast a star stood blazing in the western sky.[1]

Such a genius was Franz Liszt. The star was the comet of 1811, which, on the night of October 21–22, seemed to the superstitious peasants to hover, bright and portentous, over the dwelling of Adam Liszt in the lonely little town of Raiding in far-off Hungary.

On that night Franz Liszt was born.

The name of Liszt is found in the old Hungarian nobility, but there are no documents to prove that Franz Liszt bore relationship to the Johann Liszt who in the sixteenth century was Bishop of Raab. Perhaps Franz Liszt's leaning to the churchly order is sufficient internal evidence of it.

Bishop Liszt's descendants were wealthy. Franz Liszt's known ancestry were poor. His great-grandfather was a subaltern officer of hussars. His grandfather, Adam, was

[1] Wie ihn ein Geist der Mutter früh vorhies,
Und wie ein Stern bei seiner Taufefeier
Sich glänzender am Abendhimmel wies.
— *Die Geheimnisse.*

steward to the Esterhazys, and the father of twenty-six children whom poverty scattered for the most part into unknown paths. Three made names for themselves.

The oldest son of this patriarch, also named Adam, followed in his father's footsteps, and in time became a steward to Prince Esterhazy.

He was passionately fond of music, and in his moments of leisure taught himself to play on many instruments. He was frequently at Eisenstadt, where the great Haydn took an interest in him. He was frequently called upon to play as a substitute or additional in the famous band. Here, too, he made the acquaintance of musical visitors from Vienna, among them Cherubini and Nepomuk Hummel, then at the height of his glory, and caught like a star by the rich Hungarian magnate, to glitter in his crown.

Few suspected what a bitter pain of ambition balked, lurked in the heart of that tall, gaunt, steadfast, defiant-looking young man who was so frequently seen in the gorgeously frescoed music-room of the Esterhazy palace.

His honesty and faithfulness brought a reward that was a punishment. When he was about thirty years old, he was promoted to the stewardship of the estate of Raiding, and thus separated from the musical pleasures of Eisenstadt.

He had a struggle with his inclinations, but accepted it, took to himself a wife, named Anna Lager, and set up his penates in the steward's residence, surrounded by the humble huts of the peasantry.

His wife was of German origin, and endowed with the characteristic German virtues; attractive in face and form, with calm, regular features, lighted by dark eyes; simple in heart and manner, true, honest, gentle, gracious, womanly; a model housewife!

Franz, or Ferenz, was their only child; a beautiful boy, rather tall and slender; as he grew older, graceful, with delicate lineaments, mysterious blue eyes, and a mass of light blond hair framing his face like a picture.

His mother declared that he had none of the common failings of children, that he was always lively, cheerful, loving, and "obedient, very obedient."

Liszt long years afterward wrote: "With honor and tender love I thank my mother for her constant proofs of goodness and affection. In my youth I was called a good son. It was indeed no especial credit to me, for how could I help being a good son when I had such a faithful, self-sacrificing mother?"

While his father was devoted to music, and employed abundant leisure at the clavier, the mother, taking advantage of his sensitive and excitable nature, fostered in his heart a genuine passion for religion.

These impressions struck the keynote of his life.

Again and again, amid all the turmoils and errors of his worldly career, came the intensest yearning for the calmness and repose of the Church; and it was only a logical step that led him at last to take holy orders, and to pass from life not so much in the character of a crownless king as in that of a humble Franciscan friar.

All Liszt's early surroundings fostered his poetic impulses, — the quiet but picturesque landscape; the horizon, bounded by wooded mountains; the dim, mysterious forest stretching away; the village church where, especially on grand holidays, the gorgeous ceremonials stirred his heart; the dark, swarthy gypsies swarming in the outskirts of the village, and at evening practising their free, lawless dances, or singing their plaintive songs.

As a rule, genius for music shows itself earlier than any other. There was no exception in the case of Liszt. First he listened, next he tried to imitate. The clavier acted upon him like a loadstone. His father tried to put him off. It was useless. One day when he was six years old, he sang correctly a theme from a concerto by Ferdinand Ries, that he had only once heard. His father began to teach him according to the best of his ability.

Even then the boy had the ambition to be a man like Beethoven, whose portrait hung upon the wall. His progress amazed, but his zeal alarmed, his parents, who would rather have had him play with his comrades out of doors than spend so much time at the piano. At the same time, they could not help being amused to see the little fellow bending over to strike with his nose some note that was out of the reach of his diminutive hands. Such ingenuity he showed in conquering difficulties! He also tried to compose even before he could spell. It was like the newly-hatched swan swimming before it could walk.

This progress was interrupted by a strange sort of slow fever that came upon him. He grew so ill that his parents despaired of saving him. Indeed, the village carpenter, hearing the rumor that he was dead, began to make his coffin.

But he got well. And with fresh health came fresh impulse to music.

Three years thus passed, his general education not neglected. The village priest taught him reading, writing, and arithmetic; but he never learned to speak Hungarian, — that alien Asiatic tongue that has no kinship to the speech of Europe. But he must have

come later to know the meaning of those wonderful *nep*, or popular songs, whose odd, broken rhythms he so effectively wrought into his Hungarian rhapsodies.

Occasionally Adam Liszt took his son to Eisenstadt, where he began to be called "the artist."

A report of his powers reached a blind pianist, Baron von Braun, who was about to give a concert at Ödenburg. He wanted an additional attraction, and asked Adam Liszt to let Franz play.

When the time came, his teeth were chattering with fever; but his indomitable will carried him through. He was so successful that it was decided to let him give a concert on his own account. This also succeeded.

Then his father took him to Eisenstadt, and had him at the castle before the Prince. Encouraged by the praises showered on him, he arranged for a concert at Presburg. Many great Hungarian magnates lived in that vicinity. Prince Esterhazy himself had a palace in the Blumenthal suburb, which he put at Liszt's disposal, besides giving the boy a magnificently embroidered Hungarian costume.

The concert decided his future.

Such enthusiasm as only the warm-blooded Magyars could feel was evoked by his playing. The ladies smothered him with caresses. The men, learning that his father had no money, raised a subscription, six of the magnates pledging an annual sum of six hundred Austrian gulden — less than three hundred dollars — for six years for his musical education. This certainly, small though it was, induced Adam Liszt, against the counsels of his prudent wife, to cut loose from the Esterhazy sheep. His first choice of a master for his son was Hummel; but the avaricious artist, who had

become kapellmeister at Weimar, demanded a louis-d'or for each lesson.

At Vienna, Karl Czerny, seeing the boy's talent, gave him lessons during a year and a half, saying, "I wish no pay from the little Zizi." The boy rebelled at the dry technicalities upon which Czerny insisted. Could he not read and perform anything at sight? But his teacher knew the necessity of a solid foundation, and his father wisely upheld him in it, suggesting a slightly more elastic method of reaching the result.

Salieri was old, and weary of teaching; but he, too, could not resist the pleasure of instructing the marvellous boy.

It was not long before he was making a sensation in the musical circles of Vienna; that is to say, in the circle of the highest aristocracy. At last his father felt justified in bringing him out in concert. This took place on the first of December, 1822. The critics praised "the feeling, expression, shading," ability to read at sight, and genius for "free fantasy," shown by the "musical wonder-child," "the little Hercules," as they called him.

In April following he gave another concert, at which Beethoven was present. Liszt saw his leonine head and felt his fiery eyes on him; but it only inspired him to excel. When he was done, the great master came upon the platform and kissed him.

Among Beethoven's works is a piece containing thirty-three variations on a waltz by Diabelli. It was published with variations by fifty Viennese composers. Liszt also contributed, and his number is said to hold its own with the rest. That is not saying much, however; and the fact is chiefly interesting from the connection which it

makes between Liszt and Beethoven. Czerny, indeed, had no hesitation in comparing the boy to Beethoven as he was in his boyhood; or to Mozart, prototype of all musical prodigies.

From Vienna, Adam Liszt took his son to Paris, and tried to place him in the famous Conservatoire, under the surly but magnificent Cherubini. The family set forth, stopping at all the principal cities[1] on the way, and everywhere finding a welcome for "the new Mozart," and praise unlimited for all those qualities which the greatest virtuosos exhibit.

Prince Metternich had given Liszt a letter of recommendation to Cherubini; but neither this nor tears and supplications sufficed to move the crabbed old man from the rule that no foreigner could enter the Conservatoire. Yet he himself was a foreigner. Liszt, in his vivid description of the fateful interview, says the decision was a thunderbolt, and years afterward the wound still bled.

But not all was lost. Paer consented to teach the boy. Letters of introduction from their Austrian and Hungarian friends opened the doors to the most exclusive residences of Paris.

"The little Litz," as the French called him, became the idol of the *salons*. Yet he was still as fresh and unspoiled as when he played in the fields of Raiding. When the Duke of Orléans, carried away by his genius,

[1] In the hall of the Seven Electors at Budapest, on May Day, 1823, he played variations by Moscheles, and, as usual, improvised. In his appeal to the "High gracious nobility, the military, and the honorable public," he said: "I am a Hungarian, and know no greater good fortune than to be able to dedicate the first fruits of my education and culture to my dear fatherland, as the first offering of my inmost attachment and gratitude before my departure for France and England."

offered him anything that his heart might desire, he asked simply for a little toy that his eye happened to fall upon.

Liszt's first public concert in Paris took place in the Italian Opera-house on the eighth of March, 1824. He was assisted by the orchestra of the Opéra; and more complimentary to his genius than the plaudits of the audience was the fact that the musicians were so carried away by his playing of a solo passage in the Hummel concerto (which he played by heart), that they forgot to come in at the proper place. A wag said: —

"Orpheus touched the beasts of the field and moved stones, but the little *Litz* so affected the orchestra that they became dumb!"

The French press was unanimous in its praise of the boy's perfection. They called him the eighth wonder of the world.

Even at this day Liszt's characteristic generosity and unselfishness were manifested. He was always giving, even at personal inconvenience.

One day, as he was passing along the street, a crossing-sweeper begged a sou. Liszt had nothing smaller than a five-franc piece.

"Can you change it?"

"No."

"Then go and get it changed, quick."

Liszt took the boy's broom and stood there waiting, at first perfectly unconscious of the absurdity of the situation. The passers-by, some of whom recognized him, stared at him and laughed, but he did not care. He took good care of the broom until the boy returned with his change.

It must not be supposed that the sunny sky of this

Parisian success was absolutely free from clouds. Liszt's genius awakened jealousy. Calumnious reports were circulated about him; even threatening letters were written. So, with a feeling of relief, Adam Liszt seized a favorable opportunity to go to London.

He also made a strange and almost inexplicable change in his plans. He sent his wife back to Austria. He never saw her again. The boy's heart was almost broken by the separation, but his father was inexorable.

His first public concert in London took place on the twenty-first of June, 1824, and —; to describe Liszt's concerts, we need only use one formula, and as that will suffice for his whole career, we may spare ourselves its monotonous repetition.

London is naturally colder and more formal than Paris, but the marvellous boy won all hearts. It is said that one evening he played at a *soirée*, following a distinguished pianist, whose performance fell flat. Some of the ladies present tried to explain the greater success of Liszt by making invidious comparisons between the pieces.

Liszt had played the same piece!

Yes, the boy had the philosopher's stone of genius. He was able to transmute everything that he touched into gold. One of his admirers said that oftentimes after he had played a piece of little intrinsic worth with such fire and brilliance that it seemed great, the notes remaining on the rack were like a heap of dead ashes.

While Liszt was in England he finished the composition of an opera entitled "Don Sancho, or the Castle of Love," which, on his return to France, was given at the Opéra on the twenty-fifth of October, 1825.

It was received with great applause; yet significantly enough it was shelved after three performances. The

work itself perished when the Library of the Royal Opéra was burned, nearly fifty years later. Indeed, most of Liszt's youthful compositions disappeared. Only two were ever printed, — an allegro and some studies. Nothing is known of a "grand overture" for orchestra which he contributed to a concert in Manchester that same year; or a sonata of his own, which as a joke he palmed off as one of Beethoven's, thus deceiving the elect. The elect, alas, are ever being deceived!

After several more journeys Liszt returned to Paris and underwent a thorough course of counterpoint under Reicha, who was delighted at the ease with which he mastered its intricacies: six months sufficed for him to open and explore this realm of mysteries. Then followed a new season of journeying with his father, and for the third time he went to London. Only in London did he fail of fullest appreciation.

But a crisis had come to him. As he grew into young manhood, a morbid dislike for the world grew upon him, and a yearning for the life of the Church.

He begged his father to let him become a priest and renounce the world.

But his father, who had endured so many trials for his sake, sternly set his face against it. "Thy calling is music," he said. "Love God, be good and true, and so much the higher things wilt thou attain in thy art."

In 1860 Liszt wrote: —

> "With tears and humble supplication I begged to be allowed to enter the seminary at Paris; there it was my hope to live the life of the saints, and perhaps even to die the death of the martyrs."

And he adds that though, alas, it was not at that time to be, yet in spite of all his errors and entanglements,

for which he felt the deepest contrition, the divine Light of the Cross was not withdrawn from him.

The truth of the matter is that Liszt was a man of emotions. No one like him spoke to the emotions. His whole career was emotional; all his disciples were emotional. His compositions, in which the intellectual musician hears nothing but incoherent ravings, are written in a language which the intellect cannot understand. It is therefore not an uncommon phenomenon to see pianists outgrowing their Liszt enthusiasms and to look back upon their "Lisztomania" as only a phase of development, of which they are not ashamed, but rather proud. In hearing and criticising the works of Liszt this must not be forgotten.

Amid this contest of will, when discords had arisen between father and son, the former was taken ill, and died in August, 1827, at Boulogne-sur-mer.

After he recovered from what to his sensitive nature was a terrible shock, he wrote his mother to join him; he sold his piano in order to pay certain small debts, and then hastened back to Paris, where he and his mother took a modest dwelling, the maintenance of their establishment falling on his shoulders. He was soon able to settle upon her a snug fortune of 100,000 francs which she enjoyed so long as she lived.

Among his pupils was the beautiful Caroline, Countess de Saint-Cricq, daughter of the Minister of the Interior.

Liszt fell in love with her. She was not slow to return it. Her mother saw the pretty romance unfolding like the petals of a flower, and was wise enough and true enough to approve.

But she died, and the Count de Saint-Cricq compelled his daughter to marry the man of his choice.

The bitter disappointment of this first love crushed, once more turned Liszt to the mysticism of the Church.

"A maiden," he wrote ten years later, "a maiden chaste and pure as the alabaster of holy vessels was the sacrifice which I tearfully offered to the God of the Christians. Renunciation of all things earthly was the leaven, the only word of that day."

He avoided all society, gave himself up to religious reading and meditation, and would have actually taken orders had not his mother persuaded his confessor to discountenance it.

The strain upon his nervous system, of this exalted state combined with the unhealthy life he had been leading, — sometimes going a whole day without food, and staying faintness by wine, — late hours, and all sorts of irregularities, at last brought on him a severe illness.

For a second time the report of his death was circulated. Paris papers printed obituaries of him, and his pictures, with the dates of his too short life, were displayed in the shop windows!

About this time a young Russian enthusiast from Riga, named Wilhelm von Lenz, came to Paris intending to take piano lessons of Kalkbrenner, then popular, but now forgotten. Chance brought him to Liszt.

"Yes, he is at home," said his mother, "a very unusual thing; my Franz is almost always at church, and will have scarcely anything more to do with music."

He found him smoking a Turkish pipe as he lay on a sofa surrounded by three pianos — "a thin, pale-looking young man, with infinitely attractive features."

He compared his smile to the flashing of a dagger in the sun. Lenz claims to have won Liszt's good graces by introducing to him the pianoforte works of Weber,

who at that time was all the rage in Riga. He claims to have been Liszt's first pupil, and in his little book on "the great pianoforte virtuosos of our day," calls him "the past, the present, and the future of the piano." He apotheosizes him.

The July Revolution of 1830 woke Liszt from his lethargy. "It was the cannon that cured him," his mother said. She had difficulty to keep him from rushing out and fighting at the barricades for the cause of humanity and popular freedom. He planned a "Revolutionary Symphony," after the model of Beethoven's "Battle of Vittoria," but it was not completed. Even the sketch of it is lost, but one or two of the motives are employed in other compositions.

With returning health and energy came a tremendous zeal for knowledge. His general education had been neglected. He now made it good. And what a throng of brilliant young minds formed the circle of artists, poets, philosophers, historians, novelists, composers, during that Romantic awakening!

The phases of Liszt's development are interesting. First he read Chateaubriand, and began to doubt. Then he was stirred by the teachings of Saint-Simon and his followers, but he never joined the mystic society which hoped to revolutionize the world. They helped to stimulate his genius, but the extremes to which the members of the sect were carried revolted him. Yet he would have been their ideal of an artist, standing as a priestly mediator between God and the world.

Still further stimulus came to him from the hearing of Paganini, who, while "at the zenith of his European celebrity," came to Paris in March, 1831. The demonic inspiration of his playing kindled Liszt to emulation.

Music he had neglected. He again took up his practice, and worked fiercely at it, sometimes exercising his fingers six hours a day. When again he emerged from his hiding, he had become the Paganini of the pianoforte — the King of Virtuosos.

Hitherto Beethoven had been Liszt's idol. He had been the first to play Beethoven's concertos in public, when the Parisian public found such music altogether too high for them. He was now to make the acquaintance of Berlioz and Chopin, both of whom had a powerful influence over him — an influence that was equally retro-active, in spite of the unlikeness of their characters and natures.

Berlioz, in his battle for a wider scope for the symphony, enlisted Liszt's sympathy and aid. A noble and unbroken friendship united them. Liszt transcribed for the piano several of the movements of Berlioz's "*Symphonie Fantastique*," and they were among the earliest of his published works.

Between Chopin and Liszt there was at first warm friendship; but "We are friends — we have been comrades," said Chopin, early in the forties. The cause of the breach in their friendship is very curious and interesting, but it lies in a chapter in Liszt's life over which we must draw a veil.

After Chopin was dead, Liszt wrote[1] a prose rhapsody on his genius and career, which is a classic, even if its biographical accuracy is far from being ideal. To read it is to penetrate into the mysteries of genius.

The turmoil of new ideas that found vent, especially in Paris, in the second quarter of this century, bore away many great minds, as a freshet in the spring overflows

[1] Weimar, 1849.

high banks and sweeps off bridges, houses, and barns. Into the wells of calm faith flowed turbid doubts ; over the walls of discretion dashed fierce passions; across the green fields of conventionality ran riotous, extravagant theories. Never was such intellectual ferment known.

What wonder that a man like Liszt, all emotion, responded to the spirit of the times ?

From absolute scepticism he was indeed saved by the influence of the celebrated Abbé Lamennais, whose liberal and democratic ideas came into conflict with those of a conservative Church, but whose truly religious and truly cosmopolitan philosophy of the universe was highly stimulating.

Liszt visited him at his country-seat in Bretagne, and under the inspiration of his teachings composed his beautiful "*Pensées des Morts ;*" he called him his "paternal friend and instructor." For him Art was the divine medium between God and the world. "Art is for men what the creative power is for God." The Beautiful must be the immutable object of art, which, like knowledge, must be forever progressing toward loftier heights. There is one law for the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. They unite in the divine unity.

Such a theory is in the highest degree ideal. The danger lies, that under the plausible name of the Beautiful, one may follow a phantom light, a will-o'-the-wisp, that may lead one into the miasmatic swamps of Immorality.

Love is beautiful. But because it is beautiful, there oftentimes come crises when 'Love himself takes part against himself' to warn men off, —

> "And Duty loved of Love
> O this world's curse — beloved but hated," —

comes like Death betwixt two souls.

Liszt yielded to that Love that conflicted with Duty. His partisans, and oddly enough the women above all, have defended him in the irregularities which mar his life, affecting to judge him as though he were a king whose "divine right" placed him above morality.

Judged by the healthy common standards, he, like Berlioz, for many years lived a life of shocking immorality. The world treated him leniently, and the husband of the countess who bore him children declared that he acted like a gentleman in the difficult position in which he was placed by her guilty infatuation; still, we have no right to mince matters or defend genius for its aberrations.

In other respects his character shines bright as the sun. Generous to a degree unexampled in the history of art, self-sacrificing, heroic, his career simply bristles with beautiful, unselfish acts which it would take a volume adequately to describe.

When Liszt, after long silence, again appeared in public, it was found that a new era of piano-playing had come. No one could withstand the magic of it. It was said: —

"His soul is in his fingers, his soul is in his eyes:
This perfect artist seems inspired directly from the skies." [1]

Hosts of clever people have left descriptions in prose and verse of Liszt's playing. Nothing like it was ever known. The classic Cramer and others devoted to traditions might vainly try to sneer, or shoot impudent epigrams.[2] Wherever Liszt appeared, the people flocked to hear him.

[1] Son âme est dans ses doigts, son âme est dans ses yeux:
Cet artiste parfait semble inspiré des cieux.

[2] Cramer shook his head and said: "De mon temps on jouait fort bien; aujourd'hui on joue bien fort."

It would take too long to describe all his journeys or mention all his concerts, even those that were given for philanthropic purposes. Much that is interesting may be found in his "Letters from a Bachelor in Music," which began in 1835, and tell of his doings in Switzerland and Italy. Adolf Pictet has devoted a whole book to a mountain tour taken by Liszt, the Countess d'Agoult, known as "Daniel Stern," "George Sand," and others, making a jolly, unconventional, sun-browned party, calling themselves "the Piffoëls Family," emitting witticisms as an electrical machine emits sparks. At one of the hotels Liszt inscribed himself as a "*musicien-philosophe*, born on Parnassus on his way from Doubt to the Truth." George Sand also described their experiences in her "Travellers' Letters." The memory of these Swiss days Liszt preserved in his "Years of Swiss Pilgrimage."

While he was residing in Geneva, he heard that Sigismund Thalberg had gone to Paris and been hailed as "an epoch-making pianist." Liszt determined to meet his rival; but when he reached Paris, Thalberg had returned to Vienna. Liszt, however, gave two concerts, and Berlioz wrote a tremendous article in the *Gazette Musicale*, praising him to the skies, at the expense of the German, and predicting that "all things were to be expected from him as a composer." His article ended with the words: "He is the pianist of the future; to him be the honor." A new musical war broke out as in the time of Gluck. But where is Thalberg now, and who plays his trivialities?

The next year, in December (1836), Berlioz gave a great concert, and Liszt came once more from Switzerland to take part in it. Thalberg was present, and all

his adherents. When the young man with his "ivory profile" appeared on the stage, he was received in silence. All the greater was his triumph, because it was wrung from a hostile public. It was during this winter when he gave many concerts in Paris, that Heine wrote his famous description of his improvisation which he declared made him *see* what other people only heard.

But the war with Thalderg was not over. Liszt wrote a critical review of two of the German pianist's compositions, and handled them without gloves.

Of course it was ascribed to motives of jealousy.

Shortly after, Thalberg himself appeared on the scene, and abundant opportunity was given to hear and compare the two virtuosos.

Then Fétis, Berlioz's bitter enemy, replied, and at the end of his article, while acknowledging Liszt's prodigious talent and incomparable ability in conquering difficulties, declared that no new musical thought informed the marvel of his playing, giving it a creative and original character: —

"Thou art the offshoot of a school that is drawing to an end and has no further mission, but thou art not the man of a new school. Thalberg is the man. That is the whole difference between you."

A lady who heard the two pianists at a concert given by the Princess Belgiojoso, expressed the difference more wittily: "Thalberg," said she, "is the first pianist in the world."

"And Liszt?"

"Liszt! Liszt is the only one!"

The question as to Liszt's genius as a composer is another matter. His enthusiastic acolytes have been known to predict that after Schumann and Brahms were

forgotten, Liszt would still live. His opponents, — and they are not few or to be despised, — while acknowledging his genius as an interpreter and transcriber of other people's ideas, declare that his music is like sounding brass, great noise covering the lack of great ideas.

Certainly no one ever equalled him in the beauty of his translations of opera or song to the keyboard of the piano. Schubert's lovely melodies live anew in his fascinating arrangements of them, a round hundred in all. And those wonderful Magyar songs which he wove into his nineteen Hungarian rhapsodies for both orchestra and piano, introduced a nation to the knowledge of the world. One hundred and thirty of his compositions derive their inspiration from the Magyar land.

Liszt was a most voluminous composer. Over twelve hundred compositions flowed from his pen. Of these, six hundred and forty-nine were original, though that number includes two hundred and sixty-four re-arranged for other instruments.

He was himself modest in regard to his own work. He declared that he had no intention of being an innovator and iconoclast.

"I have written," said he, "as my heart dictated. Whether my things will prove to have permanent value, I do not presume to predict; but they have been honorably intentioned."

His seventy songs with piano accompaniment, though Liszt himself called them abstruse and hard to criticise, are worthy of immortality.

Indeed, Liszt's career as a composer seems to suggest the thought that as the combinations of the notes in our scale are necessarily limited, and the more obvious and spontaneous melodies and chords have been long ago

exhausted during three hundred years of musical activity with thousands of composers drawing from the fountain, the "tone poet" of the future will be driven to avail himself of the treasures of the past, frankly confessing the source. Perhaps, however, the human ear will educate itself to find beauties in quarter tones and eighth tones, and thus inaugurate a new era of tone-colors and tone-pictures.

After a three-months' visit at Nohant, George Sand's country-place, — which he describes in a poetico-pastoral letter to Pictet, — Liszt started once more on his travels. It was toward the end of July, 1837, and he set his face toward Italy. He spent some time at the beautiful Villa Malzi, on the dreamy shores of Lake Como, where his reading of the "Divine Comedy" inspired his strange, poetic "Dante Fantasie," and, where on Christmas, 1837, his daughter Cosima was born, who afterwards became the wife successively of Hans von Bülow and Richard Wagner.

At Milan he gave several concerts when he played his own compositions mainly, and, by his improvisations, awoke the Italians to an unprecedented enthusiasm. Hitherto they had cared little for piano music. Liszt himself commented on the fact that since John Field had played in Italy, "no Hummel, no Moscheles, no Kalkbrenner, no Chopin, had appeared on that side of the Alps."

Liszt enjoyed the memorials of the past, and the sculpture and painting inspired him as nature had done in Switzerland.

Moreover, he met Rossini at Milan. Between the two sprang up a warm friendship which was not cooled by Rossini saying frankly, "You have the making of a

great composer, a great writer, a great philosopher — and yet you are doing nothing."

Liszt repaid him by transcribing a dozen of Rossini's musical soirées.

In Rome, where he went the next year, he gave a concert at the Palazzo Poli, then occupied by Prince Galitsin, governor-general of Moscow. His audience consisted wholly of titled personages; and for the first time he had no one to assist him — an innovation never before attempted. Here also he composed his first[1] song.

To Liszt, Rome was the consummation of all Italy. Nature, the arts, religion, here found their richest manifestations; and when in 1839 he left Italy he was able to write that he was a different man, older, more mature, more perfect as an artist; for, said he, "I have been working enormously."

The period of his development was complete. He had now to choose his career. And after much deliberation he decided against his inclinations, and became a virtuoso rather than a kapellmeister.

At the same time he found it necessary to separate from the Countess d'Agoult, the mother of his three children.

No wonder that it was said of him that "his nature consisted of uneven proportions of demon and angel." And so long as he lived, silly women, dazzled by his genius and his personality, flew into the blaze of his attraction as moths singe their wings in the flame of a torch.

One time he was discovered in his house at Budapest,

[1] The exquisite *Angiolin dal biondo crin* — "Angel fair with golden hair."

seated on a platform surrounded by pianos, and in full view of six or eight ladies trying to portray his clear-cut features and long gray hair. He was sound asleep, wearied with homage.

"You have found me," said he with the ready wit that never failed him, "in the attitude of St. Sebastian; but the arrows this time are paint-brushes."

At St. Petersburg ladies of the high nobility met him on the steps of his hotel, and crowned him with flowers. Four celebrated beauties of the court of the King of Prussia had their portraits painted representing them as Caryatides supporting his bust. Ladies begged and preserved as inestimable treasures the stumps of his cigars.

Was it strange that such unbounded worship turned the head of the "dear sublime," as Berlioz called him?

Between 1839 and 1847 Liszt gave concerts in all the countries of Europe. The blazing comet of Liszt's birth-night seemed to have become flesh and started wandering through the world.

Princely, Zeus-like in his generosity, he everywhere poured the golden rain that his wonder-working hands compelled, into the coffers of deserving charities. It was he who, at an expense of fifty thousand marks from his own means, caused the monument at Bonn, to Beethoven, to be finished and erected. This was but one of his manifold services to art.

The last concert that Liszt ever gave for his own benefit was in 1847. From that time forth he labored exclusively for others.

Early in the forties he engaged to direct a number of concerts at Weimar each year. Here, in 1849, he settled as conductor of the Court Theatre, and began an interesting battle in behalf of unrecognized composers. His

theory was, that all truth and genuine merit must conquer in the end, though the powers of misrepresentation and intrigue may delay them. His ideal was lofty: he could say, in this respect, that his life's highest aim was to uphold it.[1]

Dingelstedt, whom Liszt caused to be appointed general intendant at Weimar, intrigued against him, and was successful in having the theatre exploited at the expense of the lyric drama. The "Orpheus of Weimar," as Victor Hugo called him, resigned his official position, and retired to semi-private life, drawing closer and closer to the Church, spending a large part of each year at Rome in constant intercourse with Pope Pius IX., who called him "my Palestrina," and with the great dignitaries, especially Cardinal Hohenlohe, at whose beautiful Villa d'Este he always found "peace, sweet hospitality, mild air, splendid landscape, delightful walks, good food, good wine, books, *musicalien*, pianos to be used *ad libitum*, and a delightful temperature."

In Rome itself he lived either at the Dominican Monastery at Monte Mario, or at San Francisca Romana, near the Forum. He took charge of the musical performances which the art-loving Pope and Cardinals arranged.

In 1858, at Budapest, he had become a "tertiary," or member of the third order of Franciscans: Francis of Assisi was his patron saint. Even before this he wrote to Richard Wagner: —

"Come back to the Faith: it gives such happiness; it is the only, the true, the eternal. However bitterly you may scorn this feeling, I cannot help recognizing in it the way of salvation. I cannot help yearning for it, and choosing it."

[1] "I had dreamed of a new art period for Weimar," he wrote in 1860, "like that of Karl August, in which Wagner and I should have been the leaders, as formerly Goethe and Schiller were; but unfavorable circumstances brought these dreams to naught."

In the last weeks of his life he scouted the idea that his appointment of abbé was due to external circumstances, but wholly to the requirements of his heart; the circle of his life completed itself in the yearnings for the rest which he could find only in the bosom of Mother Church.

Cardinal Hohenlohe, in 1865, invested him with the honorary title of abbé. In 1879 he submitted to the tonsure, and took upon himself the vows of the four minor orders. He was appointed honorary canon; but these church dignities did not make him a priest. He could not offer mass, and he was at liberty at any time to marry had he chosen so to do.

But Liszt's life was not confined to Rome or the Church. It was what he called a three-branched life, — *vie trifurquée.* Weimar was still a favorite resort, his residence being either on the Altenburg at the palace of the Russian Princess, Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein, whose devoted friendship to him has become historical, or (after 1869), at the beautiful Hofgärtnerei on the Ilm, which was redolent with memories of Goethe.

In 1870 the authorities of Hungary made him president of an academy of music which did not yet exist, and gave him a salary of four thousand gulden. Accordingly, each year saw him at Budapest.

The adoration of the Hungarians for their famous countryman amounted to frenzy.

At both Weimar and Budapest he was surrounded by pupils, but he refused all pecuniary compensation. A pupil was obliged to display distinguished talent to be admitted to his instruction. The published list of his pupils gives the names of 227 men and 183 women, — the list is not complete, — many of whom have won a

wide fame. His influence on the musical life of the present generation is inestimable; nor can we tell what Wagner would have done without his superb generosity, his wise tact, and his infinite patience.

Liszt was founder of the Weimar Sängerfest, and was first conductor and president of the festivals of the Universal German Musical Union.

On the twenty-second of May, 1884, the Union celebrated at Weimar its twenty-third anniversary. The next day, at the Ducal Theatre, the Muse of Poetry and Music and the Nymph of the Ilm came upon the stage, and spoke a prologue written by Professor Adolf Stern, and then crowned Liszt's bust, while the tone-poet himself, "with his Jupiter head," so wonted to clouds of incense, smiled benignly. This ceremony was followed by Liszt's beautiful "Legend of St. Elizabeth."

The last time that Liszt ever directed publicly was at Jena, at the Singakademie, on the twenty-sixth of June, 1884. His last year was full of enjoyments. He made a triumphal journey through Europe. On the sixteenth of January, at a concert in Rome, on almost the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance there, nothing but his works was performed. At the Palazzo Bacca, before a brilliant assemblage, he played for the last time in Rome. He chose his Thirteenth Rhapsody, and extended it to nearly double its length by a marvellous improvisation.

On the twenty-first of March he was in Paris, almost coinciding with the sixty-second anniversary of his first appearance there. Here his "*Graner Fest-Messe*," which he wrote Wagner "was rather *prayed* than composed," was given, and brought receipts of 42,000 francs.

He also went to England, after an absence of forty-

six years; and if there had been any remembrance of former coolness, it must have been entirely swallowed up in the fire of enthusiasm which blazed around him. Even the London cabbies, who had never heard him touch a piano, were so stirred by his personal magnetism, that they cheered him on the street.

The same experience he had in St. Petersburg. In May he was back. On the seventeenth of May he was welcomed home to Weimar with a serenade by the Liszt Union. On the thirtieth he played for the last time there. One piece was a study that he had not performed since he was a boy. Indeed, he had, as he expressed it, "a terrible memory." One one occasion Count Giza Zichy, a young Hungarian pianist, who, having but one arm, played as well as most men who have two, had composed a Hungarian fantasy. He played it over to Liszt. In the evening Liszt, having caught it in his memory, played it before a numerous audience. He was equally talented in reading the most labyrinthine scores at sight.

Early in June he went to Halle to consult with an oculist in regard to his eyes, which seemed to be failing him. An operation was suggested, but not performed. His wonderfully elastic health began to show signs of yielding. He apologized to friends for keeping his seat one time, saying, "They are putting on my boots for the long journey."

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Musical Union celebrated Liszt's seventy-fifth year by giving two Liszt concerts at Sonderhausen. At the second his "Cristus" was performed. He was up every day at five o'clock in the morning.

On the seventh he returned to Weimar in a palace

car crowned with flowers. He was in the best of spirits, and played his favorite game of whist all the way. On the twenty-fifth he went to Jena, and heard a beautiful performance of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." The next day he gave his last official "lesson" in the Hofgärtnerei. It included Schumann's novelette in D-major, a little gem dedicated to Liszt himself. On the first of July he left Weimar. He never saw the town again.

At Bayreuth he was present at the wedding of his granddaughter, Daniela von Bülow, to Dr. Thode, the author of a beautiful work on his favorite St. Francis d'Assisi.

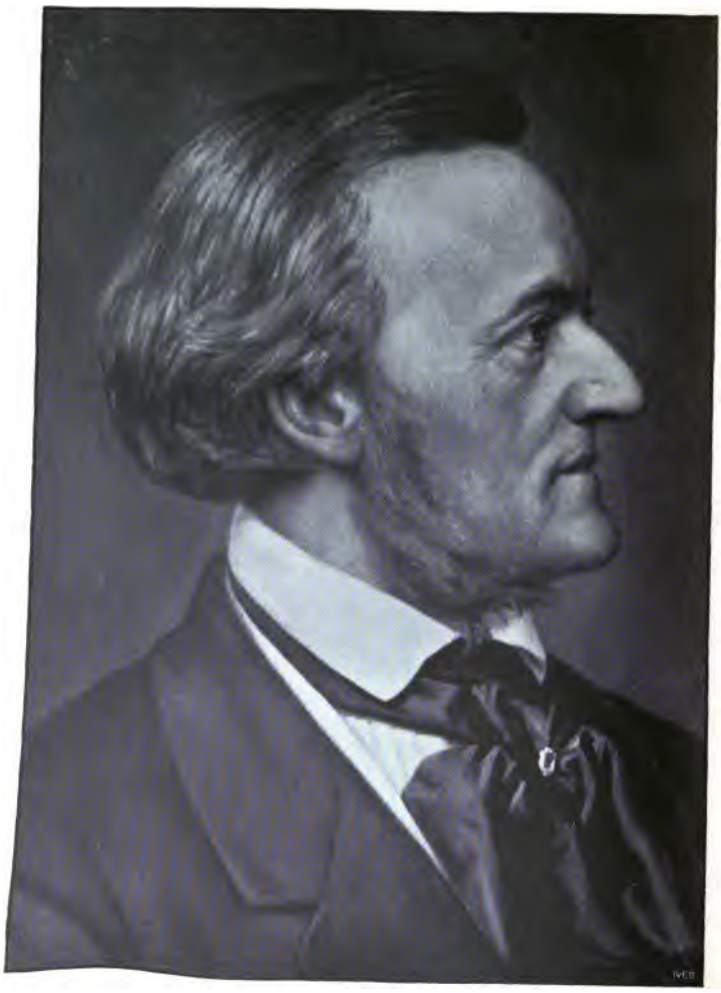
On Sunday, July fourth, he went to Luxemburg to visit the famous Hungarian painter Munkacsy at Schloss Colpach. He had a slight cold, and there increased it. But once more he yielded to the request of friends, and played for the last time.

On his return to Bayreuth he was suffering from a bad cough. On the twenty-first he took to his bed, but in spite of all protests insisted on visiting the Wagners. On the twenty-third he attended the first "*Parsifal*" performance, and was the observed of all observers. On the following Saturday he played his last game of whist. Though warned by the doctors, he insisted on attending the performance of "*Tristan.*" The exposure was fatal. The whole town was filled with grief to know of Liszt's serious illness. He died on Saturday, the thirty-first of July, 1886. Curiously enough, as August Göllerich pointed out, Wagner had written to him thirty years before:—

"Remember the thirty-first of July: adieu, Mein Franziskus! Thou indefatigable, farewell! Thou dear, good fortune that hast vanished. If only thou knewest what divine memories thou hast left behind thee!"

The inhabitants of Bayreuth erected in his memory a splendid chapel-form mausoleum, designed by Siegfried Wagner. The Duke of Weimar, Karl Alexander, founded a Liszt Stiftung. Maria Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, sister of the Cardinal, who so loved Liszt, endowed it with 70,000 marks for the aid of talented pianists and composers. It was dedicated on the twenty-second of October, 1887.

The residence in the Hofgärtnerei is now a museum, kept forever as Liszt left it. Here is the piano where he composed, his writing-table, and the tokens of honor which were heaped upon him, — countless stars, sixty-three medals and orders, golden laurel wreaths, batons, snuff-boxes, pipes, the sword presented by the Hungarians in honor of his re-instatement into the nobility, diplomas giving him the freedom of many cities, and a complete collection of his published works. Many of his manuscripts are still in the hands of friends. Pilgrims to this interesting Mecca of Art never fail to be amazed at the simplicity which surrounded this knight of artistic chivalry. He lived as he died, utterly oblivious of mercenary considerations, simple, whole-souled, ascetic.



WAGNER.

RICHARD WAGNER.

(1813-1883.)

IN the year 1887 six hundred and forty-one performances of Wagner's operas were given in forty-four towns of Germany. In 1890 the number had swelled to nine hundred and sixty-seven. The Wagner Society founded in 1883 had, five years later, two hundred and forty-four branches, and six thousand members; in 1890 it had three hundred branches, and eight thousand members.

"Only a comet and no fixed star is Richard Wagner," wrote Flodoard Geyer twenty years ago. But how is "the great train" grown, which even then made the metaphor more brilliant in the eyes of the critic: —

"Charlatan."

"Fanatic of unmelodiousness."

"The Heliogabalus of Harmony."

"The Marat of music."

"The murderer of melody."

"The Musical Munchausen."

"The Vandal of Art."

Such were some of the opprobrious epithets which hot-tempered opponents applied to Richard Wagner, while they bent and twisted the malleable German tongue to evolve absurd and ridiculous names for his music: —

"An indistinguishable lyrico-epico-dramatic gelatine."
"A moral delirium tremens (*Katzenjammer*)."
"Epidemic Wagneropsy."
"Transcendental nebulosity."
"Circus comedy."
"Wild chaos of tones."
"A caricature of music."
"A chaos of combined chord effects."
"A spectacular demonstration."
"Dissonance music."
"Butchery in notes."

There is a whole volume — "a dictionary of incivilities" — containing hundreds of rude, sarcastic, slanderous expressions used by the critics and rivals of the master, to vent their scorn and hatred upon him.

Reformers have ever had to run the gantlet of ridicule, jealousy, and misunderstanding. Human nature remains unchanged. The Greeks, who could not grasp the idea of an alien civilization, called those who spoke another tongue *barbaroi*, as though the foreigners were "silly sheep." So the Russians called the Germans "dumb."

And when a genius like Beethoven, or Berlioz, Liszt, or Wagner, comes speaking a new musical language, instantly the conservatives have him by the ears, and, secure in their own conceit, declare that the new is barbaric, and that music will perish with the old.

Thus does history teach modesty, but men are loath to learn.

Wilhelm Richard Wagner was born at Leipzig, in the "House of the Red and White Lion," on the twenty-second of May, 1813.

Significantly, prophetically, around his cradle was

fought the terrible "Battle of the Nations." One hundred and twenty thousand Germans and Frenchmen lay dead or dying in the fields around the city; and the epidemic fever which came stalking abroad like a pestilence to finish the grim work of carnage, left the boy fatherless six months to a day after his birth.

The family, as the name would show, was of popular and not aristocratic origin; humble, one might say, if any honest work were ever humble. The grandfather was a clerk in the customs service; the father, a clerk in the police service.

Friedrich Wagner had received a good education and could speak French, so that Marshal Davoust had employed him in the reorganization of the police. He had a passion for the stage, and often played in private theatricals. This talent he handed down to his daughter Rosalie, who won fame as a tragedienne; to his oldest son, Albert, an actor and singer, and in turn the father of two daughters, both of whom appeared on the lyric stage.

The widow Wagner, after two years' struggle with penury on the small pension granted her, married one of her former husband's friends, Ludwig Geyer, a member of the Royal Company of Comedians at Dresden, where she went to live with her seven children.

Geyer was a painter, as well as an actor and playwright. He proposed to make a painter of his step-son, but Wagner confesses having no talent for drawing. Geyer died before any definite plans could be made. On the day before his death, he asked the boy, then about seven years old, to play over two small pieces which he had learned from "*Der Freischütz.*"

Wagner remembered hearing him say in a feeble voice to his mother, "What if he has a gift for music?"

"Early the next morning, after he was dead," continues Wagner in an autobiographical sketch, "our mother came into the nursery and said something to each one of us children; to me she said, 'He hoped that something worth while might be made of thee.' And I remember that I long imagined that something would be made of me."

Two years later a place was secured for him in the School of the Cross (*Kreuzschule*), where he seems to have been under no sort of discipline. Both at school and at home he was left to his own devices. "I grew up," he said, "unrestrained by authority, and with no other guides than life, art, and myself."

He got a smattering of Greek, Latin, mythology, and ancient history. Perhaps more than a smattering of Greek, for even while he was in the third form, he translated twelve books of the Odyssey into verse. He was considered apt at literary studies, and when a schoolmate died, and a prize was offered for the best poem on the occasion, he won it. The verses, shorn of some of their bombastic bathos, were printed. He dreamed of being a poet, and composed several tragedies in the Greek spirit. He began to study English so as to read Shakspere in the original, but after he had translated *Romeo's* monologue, he dropped it.

He projected a great Shaksperian tragedy — a stupendous compound of "Hamlet" and "King Lear." "The plan was on the most colossal scale," he wrote. Forty-two persons were destroyed one after the other, before the end; and in order to have any one on the stage, he was obliged to resuscitate the majority, and bring them in as ghosts.

In these Dresden days, music was of secondary con-

sideration. His Latin tutor gave him a few piano lessons, but his ambition to play the overture to "*Der Freischütz*" so outstripped his willingness to acquire a proper fingering, that his teacher predicted he would come to nothing. Strange! the two great masters of the orchestra — Berlioz and Wagner — both found no use for the piano. Wagner attributed his detestation of "runs" in music to his inability to play a passage clearly.

Weber himself was then living in Dresden, engaged in his battle for German art against Italian music. He probably knew "the charming and intelligent Madame Geyer, whose pleasant manners and lively character had a special charm for artists." Certainly he frequently passed the house, and the young Richard always rushed to the window to see him.

Though he was only thirteen when Weber died, he declared that from that master he received his first musical impressions: "His melodies," says he, "roused me to enthusiasm; his character and nature had a perfect fascination for me; his death in a foreign land filled my childish heart with grief."

In 1827 Madame Wagner-Geyer, with her younger children, returned to Leipzig, where her daughter Rosalie had an engagement at the "Stadttheater." Richard was here put into the Nicholas College, but in a lower class, and the disappointment so embittered him that he let everything go except the ideal of his portentous drama. "I was idle and disorderly," he says, "but my great tragedy held its place in my heart."

This was the year of Beethoven's death, and Wagner for the first time heard one of his symphonies. The impression it made upon him was revolutionary. "One evening," says the hero of his imaginary "Pilgrimage to

Beethoven," "I heard a symphony of his; I thereupon fell ill of a fever, and when I had recovered — I was a musician."

Fiction that is history!

Not long after, he heard Goethe's "Egmont" with Beethoven's incidental music. Forsooth, his own great drama must have an accompaniment of music!

One cannot make Egyptian bricks without straw. So he borrowed a method of thorough-bass, and plunged into its mysteries, hoping in a week's time to be fitted to compose. It was not such easy swimming as he had expected, but its very difficulties stimulated him, and he then and there decided on his profession.

Meantime, his neglected studies were calling for vengeance. His family discovered his tragedy, and he was brought down once more into the plane of real life. Whatever music he might make must be made secretly, and thus surreptitiously he composed a sonata, a quartet, and an aria.

His family, to whom he at last confessed these secret amusements, looked upon them as a passing fancy, but they allowed him to study harmony under Gottfried Müller, a first-class organist and musician.

Wagner had got hold of Hoffmann's "Fantastic Tales," and was given over to mysticism and day-dreams. "Thirds," "fifths," and other chords seemed to him to take incarnate forms with which he conversed. The practical Müller could make nothing out of such a young visionary. Many prophets begin as visionaries. He shook his head over him. He was the type of the anti-Wagnerites to the present day.

Wagner, undisturbed by fell predictions, by the reproaches of his anxious relatives, set to work to write

overtures. He carried one to Dorn, conductor of the Royal Theatre, where his sister was playing a leading part. It was accepted and played. A vivacious drummer insisted on beating a fierce fortissimo every four bars. It first annoyed, then disgusted, then amused the audience. This merriment at his expense, said Wagner, wounded him deeply. Yet the first performance of a work by him was very impressive — upon himself.

This overture — the climax of his absurdities, as he calls it — was written out in three different colored inks — the strings in red, the wood-wind in green, and the brass in black.

Curiously enough a somewhat similar scheme has been recently adopted in an edition of Bach's fugues.

Came the July Revolution of 1830. The fever in the air, one need not doubt, set the youthful Wagner's blood boiling. He became a fiery republican. He could think and talk of nothing but politics, he even began an overture which dealt with a political theme.

This same year he entered the University of Leipzig; but instead of making the most of his opportunities, he at first, as he confesses, "gave himself up to all the excesses of student life, but with such recklessness and zeal that they soon disgusted him."

He had chosen the faculty of philosophy and æsthetics with a view to their aid in his chosen profession. When he came to his senses and saw that he must begin anew, he had the wisdom to put himself in the hands of a really capable professor. This was Theodor Weinlig, cantor of the St. Thomas School.

Weinlig inspired him, and, as it were, unconsciously led him into right paths and gave him a thorough training in the essentials of his art.

In less than six months Weinlig told him that he had arrived at technical independence. "You will probably never wish to write a fugue, but the fact that you can write one will make all composition easy to you."

Under Weinlig's instruction he wrote an overture which was played at one of the Gewandhaus concerts "with encouraging applause." Beethoven was his model. He also found help in Mozart's example, and under the joint influence of their "clearness and strength," composed a symphony which was performed on January 8, 1833, at a Gewandhaus concert. Fifty years later this "superannuated production of boyhood," as he called it, supposed to have been lost, was discovered in an old valise at Dresden, and performed in different parts of the world. It was given by the professors and scholars of the San Marcello Lyceum at Venice on Christmas Day, 1882, in honor of Cosima Wagner's birthday. Wagner declared that it had many singular errors. Mendelssohn evidently felt the same, for he let it not only lie idle but disappear.

At this time Heinrich Dorn, who afterwards became a thorn in the flesh to Wagner — one of his bitterest foes — declared that there probably never lived a young composer who was more familiar with the works of Beethoven. Yet later it was a common attack upon him to assert that he was a musical ignoramus, "a literary, poetical, and musical humbug," "ignorant *par excellence*," "an impotent quack."

In 1832 Wagner made his first visit to Vienna, but the city of Mozart and Beethoven was given over to "Zampa," and Strauss pot-pourris of "Zampa," which were his pet detestation.

On his return he spent some time in Prague, where he

made the acquaintance of Dionys Weber, the director of the famous Conservatory, who had his symphony and other of his compositions played at the Conservatory concerts.

Wagner then began a tremendously tragic opera entitled "The Wedding," which, because of his sister's disapproval, he destroyed root and branch.

Albert Wagner was settled at Würzburg as manager of the theatre there. Richard spent the year 1833 with him, and got much good from his knowledge of acting and singing. He there composed the libretto and music to an opera entitled "The Fairies." Beethoven and Weber were his models, but at that time the Germans "were crowded from their own stage by successful Frenchmen and Italians." Pretty promises were made, yet Wagner could not get "The Fairies" mounted.

The next year he heard Madame Schröder-Devrient in Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet." The fact that music which seemed to him so "unutterably insignificant" met with such success, led him to study the causes of it. Material beauty, passion, fire, vivacity, melody, beckoned to him. Germany suddenly dwindled into insignificance compared with a whole world. Beethoven seemed to have reached human limits, beyond which no one could go.

At Töplitz, in Bohemia, he set himself to compose an opera that should exhibit the sensuous elements of the French and Italian school.

Thus arose the "*Liebesverbot*" ("Forbidden Love"), the libretto imitated from "Measure for Measure."

Full of the fresh life of his one and twenty years, keyed up to the tense spirit of the time, he put away seriousness as puritanical hypocrisy, and breathed into it the free license of "young Europe."

He had accepted the position as director of music at the Magdeburg theatre, and there in the spring of 1836 he had it performed after only ten days' study. As it was Holy Week, the censor obliged him to take a new title: "The Novice of Palermo." Thus to mount an opera is like launching a ship whose timbers are glued and not riveted. It is sure to go to pieces.

At the first performance, a good audience was present to applaud what they found to applaud. At the second performance, which brought the season to a close, there were only three in the audience. Just before the curtain rose, the prima donna's husband attacked the second tenor and his wife, and pounded them so ferociously that they could not sing. So the performance had to be stopped before it began, and the Polish Jew, who was probably the only one of the three who had paid for admission, having received back his money, went home and took off his gala-day costume!

Wagner in his zeal had loaded himself with debts, and, in the hope of extinguishing them, tried to induce Ringelhardt at Leipzig to bring out the new opera; indeed, said he, there would be a fine chance for his daughter to make her appearance in a very sympathetic part! The director was more canny than the Magdeburg censor: he was not to be caught by putting the salt of flattery on his feathers!

So Wagner took it to Berlin, with like result. But here he saw Spontini conducting "Fernando Cortez," and he learned a lesson in regard to stage effects that he did not forget. He left Berlin in most wretched financial circumstances, and clutched at a straw when he accepted the position of musical director at a theatre in Königsberg in Prussia, whither his betrothed, Minna

Planer, had gone from Magdeburg, as "leading lady." Her he married in November, 1836. "I was in love," he afterwards wrote, "and I persisted in getting married, thus involving myself and another in unhappiness."

Dorn had gone to Riga as cantor and director of religious music. Through him Wagner, his wife, and his sister-in-law obtained places at the theatre; but cares, debts, and all sorts of annoyances, followed them.

Bulwer's novel, "Rienzi," which he read at Dresden, inspired him to attempt a grand opera with "The Last of the Romans" as its hero. His ambition designed it for the grand opera in Paris. Hueffer relates that he wrote to Scribe proposing to him to translate the libretto, and secure its acceptance. It was another libretto that Wagner offered Scribe while he was at Königsberg, but the generous proposal met with no response!

His Riga contract having expired, he set sail for London and Paris, with his wife, his big Newfoundland dog, and the two completed acts of "Rienzi."

The voyage was long, boisterous, and terribly fatiguing, abounding in mishaps. Three times they were caught in violent storms, and once had to put into a Norwegian port. The sailors told him the story of "The Flying Dutchman." *Senta* was a Norwegian maiden. True men extract their costliest triumphs from their severest hardships. The howling of the storm is heard in the music of the opera born of this voyage. Such works are written in life-blood, and are immortal.

In London, Wagner cared only for the city, its public buildings, and did not enter a theatre. After a week's rest, he went to Boulogne, where he made Meyerbeer's

acquaintance and showed him his "Rienzi." Meyerbeer gave him letters of introduction to famous theatrical managers and publishers. Heine has left on record a curious remark: "Do you know," said he, "what puts me on my guard against this young man is that Meyerbeer recommends him!"

"Celebrity," remarks Wagner, in his autobiography, "is everything in Paris; at once the fortune and the destruction of the artist."

If by celebrity Wagner meant pecuniary success, he stood in no danger of being ruined. Anténor Jolly, director of the Théâtre de la Renaissance, influenced by Meyerbeer's representation, indeed went so far as to accept the "*Liebesverbot*," and the French translation was admirably adapted to the music; but when every thing promised well, the theatre suddenly went into bankruptcy.

He had wasted his labor, and overdrawn his account in the bank of hope.

He was also disappointed about having his overture to "Faust" played. It was rehearsed, but the musicians called it a long enigma, and refused to touch it. Another, entitled "Polonia," he offered for a concert, arranged by a Polish princess. This overture was lost, but turned up years afterwards, and came into Wagner's hands in 1881. He had it performed in Palermo in honor of his wife's birthday.

He expected to mount by one bound into the temple of fame. He found confronting him on every side the thorny hedge of poverty, the misleading lights of intrigue, the fallacies of false friends.

He was, as he expressed it, in a state of inward revolt against the artistic life of Paris. Yet he had

many pleasant experiences of friendship. Berlioz, "in spite of his repellant nature," attracted him most among the musicians whom he knew. Berlioz on his side found Wagner "superb in his ardor and warmth of heart," and confessed that even his violences transported him. Liszt was then to him an object of suspicion.

While he was thus encompassed with difficulties and bitter poverty, and saw absolutely no prospect of the Opéra opening its doors to him, or any other chance of success, Meyerbeer suddenly returned to Paris, and offered to help him. The plan for a two or three act opera was suggested; and Wagner, who had developed his idea of "The Flying Dutchman" by the assistance of Heine, suggested it to Léon Pillet.

Then Meyerbeer again left Paris, and Pillet wanted Wagner to part with the libretto, to give to another composer whom he had promised a chance at the grand opera!

About this time he was commissioned to write for the *Gazette Musicale*, and contributed, besides articles on music in Germany, two novelettes, — "The Pilgrimage to Beethoven," and a semi-humorous pathetic sketch entitled "The End of a German Musician in Paris," in which he portrayed vividly enough his own struggles with poverty, and immortalized his dog! In order to earn a scanty living, he underwent the most humiliating musical drudgery, "making arrangements for every imaginable kind of instrument, even the cornet-à-piston." He applied for a position as singer in a small theatre, but had worse fortune than Berlioz in similar circumstances; the conductor who examined him declared that he could not sing!

He finished his "Rienzi," and despatched it to Dres-

den, where it was cordially recommended by Meyerbeer. Then he was induced for five hundred francs to give up his scheme for the Opéra; and having nothing more urgent on hand, he hired a piano, and set to work on his own version of "The Flying Dutchman." To his delight he found that he was still a musician. He fairly shouted for joy, and everything went so fluently that the whole was completed in seven weeks.

The version composed for the Opéra by Paul Foucher was given in November, 1842, and made a fiasco.

In these days he was cheered by the splendid performances of Beethoven's Choral Symphony at the Conservatory, and by the representations of Weber's "*Freischütz*," conformed by Berlioz to the requirements of the Opéra, which insisted on a ballet; but as nearly as possible in its pristine form.

The clouds were beginning to lift. "Rienzi" was accepted for Dresden; and in the spring of 1842 Wagner shook off the dust of Paris, and with bright tears in his eyes, for the first time saw "the Rhine, the German Rhine, and swore eternal fealty to his fatherland."

"Rienzi" was given for the first time on October 20, 1842. It showed the influences of the Italian school and of Meyerbeer, but had passages of power and promise. It was produced with fine scenic effects, and instantly made Wagner famous. It gave him the position of kapellmeister at the royal opera, and an assured position with a salary of twelve hundred and fifty dollars. It was no sinecure, as the full list of his labors there would show. He brought out a number of great operas besides his own.

"The Flying Dutchman" — Wagner's transition opera — at first failed, though Schröder-Devrient's creation of

Senta was regarded as wonderful; but it was hailed by Schumann as a "signal of hope" that German art would be emancipated. Spohr called it "a masterpiece," and had it performed at Cassel. "Indeed," said Wagner, "Spohr was the only German kapellmeister who received me warmly, and lovingly cherished my labors to the best of his ability, and in all circumstances remained friendly and faithful."

Yet Schumann, — perhaps from unconfessed jealousy, — speaking of "Rienzi," declared that Wagner could not write or imagine four consecutive bars that are melodious, or even correct!

When he brought out "Tannhäuser" in 1845, and displayed his tendencies more fully, Schumann relented a little: he wrote to Mendelssohn "that it contained much that was deep and original." But with this began that chorus of abuse from the critics that has not yet ceased. Auber, hearing it, said, "It is Berlioz without melody." In Paris a word signifying to bore, *se tannhauser*, was coined from it.

When the Revolution of 1848 broke out, Wagner, — "a spirit never content, and always devising something new," — who, says Liszt, "was a born reformer, undaunted by blood or fire," took an active part in it; and when the insurrection in Dresden was crushed by Prussian bayonets, he made his escape. At first he took refuge with Liszt, but finding that a reward was offered for him he fled to Paris.

In the printed description of this "dangerous political," he is described as of medium height, with brown hair, open brow, gray-blue eyes, well-proportioned nose and mouth, round chin, and characterized by quick speech and gestures.

The next year Liszt had Wagner's new opera "Lohengrin," just finished before the Revolution, performed at Weimar.

Thus began Liszt's unselfish services in aid of the poor exile. Wagner went to Zurich, and while there, finding it hard to earn a living, sometimes asked Liszt for money. Hence has arisen the charge of "mad ingratitude," the "cry of the horse-leech!" But during the ten years that he spent in Switzerland he wrote Liszt over three hundred letters, and only twenty-seven deal with money matters, and there are only twelve personal appeals for help, though some of the time he was lacking firewood and bread. This "genial, wayward, but most human master mind," read Liszt's generous nature correctly; but he acknowledged his services. "Like Christ on the cross," said he, "Liszt was ready to help all others but himself."

He borrowed not money alone from Liszt. In 1876 at Bayreuth, during a rehearsal, Wagner seized Liszt's arm, and, referring to Siegelind's dream-words, said, "Papa, here comes a theme that I got from you."

"Good," said the other, "at least some one will hear it." It was the theme at the beginning of Liszt's "Faust Symphony." Nearly a dozen such borrowings have been pointed out.

In 1882, at a banquet after the performance of "Parsifal," Wagner publicly called attention to the influence of that "unique and exceptional man" on his whole career.

"When I was discredited, banished," he said, "and repudiated by Germany, Liszt came to meet me, — Liszt, who had in the bottom of his soul a thorough knowledge of my being and my work. He said to me, 'Artist, I have faith in you.'"

Wagner wrote to Liszt: "When I compose, I always think of thee, and of thee alone, how this passage and that will please thee."

During Wagner's years of exile he seized his pen, and became the philosopher of music and art. The world was forced to see that "a super-eminent genius," as Liszt called him, had arisen, — "a flashing spirit of flame." They could not see at that time that "he was destined to wear a double crown of fire and gold."

Here he worked out his revolutionary theories, which to detail here would occupy too long. They have given rise to a whole library of books. Never was revolution in art made the subject of a more bitter warfare. And Wagner himself led the van in his bitterness of spirit. Liszt even said: "His genius triumphed in spite of him, for no one put more spoke than he himself in his own wheels."

And here he began to put into shape the splendid conception of the Niebelungen drama, which is the most colossal structure that ever entered into the mind of man. Its base goes back before history began: its walls embrace humanity: its pinnacles tower to heaven. Human nature and divine, art and religion, are comprehended in it.

Such is the conception. There may be room for legitimate divergences of opinion as to its creation. Those who yearn for the tickling melodies of Rossini, who are stirred by the concerted pieces of the Italian opera, will find only cacophonies in Wagner's weaving of leading motives, and see only a wearisome "goose-march" in his accompanied recitatives.

For upwards of twenty years Wagner was occupied with his Tetralogy, to which, as usual, he wrote the

words, — "bombastic stuttering of alliteration" one critic called them, — and composed the music.

His labors were interrupted by frequent journeys. In 1855 he went to London to conduct the eight concerts of the Philharmonic Society. He had already delivered his drastic and uncalled-for attack upon the Jew in music; he was a well-known opponent of Mendelssohn, England's idol: he took no pains to be politic; consequently his season was not a brilliant success.

After his return to Zurich, there was some talk of his coming to America. The Emperor of Brazil was one of his admirers, and he was offered a position in Rio Janeiro.

In September, 1859, he was back in Paris, where, early the next year, he gave three concerts of his own music. They did not pay expenses.

Then, suddenly, Berlioz turned on his old friend and colleague, and attacked "the music of the future." It was the beginning of still a new war. And it was carried into the Opera House, when, at the express desire of Prince Metternich, Napoleon ordered "Tannhäuser" to be given there.

Wagner himself took general charge. In his zeal to have the words properly translated, he nearly killed the poor poet, Edmond Roche; he succeeded in arraying against him all the employees of the theatre, from the director to the salaried *claqueurs*. And when it was given for the first time, on March 13, 1861, a more remarkable fiasco was never chronicled. It was simply drowned by the catcalls of the Jockey Club; and though the two following representations brought increasing receipts, even up to ten thousand francs, and the demand to hear it was immense, it was withdrawn. Berlioz

wrote his son: "The press is unanimous in exterminating it. As for me, I am cruelly avenged."

Only of late has the political opposition to Wagner's music begun to yield to more generous feelings.

When he left Paris in June, 1861, though burdened again with frightful debts, he was free to return to Germany. His pardon was assured. In order to procure money, he made a concert tour through Europe, producing chiefly Beethoven's symphonies, and selections from his own works. It was a series of triumphs. He made in Russia upwards of thirty-five thousand rubles, which, on his return to Vienna, he wasted in foolish, boyish extravagances, such as always marked his private life. His expenditures for royal apparel and silken tapestries, and the like, were so great, that, after the failure of his hopes to be made kapellmeister at Dresden, he had to flee from Vienna and his creditors. This was in 1863. The next year fate brought to the throne of Bavaria the visionary Ludwig II., a youth of nineteen, who summed up Wagner's genius by calling him his "Word-tone-poet-Master." The King gave him a handsome residence, and a pension, and planned a general overturn in the musical affairs of his capital.

At his desire Wagner's great opera, "Tristan and Isolde," founded on a Keltic or Welsh legend, was performed under Hans von Bülow's direction.

Three years later, in 1868, his comic opera, "The Meister Singers," in which the old was satirized and the new proclaimed, was also performed in Munich with most brilliant success. It was written in Switzerland, after Wagner's vain effort to establish a new singing-school in Munich; when his enemies, who circulated the most outrageous libels about him, even declaring that he had

let his wife starve to death,[1] had practically driven him from the city. The King's lavish gifts were a scandal in the community. It was estimated that he presented Wagner with at least two hundred and fifty thousand florins. His greatest pleasure was to dress himself in the costumes of the operas. On his lake at Starnberg, twenty years later, he had a boat like "Lohengrin's," drawn by mechanical swans. The man was crazy; but his craze was the making of Wagner.

Meantime Wagner's friends determined that his works should be heard under the most favorable auspices. In answer to his famous "Invitation" they rallied, and raised three hundred thousand thalers to build a new and ideal theatre in the little Bavarian town of Bayreuth. Here, so to speak, the Muses of Painting and Architecture, of Poetry and Music, descended to crown their wayward but genius-gifted priest in his Neo-Grecian amphitheatre. It was immediately after the Franco-Prussia War that the corner-stone was laid, on Wagner's birthday in 1872.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Wagner's "*Kaisermarsch*" were chosen as the herald music of the occasion. More than two thousand musicians and singers were present. Wagner had come, in a certain sense, to stand

[1] Frau Wagner, who publicly protested that her husband had allowed her an ample income, died suddenly of heart-disease, at Dresden, January 25, 1866. The relations between them were cordial and affectionate. It is said that "she always treated him like a big boy, which he was; while he showed her a tenderness at once filial and paternal." On August 25, 1870, he married Cosima von Bülow, Liszt's daughter, who had at first declined to meet him, but at last took her four daughters and joined him at Lucerne. She became a Lutheran. The "religious consecration" took place in 1872, in the presence of the Abbé Liszt. Von Bülow, almost heart-broken, forgave them both, and remained faithful to the "Music of the Future." "Women," said Wagner, "are the music of life." He might have added, "They have their discords."

as the representative of the German nation. And yet never were the attacks upon him more odious. One Jew doctor, who bore the name of Puschmann, declared that the composer was a raving maniac! The same year Wagner was offered one hundred thousand dollars to come to Chicago and direct some of his works. He was obliged to decline, but he accepted five thousand dollars for a march to be performed at the Centennial Exhibition. It was generally regarded as unworthy of his genius.

In August, 1876, the Tetralogy was given at Bayreuth, before an audience which had gathered from all the world, and including the Emperor and Empress of Brazil and other crowned heads. The Emperor of Germany heard a part of the performance, but he cared little for music, and took his departure, a slight which the Grand Mogul of Bayreuth could not forgive. The King of Bavaria at first insisted on hearing the rehearsals absolutely alone, but the music sounded so ill in the empty hall that he allowed an audience to be present, and thus twenty thousand marks additional were gained.

The orchestra, under the direction of Hans Richter and a magnificent "*ensemble*" of interpreters, showed what "the Music of the Future," as it had at first been derisively nicknamed by Ludwig Bischoff, really was. All the decorations of the stage, the dresses of the actors, and the effects of light and shade, were prepared with marvellous success.

The success seemed almost to turn Wagner's head. In answer to the thunders of applause, he appeared on the stage and made a speech which was a model of bad taste. He repaired the bad effects of it at a great subscription banquet given on the nineteenth, at his own suggestion, to himself and the great artists who had

brought him such glory. Here he explained what he meant by saying that *at last* Germany was to have an art. The next day a reception at Wagner's magnificent house, called "Wahnfried" (because "here my illusions found their peace"), took place, and again there was a frenzy of enthusiasm. Liszt improvised and played for over an hour.

At the end of the third series of representations, on the thirtieth of August, a still more touching ceremony took place, to commemorate which Wagner had a number medals struck off. One in gold was presented to King Ludwig II., through whose liberality alone the scheme had succeeded. Kings before had been made by Warwicks: this was a unique instance of a king already made, being decorated by a subject! A memorial stone, giving the name of the principal actors in letters of gold, was also erected. It simply bore above the inscriptions the words:

DER RING DES NIEBELUNGEN
ERSTE AUFFÜHRUNG IM JAHRE 1876.

Wagner's name nowhere appeared. It was unnecessary!

After the exertions of the festival, Wagner went to Italy, and there received an ovation. He was made an honorary member of the St. Cecilia, and at Bologna he was present at a fine performance of his "Rienzi."

When he returned to Bayreuth, he found himself confronted by the fact that the great success of the festival had resulted in a deficit of over one hundred and twenty-five thousand marks! First he issued an appeal to the Wagner Societies; then he decided to go to London with Hans Richter, and give a series of concerts.

They took place in May, but in spite of the immense interest which they excited, the expenses for the enormous orchestra were so heavy — not less than sixty thousand pounds — that they brought a profit of only about seven hundred pounds.

Meantime, at intervals, Wagner was working on his "Parsifal" — the solemn drama of the Holy Grail — his last work — his musical "will." It was finally finished at Palermo in January, 1882. It was first presented at Bayreuth, on the twenty-eighth of June, and was followed by sixteen performances, bringing a profit of seventy-five thousand marks, and silencing the croakers who had predicted failure. It guaranteed the future of the theatre, which had been closed since 1876.

Two months later Wagner and his family, by the advice of his physician, went to Italy and settled in Venice at the Palazzo Vendramini. He was troubled with heart-disease and asthma. On Monday, February 13, 1883, as he was going out in his gondola, he gave way to a fit of anger. He had been warned to avoid all excitement. The warning was in vain. He suddenly sprang up crying, "I feel very ill," and fell. When the doctor came, he was dead in the arms of his wife, who supposed him sleeping.

The city of Venice proposed to have a state funeral, but his widow, who was inconsolable, objected. His remains, escorted by various delegates of Wagnerian societies, were taken to Bayreuth, stopping on the way at Verona, Botzen, Innspruck, and Munich.

After a solemn and magnificent service, Wagner was laid in his tomb, before which his faithful dog Russ was buried.

Wagner is said to have received two hundred and

forty thousand marks as copyright for "Parsifal," and if he had been wise in saving he would have left a large fortune. But he spent lavishly, foolishly, on personal adornments and delicate furnishings. He died poor.

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